THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

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VOL. 35. EMPORIUM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1900. NO. 43.

A Great Reduction Sale!

In order to reduce stock so that I can have room for my large stock of fall goods, I will clean out my immense line, covering two large floors and a large ware room, at very low prices. Having had an unprecedented sale of goods this season, for the reason that I sell

BETTER GOODS FOR LESS MONEY

than others. (not cheap trash, but good goods at low prices.) As it is impossible for me to quote prices on all my goods, I will just give you few as samples:

GOOD HARD WOOD BEDS, - - - $2.00.
FINE COTTON TOP MATTRESSES, - - $2.00.
BED SPRINGS AT - - - - - $2.00.
ROCKING CHAIRS FROM 75b UP.

Bedroom Suites, solid oak, at the very lowest prices. Bureaus, Chiffoniers, Book Cases, Hall Racks, Carpets, Linoleum, Oil Cloth—in fact everything that goes to make up a first-class Furniture Store. Don't take my word for it; don't take anybody else's word for it, but come and see for yourself and be convinced that this is the

CHEAPEST PLACE TO BUY GOODS IN THE STATE.

Being in the Furniture business in this town for many, many years, our reputation for reliable goods and honest dealing is too well known to need further mention and if you need anything in the furniture line, get our prices before purchasing.

BIG BRICK BLOCK, Cor. Fourth and Chestnut Sts.

GEO. J. LaBAR.

Store News.

Stylish Jackets.

FINE CHINA, GLASSWARE AND SILVERWARE.

What is "style?" If you can answer that you are wiser than the dictionary makers. No matter you *know* what style is, whether you can define it or not. Knowing "style" when you see it, you know that it depends very largely on little things.

DISTINCTIVENESS comes in little touches here and there—the cut of a cuff, the turn of a collar, the skillful use of stitching—you know, any one of a hundred little things. It is in these "little things," these big little points of distinctiveness and novelty that our Jackets are strong.

DOLLS, TOYS, AND SLEDS.

LADIES' FURS.
An unexcelled stock awaits you, but the chief claim upon your attention is in the prices just now—and they are temptingly low.

DRESS GOODS.
New textures, new designs and colorings, make this the most attractive dress goods stock. Priced as we price all merchandise—to the interst of your purse.

UNDERWEAR.
Perfection of stock and finish, correctness of shape and price, markings that help to economy, are the features of our underwear selling at all times.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
Our groceries and provisions always give satisfaction to the purchasers. All are of unquestionable purity and prices run with an economical step.

Golf and Plush Capes.

An unequalled line of Golf and Plush Capes in such styles as you see here only. It is such a showing as only this store can make, a store that always offers its patrons the BEST VALUES in Winter Wraps. When considering values, please don't forget quality and style.

TOWELS AND NAPKINS.
Positively the best values ever offered in this or any other store in town. Beautiful high grade goods for the price you would usually pay for the ordinary kinds.

CHILDREN'S COATS.
The correct styles, the newest ideas, the greatest stock in town. More style, more elegance for the money than in any other store's offerings.

HANDKERCHIEFS.
We offer a complete line of these goods—the very newest and best in the market at prices that insure a considerable saving.

RUBBERS.
This Rubber department is a surprise to most people. It sells GOOD rubbers for little money. Hence its great success. All are of Guaranteed Quality.

M. C. TULIS.

Baird & Co. Solvent.

Philadelphia Press.

An announcement in a despatch from Reading, published yesterday, that the assignment of the Reading Foundry Company was attributed to the failure of C. R. Baird & Co., of this city, was erroneous. C. R. Baird & Co., who have extensive effices on the third floor of the Bullitt Building, have not failed. The firm has been in business in Philadelphia for six years. It is a large creditor of the Reading Foundry Company.

The concern is very heavily engaged in the production of pig iron, operating blast furnaces and rolling mills at Catasauqua, Chickies, Danville and Emporium, Pa.; Bridgeton, N. J., and Roanoke, Va. It also acquired large interests some time ago in the Elmira Rolling Mills, operated by the Elmira (N. Y.) Steel Company, and the Blue Mountain Iron and Steel Company, at Catoctin Furnace, Md. Since these several enterprises were organized under the operative control of C. R. Baird & Co., the market for iron and steel products has very largely depreciated, and a recent judgment entered at Bridgeton, N. J., coupled with the knowledge that the firm has been on the streets of late, probably gave color to the mistaken announcement from Reading that the concern had failed.

C. R. Baird, the head of the firm, is well known among such firms as L. & R. Wister, Justice Cox, Jr., J. J. Mohr and other large operators and iron brokers. He is a member of a widely-known Ohio family of Bairds, who have been in the iron business for three generations. Frank P. Baird, his brother, is general manager of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Union Furnace Company, which absorbed two other large Buffalo plants last March.

Rogers-Lyon.

Edwin J. Rogers, of Shippen, and Miss Bessie E. Lyon, of Iberea, O., were married yesterday at the home of the bride. They will be "at home" to their Cameron county friends after Jan. 1st, 1901. Mr. Rogers is an industrious young man and is greatly respected by our people. The bride is a popular young lady and has many friends in this section, having visited here recently, when she met her fate. The PRESS extends its compliments to the happy couple.

Seven Lives Lost.

Fire destroyed the Normal school at Fredonia, N. Y., last Friday morning, entailing a loss of $250,000. The janitor, P. J. Moris, of Fredonia, and six young ladies were burned to death. One of the young ladies, named Miss Mabel Fizzell, of Bradford, Pa., was a relative of Miss Myrtle Shaffer of this place. She escaped from the burning building. but returned after a diamond ring and was lost.

Don't Forget.

While you are making merry and enjoying yourself during the Holidays you should not forget the grand ball, supper and reception by the Rescue Hook & Ladder Company at the opera house, Dec. 31st. Get your ticket from any member of the committee and be sure you attend. The music will be excellent and you can enjoy that even if you do not dance.

Thanks.

We desire to extend our heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends who so generously assisted us during our affliction caused by the death of our beloved daughter and sister Maudie.

MR. AND MRS. L. T. HACKET AND FAMILY.

New Hotel.

James Mundy, formerly of Emporium, has located on First Fork, where he has purchased a farm and intends embarking in the hotel business. He wants to keep posted, therefore orders the PRESS to his address.

Hirsch, the jeweler, is displaying a fine line of ladies gold pens and holders, watches, chains, gold rings, necklaces, etc.

No Paper Next Week.

The PRESS will not be issued next week, yet the establishment will be open for the transaction of business and job printing. Wishing our readers, one and all, a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Under the Wheels.

Fred Colson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Colson, who reside in Plank Road Hollow, this place, while in the discharge of his duty as brakeman on the Goodyear railroad, met with an accident last Saturday afternoon that will render him a cripple for life if he recovers from the injury sustained. While in the act of coupling the cars, on the hill near Keating Summit, and as the cars came together, he slipped and fell, the wheels passing over the left leg diagonally from the heel to just above the ankle, crushing that member, and dislocating the knee joint. The young man was taken to the hospital at Austin, where the shattered member was taken off at or near the knee.

In consequence of the report here to the effect that the young man had lost both legs and was in a dying condition, Mr. John Hertig drove to Austin Sunday with Mrs. Colson, and Frank Wheaton and Chas. Colson also driving to that place, where they found to their delight, although bad enough, the reports circulated here were widely wrong, and that the son and brother was well cared for and getting along nicely, having stood the operation without difficulty. Chas. Colson remained with his brother.

We are informed that the injured young man carries accident insurance in the Railroad Brotherhood and the railroad relief which will, in his case, amount to about $1,600.

Masonic Banquet.

A number of Emporium Masons visited Driftwood Lodge last Friday evening and witnessed the installation of the officers by Past Master, Geo. B. Barclay. After the session of the lodge all repaired to the Commercial Hotel, where the Ladies' Aid Society served an elegant banquet. The tables were beautifully arranged in hollow square, and decorated with beautiful flowers. It is needless to add that the spread was simply immense and hugely enjoyed. That would be putting it mildly. Evidently the Driftwood ladies, who certainly did look "just too lovely for anything" upon this occasion, know how to prepare a feast and how to serve it.

After devouring the delicious repast, fragrant cigars were passed, when the speech making commenced with Capt. C. F. Barclay acting as Toast Master in his usual pleasant manner. Toasts were responded to by Rev. M. C. Piper, Judge Huntly, E. C. Davison, A. C. Blum and others—all paying flattering compliments to the ladies. The Emporium visitors composed of Messrs. U. A. Palmer, A. C. Blum, E. C. Davison, E. W. Gaskill, F. P. Strayer, Chas. T. Logan, S. L. Barton and ye editor, returned hearty thanks to the Driftwood brethren for their cordial reception. The festivities closed after midnight. The Emporium "night hawks" played pedro until the "Flyer" came along, late as usual one hour, arriving at home in time for breakfast. The next time we visit Driftwood, and Palmer happens to be in the gang, we advise the citizens of that town to put on an extra night policeman if they wish to save anything that is movable. Either that or supply him with a trunk. Our satchel will not hold his "swipes."

If you want a nice lounge for a Christmas present, go to LaBar's, the place you can always buy the cheapest. 42

Have you seen the great variety of neckware at Bedard's the tailor? If not you have missed it. You should make your selections early for Christmas and get the best.

Diamond rings and pins, the latest, at Hirschs'.

Kaye-Norie.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Kaye inviting their friends to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Martha, to Mr. James Lester Norie, the ceremony to take place at Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Christmas morning, at 8 o'clock. Judging from the preparations being made it will be an elaborate affair. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Kaye and is a very popular young lady and highly esteemed by our people. The groom, while practically a stranger to us, we hear him highly spoken of by the citizens of Renovo, where he resides. It is a little premature to congratulate the young couple, yet we must do so. May they have a long life of pure love and happiness.

The Firemen's Fund.

The Executive and Finance Committees of the Firemen's Convention to be held in Emporium in 1901, will call upon subscribers on Dec. 27th, 1900 and will expect each subscriber to pay at least 25 per cent. of their subscription. It is one of the regulations of the District Association to collect a large portion of the money at once and have same in hands of the committee in order to insure the co-operation and success of the annual meeting. Officially numbered receipts will be given for each payment. No person or member of committee is authorized to receive any payments unless they present an official receipt.

C. W. SHAFFER, Chairman.
JOSIAH HOWARD, Sec'y.

Surprise Party.

Last Friday evening about thirty gentlemen friends called at the residence of Dr. R. P. Heilman, to assist in the celebration of his 50th birthday. The visit was in the nature of a surprise and the genial Dr. assures us it was a genuine surprise. The evening was delightfully pleasant and the callers were royally received and entertained by the Dr. and his estimable wife, until a late hour. The Doctor was pleasantly remembered by his friends, who presented him with an easy chair and hat rack.

After a jolly good time, elegant refreshment were served, prepared by the Dr.'s good wife and daughter, when the welcome guests departed for home. Dr. Heilman has resided in this county for 25 years, first at Driftwood but during the past 24 years has been one of Emporium's most respected and energetic citizens—always ready to put his shoulder to the wheel and help along any movement for the upbuilding of Emporium or Cameron county.

Slayton's Jubilee Singers.

Slayton's Jubilee Singers met the highest expectations of the patrons of the People's Course.

The chorus singing was characterized by an abandon and an animation of which the colored people alone are capable and evoked frequent outbursts of applause that were hearty in the extreme. The solo parts were scarcely less creditable and stamped the several singers as artists in their respective lines. Of exceptional merit was the singing of Madam Sylvester, the specialties by Mr. and Mrs. Tutt, the male Quartette and the whistling by Mr. Washington. The latter is a phenomenon. That the program of the hour was all too short was the unanimous verderdict of the large audience.

Emmanuel Church Christmas Services.

Christmas Day, 11 a. m., celebration of the Holy Communion, Christmas Anthem, "Arise, Shine, for Thy Light is Come."

The Sunday School Christmas festival will be held at 5 o'clock on Monday evening.

WORTH SEEING.—Have you seen the display of solid silver at Metzger's? It is worth going to see. 40-4t

Full line of silverware, fancy mantle clocks, carving sets and other silver novelties at Hirsch's.

Xmas boxes of the leading brands of cigars—one dollar per box—twenty-five in each box, at H. S. Lloyd's.

Sterling Silver Novelties in great variety at Taggart's.

Don't pass H. S. Lloyd's china counter without glancing at the great variety of Jardineres, dishes, vases, &c. A glance means a gift purchased.

APPRECIATION.—Can you blame people for patronizing merchants, that show their appreciation for their custom by making it convenient for their customers? A store without a telephone *closes its doors* to a large number of customers from the best trade of the town. 40-4t

Bedard, the Tailor, has just what you are looking for for Christmas presents—the handsomest neckties and hats for your husband, brother or sweetheart. Stylish assortment.

16 PAGES.

WEATHER REPORT.
(Forecast by T. B. Lloyd.)
FRIDAY, Fair.
SATURDAY, Cloudy.
SUNDAY, Probably Snow.

Improving.

Frank Easterbrooks, who has been at death's door for some time, with typhoid fever, is improving and Dr. Heilman, his attending physician, informs the PRESS that he considers him in a fair way to recovery

DEATH'S DOINGS.

MOORE.

William M. Moore, of Clear Creek, aged 34 years, died at the family residence Friday, Dec. 14th, 1900, after an illness of only a few days. Mr. Moore leaves a wife and two small children—the widow being a daughter of the late Elihu Housler. Deceased who had been in poor health for some time, contracted a severe cold and typhoid pneuminia setting in, his death quickly followed. We had known the deceased for several years and respected him for his many good qualities. The bereaved widow and fatherless children have our heartfelt sympathy in their terrible affliction. The funeral took place last Sunday, at 2 o'clock p. m., from Rich Valley church and was largely attended. Rev. Ingersoll, of Emporium, officiated.

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HACKET.

Miss Maud Hackett, aged 15 years, died at the residence of her parents, in Buffalo, N. Y., last Thursday, after an illness of eight weeks, with typhoid fever. Deceased was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Hackett, formerly respected citizens of Emporium. The best medical skill and professional nurses were constantly in attendance upon the young lady, but all without avail. Her remains were brought to Emporium last Friday and taken to the residence of Mrs. Hackett's parents—Mr. and Mrs. David Murray's, East Third street. The funeral took place Saturday afternoon, services being held at Emmanuel Episcopal Church, of which the deceased was a member. Rev. J. M. Robertson officiated. The young lady is highly spoken of by our citizens and greatly loved by her associates. The PRESS, as well as our citizens generally, deeply sympathize with the bereaved family.

Fifth Class Musicale.

Last Saturday evening Miss May Iva Gould assisted by Miss Maze Gallagher, violinist, gave her fifth class recital in music at her residence. The program was especially prepared for the benefit of the class, none but her scholars being present and only a portion being on the program, at this time:

PROGRAM.

Poet and Peasant Overature,.....*Suppe*
Jennie and Lizzie McInnes.
Rondino,.....*Ritter*
Ellen Auchu.
Lullaby,.....*Wbbber*
Iva McDougall,
Waltz,.....*Fennimore*
Mabel Halderman.
Evening Song,.....*Lange*
Della Bingeman.
Duet, Edna Auchu, Ellen Auchu.
Waltz, Stasia Lawler
At the Fountain, ...*Reinhold*
Jane Kaye.
Words of Lore,.....*Ganz*
Christie McDonald.
Vassetta.....*Cooper*
Ethel Day.
Piano Solo, Miss Miller.
Trio—Welcome to Spring,.....*Osten*
Nellie Thomas, Jane Kaye, Alice Burnell
Isabella, Valse,.....*Bachmann*
Annie Welsh.
Will O' the Wis.....*Jungmann*
Alice Burnell.
Solo—Selected, Lizie McInnes.
Piano Solo, Alice Montgomery.
Duet, Jane Kaye, Christy McDonald.
Polka, Two Pianos, 8 hands.
Nellie Lingle, Alice Montgomery, Eva and Iva Leet.
3d Valse Impromptu,.....*Rathbun*
Francis Quinn.
Piano Solo, Belle Husted.
The Streamlet, ...*Paceer*
Nellie Lingle.
Valse,.....*Chopin Op. 64*
Jennie McInnes.
Mazurka-Caprice,.....*Julia Rives-King*
Iva Leet.
Violin—Lelected, Mazie Gallagher.
Butterfly,.....*Makel*
Alice Montgomery.
LaDolcezza,.....*Barnett*
Eva Leet.
Whispering Wind, (Caprice).....*Wollenhaupt*
Edna Auchu.
Il Trovatore, (Fantasie).....*Sydney Smith*
Belle Husted, Rena Hertig.

The class enjoyed the occasion judging from the hearty applause accorded each membr. Miss Mazie Gallagher has become quite proficient as a violinist, and kindly assisted the class upon this occasion was cordially encored. The program was completed near mid-night, when after light refreshments, the happy scholars departed for home, seemingly well pleased with their efforts

Taggart's sells more books than all the rest of the places together. Why? because he sells cheaper.

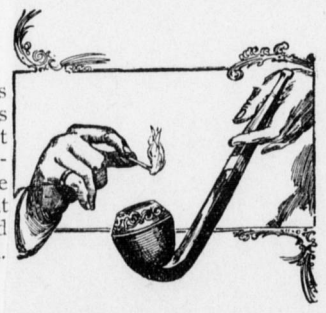
R. H Hirsh, at the old and popular Hirsh jewelry store, has now displayed a full line of silver novelties, ranging in prices from 25c to $1.00. No fancy prices. Honest goods at honest prices.

EASTMAN'S KODAK

You can carry it in your hands, on your shoulder, in your pocket or on your bicycle. You press the button and the Kodak will the rest.

Smoke It

and smoke it. It will be a burning proof of the goodness and quality we sell here for little money. Years of business has convinced us of two things—that we can make the most money by being perfectly honest, and that almost every smoker has a different pipe taste. The pipes we have—well, there are long pipes, short pipes and pipes so twisted that it would take you a month to unravel them. Prices are varied too—but there are none of them long—none of them twisted.



HARRY S. LLOYD.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

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ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

Cigarettes and the Law.

The question as to the recognition to which cigarettes are entitled under the law was considered by the United States supreme court recently in an opinion rendered in the case of William B. Austin vs. the state of Pennsylvania. The case originated in the state of Tennessee, and it called into question the validity of the state law regulating the sale of this article of commerce on the ground that it was an infringement of the right of congress to regulate interstate commerce, says the Washington Star. The Tennessee supreme court upheld the law, and the decision sustained that verdict, though not without disapproval of some of the positions taken, and then upon a very narrow margin, four out of nine members joining in a dissenting opinion and another member of the court (Justice White) placing his assent upon grounds different from those announced by Justice Brown, who handed down the opinion. The Tennessee court had held that cigarettes are not an article of commerce. With this view Justice Brown took issue, and he delivered quite a dissertation upon the subject. Whatever is an object of barter and sale is, he said, an article of commerce, and must be so recognized. Tobacco had been such an article for 400 years. It had been made the subject of taxation, and, indeed, had become more widely scattered than any other vegetable. Probably, he added, no other vegetable has contributed so much to the comfort and solace of the human race. This being the case, it was entirely beyond the bounds to say that tobacco was not an article of commerce. He then took notice of the claim that cigarettes are an especially harmful form of tobacco, and while he conceded that this might be the case, he remarked that this claim was of comparatively recent origin. Still, he held that cigarettes are as much a subject of state regulation as is liquor, and he further held that while no state law could prohibit importation in original packages it was entirely competent for a legislature to regulate the sale because of the original belief in the deleterious effect of the article. There was a dissenting opinion of Justice Shiras, in which the chief justice and Justice Brewer and Peckham joined. They based their dissent upon the theory that congress has exclusive control of interstate commerce.

As the national census and a general election came together in the year 1900, it is easy to obtain the true ratio between the population and the number of voters. The total registration in St. Louis for the recent election was 136,649, and the official census population is 575,238. The ratio is one registered voter to 4.20 inhabitants. But the actual vote of St. Louis was 124,937, the number registered but not voting reaching 11,712. The ratio of the actual votes to population in St. Louis was 4.60. Missouri's total vote was 683,635, and its population by the census of 1890 is 3,106,665. The ratio of voters to population in this state is 4.54. In general the ratio varies considerably. Indianapolis reports a ratio of 3.71, St. Paul, 6.10, and Boston 6.90. That of New York city as consolidated is 5.84, Chicago is 4.75, Philadelphia's, 5.50, and Baltimore's 4.50. The average for 21 large cities is 5.25.

Lorney L. Salley, a 70-year-old veteran of the civil war living at Freeport, Ind., received a pension of $25 per month and applied for an increase to $40. There was some irregularity in his affairs and this were discovered when his application was considered. The result was that his entire pension was taken away. The old man brooded over the matter and began to fail rapidly. He absolutely refused all food for weeks, and died on Thanksgiving day.

Judge Clifford Smith, of Cedar Falls, Ia., holds that good citizens are needed more in this country than mere voters. Therefore he refused to grant naturalization papers to several foreigners whocame before him because they were unable to understand some simple questions which he put to them. None of them could either read or write English, and the judge told them that he did not think they were as yet ready for citizenship.

BRYAN'S BRYANISM.

Post-Election Explanations of the Disgruntled Apostle of Discontent.

A few days after election it was announced that in due time Mr. Bryan would publish his thoughts about the result. It was believed that he would use the newspapers as his medium of publication, but it now appears that he is acting in accordance with his recently announced declaration that he would no longer write without pay. The "spirit of commercialism," which he so greatly deprecates in others, seems to have taken possession of Mr. Bryan. His promised statement appears in the December number of the North American Review, the publisher of which doubtless paid a good, round sum for the article.

Mr. Bryan says nothing new. On the contrary, he makes it very plain that his second experience of defeat has benefited him no more than his first, that he is everlastingly the same William Jennings Bryan who emerged into the light of publicity a little more than four years ago.

His article is made up largely of catch phrases which the public has learned by heart from frequent repetition of them by him. Here are a few specimens:

"The old saying that it is not safe to swap horses while crossing a stream was used for all it was worth, notwithstanding the fact that, in this instance, it was an ocean instead of a stream that was being crossed; for imperialism is an idea of European origin.

"The republican victory was due to money, war and better times.

"The work of education must continue, until the great majority of the people recognize that a private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable.

"The destiny of the American people must be determined by the American people themselves.

"The same powerful financial interests which protect industrial trusts at home will attempt to force the nation to join the international land grabbing trust.

"To consider this election as decisive of the money question would be as absurd as to have regarded the election of 1896 as decisive of the tariff question.

"As a matter of fact, an election is not necessarily conclusive upon any question.

"When prosperity fails the gold standard will lose its charm."

Mr. Bryan remains a firm believer in the doctrine of his own infallibility. Defeat has not impaired the vigor of his conceit. He talks about his bugaboos with all his ante-election confidence in their terrifying qualities. The majority of the people must be educated by the minority, he says in effect. The money question is not settled. Nothing is ever settled definitely by an election. Wealth is still an evil and its possession a crime. The octopus still weaves its tentacles over a doomed country and the money devil is rushing about seeking whom he may devour. Woe! woe! Alas and alack! Everything is awry and must remain so until the people permit Mr. Bryan to lead them out of danger and darkness into the light which emanates from his great self and into the millennium which he only has power to create.

There is in the English language no word which exactly describes Mr. Bryan's mental condition. If he were a native of Germany his fellow citizens would say that he was afflicted with "Groeszenwahnsinn."

There is just one sentence among those quoted from Mr. Bryan's article which is thoroughly sensible, and it upsets most of Mr. Bryan's other assertions. It is this:

"The destiny of the American people must be determined by the American people themselves."

Since that is indisputable fact, and since you recognize it as fact, why in the name of that remnant of common sense which you still possess, Mr. Bryan, don't you leave the American people to work out their destiny without attempted interference from yourself?

"The republican victory was due to money, war and better times," says Mr. Bryan. That is true. It was due to the money which the masses have been able to earn and save under a republican administration, to the war against rebels which Mr. Bryan proposed to end by ignominious surrender of our forces, to the better times which came with the adoption of the policies which Mr. Bryan condemned four years ago.—Albany Journal.

☞It is Mr. Bryan's opinion that back of all the questions which were at issue in the late election "lies the deep and lasting struggle between human rights and inhuman greed," and that if the latter triumphs "our government will be converted into a plutocracy and our civilization into barbarism." This is a text which Mr. Bryan probably will stick to during the next four years. It is one from which he can preach endless sermons to the improvident, the shiftless and the reckless. Nothing pleases such persons more than to be assured that they are the victims of "inhuman greed." They are always ready to follow the man who preaches that comforting doctrine to them. Mr. Bryan will continue to be the apostle of the discontented.—Chicago Tribune.

☞The era of good feeling which prevails all over the country since President McKinley's reelection does not include William J. Bryan, but it comprehends a large proportion of the men who voted for him. In the south in particular many of the persons who voted for Bryan hoped and expected that he would be defeated, and they, of course, rejoice over the republican victory. The American people did a grand day's work on November 6, 1900.—St Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞The three counties of Pennsylvania which were the arena of the anthracite coal strike gave large majorities for McKinley at the late election. One county which gave 1,600 democratic majority two years ago gave McKinley nearly as large a majority this year.—Indianapolis Journal.

M'KINLEY ON TRUSTS.

Chief Executive Recognizes Necessity of Restraining Injurious Combinations.

It was doubtless too much to expect in the president's message any definite recommendations concerning federal control of trusts. Considering the prominence given to the question of federal regulation of trusts by Mr. Bryan in the closing days of the campaign the president is perhaps justified in assuming that the people take no stock in the proposed schemes for federal interference in the industrial consolidations that have been formed and are being formed in the various states of the union.

The president does not fail, however, to call the attention of congress to the necessity for applying restraints upon such combinations as are injurious and which are within the federal jurisdiction. He urges uniformity of state legislation upon the subject, and expresses the hope that means may be found for congress to supplement such legislation for the remedy of evils growing out of trusts, "within the limits of the constitution."

We commend to the careful consideration of state legislatures the very sound, vigorous and practical suggestions of Gov. Roosevelt upon the trust question, as embodied in his speeches and messages, and as recently reiterated and amplified in his published review of the suit against the New York ice trust.

A careful study of the economic and legal aspects of the trust question will force any fair-minded man who has no prejudice against capital or corporations, and who understands "the limitations of the constitution," to the conclusion that state regulation and publicity as suggested by Gov. Roosevelt represent the largest possible scope for practicable legislation upon this question.

It is very clear from decisions already rendered under the Sherman law that congress cannot interfere with the transport of commodities from one state to another, no matter whether they are manufactured by a combine or not, unless it can be proven that the combine was formed for the express purpose of restraining a free exchange of commodities. It is also very clear that neither congress nor a state legislature can prevent firms or corporations from forming consolidations in any line of production.

The obvious purpose of all proposed anti-trust legislation is the protection of the public. In the case of the trusts this protection must be for the consumer of the commodities produced by the trust and for the purchaser of trust stocks. It is assumed that the people are entitled to protection from monopoly and from "watered" stocks. There are many economists who controvert this latter proposition, holding that the state is under no obligation to protect the purchaser of stocks, that he should buy at his own risk. If this contention were admitted, however, there would be no field for restrictive legislation outside of the restraint or punishment of monopoly.

The plan proposed by Gov. Roosevelt for securing both forms of protection is simple and adequate: State regulation to restrain monopoly and to prevent combines which are formed to raise prices from doing business in the state, and "publicity" of all stock, capitalization, business and other transactions of trusts for the protection of purchasers of trust stocks. Further than this practical legislation cannot go without restraining trade or confiscating property.—Chicago Times-Herald.

PRESS OPINIONS.

☞Bryan says that he will keep up the fight. That is to say, he is a standing candidate for the presidency.—Indianapolis News (Ind.).

☞Mr. Bryan names so many reasons for his defeat that it looks as if he regarded himself beaten by a syndicate of causes.—Washington Star.

☞Mr. Bryan hasn't yet selected the party he will lead to victory four years hence, but the democrtaic party will immediately be armed for defense against him.—Judge.

☞The vote of Texas for Bryan is 100,000 smaller than in 1896. Retreat from the Philippines under fire is not a popular issue in the trans-Mississippi region.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞The United States treasury now holds $474,108,336 in gold, the largest ever accumulated, and over $76,000,000 more than was held in the treasury at the close of last year. It is not necessary to issue bonds to bolster up the gold reserve during republican times.—Iowa State Register.

☞There is no fear for the republic now that Bryanism has been put down. The future is bright and holds out hope and encouragement to all save croakers and calamity howlers. For them there is no room in the United States. The people have no use for them.—Albany Journal.

☞It is a wonder that the enemies of President McKinley do not attack him for advocating a humane policy in dealing with the Chinese. Those who were so sure that the United States would join with the powers in an attack upon the territorial integrity of the Chinese empire have little to say these days.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

☞At his first public speech since his reelection President McKinley said at the Union league banquet given at Philadelphia in his honor that the election was an unquestioned indorsement of the gold standard, industrial independence, commercial expansion, the open door in China and peace and beneficent government under American sovereignty in the Philippines. He said there was no danger of an empire.—Little Chronicle.

IS NOT ENOUGH.

Democratic Members of the Ways and Means Committee Issue a Statement Concerning the Bill to Reduce War Taxes.

Washington, Dec. 11.—The minority members of the ways and means committee have completed their report of the revenue reduction bill. It urges a reduction of the revenues of about $70,000,000, or $30,000,000 more than that proposed by the majority of the committee. It also proposes an income tax, with a view of again bringing the subject in modified form before the United States supreme court for final adjudication.

The report says that the proposed reduction of the revenues is too small and that the bill does not go far enough in relieving the people from the burdens imposed upon them for war purposes. The remaining taxes, says the report, are unnecessary and should be removed.

The report continues: "We favor an alteration of the present tariff laws, certainly to the extent that they have promoted monopoly. It has been proved beyond question, by evidence before the industrial commission appointed by congress that many of the powerful trusts that have an absolute monopoly of their business in this country and that exercise their power injuriously to the people, largely owe their growth to the customs duties imposed in the Dingley tariff law, which prohibits foreign competition.

The minority take issue with Secretary Gage's estimate of $25,000,000 surplus in 1902, and say that if congress observes proper economy in expenditures the surplus ought to be $109,000,000.

"We are therefore of the opinion that there can safely be a much further reduction than is contemplated in the bill presented by the committee and that now is the time to give such relief. Instead of taking off $40,000,000, as is proposed, we would go further and reduce taxation not less than $70,000,000.

"We would make these reductions on those articles which are most nearly the necessaries of life, and would take off the taxes that are most annoying to the people. This would in no way cripple the public service. We believe that by a return to proper economy in appropriations a reduction greater than we advocated could be made and we should at once enforce this economy.

"We shall not, however, oppose the passage of the bill, but will endeavor to properly amend it. If we were by our efforts to defeat its passage, we would leave the heavy burden of unjust taxation on the country."

"We insist that the present tariff laws should be modined so as to prevent this imposition upon our own citizens."

Stratton Offers a Home to Elks.

Omaha, Dec. 12.—Jerome B. Fisher, of Jamestown, N. Y., grand exalted ruler of the Elks; J. T. Fanning, of Cincinnati, and J. D. O'Shea, of Pittsburg, grand trustees, and George P. Cronk, past exalted ruler of Omaha lodge, will leave for Colorado Springs to-day. They constitute a committee appointed by the grand lodge to select a site for the contemplated home for aged members of the order. William S. Stratton, the multi-millionaire miner of Cripple Creek, has offered the order a plot of land and a magnificent new building at Colorado Springs free and the committee goes to look over the site.

Absinthe Drinking Causes Insanity.

Paris, Dec. 11.—In the chamber of deputies yesterday Eduard Vaillant moved a resolution calling upon the government to prohibit the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors pronounced "dangerous" by the academy of medicine. The resolution was aimed at absinthe, the consumption of which has nearly doubled in France since 1894. "The increase of consumption of absinthe," said the mover of the resolution, "marches arm in arm with the increase of cases of insanity, which will end by becoming a national malady." The chamber adopted the resolution.

A Fatal Collision.

Topeka, Kan., Dec. 12.—A rear-end collision occurred Tuesday between two Santa Fe freight trains near Olathe, Kan., wherein one life was lost and several persons injured. A northbound frieght crashed into the rear end of a stock train and both were wrecked. Noble Thomas, of Emporia, was burned to death in the caboose of the stock train and his father was mangled. They were on their way to Kansas City with stock. The air brakes of the stock train stuck two miles from Olathe and the freight ran into it. All the stockmen succeeded in getting out of the way but one.

Gravel and Express Trains Collide.

Chicago, Dec. 12.—Four persons were injured and many passengers severely shaken up last night in a head-on collision between a gravel train and the St. Louis express train on the Chicago & Alton railroad near Sag Bridge, 30 miles out of Chicago. Failure of the flagman to carry out instructions caused the accident. But for the fact that the express train was headed by two locomotives, which tended to break the shock, the crowded coaches would have been completely demolished.

A New Baseball League.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 11.—A new baseball league has been organized by Ban Johnson, president of the American league. The following cities will make up the circuit: Detroit, Grand Rapids, Toledo, Louisville, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Kansas City and either Indianapolis or Buffalo. George W. Burnham, of this city, will be vice president and manager of the new league, a name for which has not yet been chosen. The new league will absorb the Inter-State league.

Does Coffee Agree with You?

If not, drink Grain-O—made from pure grains. A lady writes: "The first time I made Grain-O I did not like it, but after using it one week nothing would induce me to go back to coffee." It nourishes and feeds the system. Children can drink it freely with great benefit. It is the strengthening substance of pure grains. Get a package to-day from your grocer, follow directions in making, and you will have a delicious and healthful table beverage for old and young. 15c and 25c.

Woman's Resourcefulness.

Among the funny things which women do is to spread an old red shawl over the sofa and put a candle with a red shade on a table near by, and call it an oriental corner.—Atchison Globe.

Excursion Sleepers Via M., K. & T. Ry.

Weekly Excursion Sleepers leave St. Louis via Katy Flyer (M. K. & T. Ry.) every Tuesday at 8:16 p. m. for San Antonio, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Weekly Excursion Sleepers leave Kansas City via the M. K. & T. Ry. every Saturday at 9:05 p. m. for San Antonio, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

In Society.

News Note—The earl of Makearaise has arrived in New York.

Many Rich Fathers—What's his price?—Detroit Free Press.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Always in One.

Grimes—Is your wife fond of pets?

Harum—I should say she was. She is almost always in one.—Boston Transcript.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Bric-a-brac is hard to define precisely. But anything that you can afford and that there is room for in your house is not, strictly, bric-a-brac.—Puck.

Your Storekeeper Can Sell You

Carter's Ink or he can get it for you. Ask him. Try it. Car loads are sent annually to every state in the Union. Do you buy Carter's?

Plain Evidence.

Wife—What shall we name the baby, John?

Husband—I have decided to leave that entirely to you, my dear.

"John, you've been drinking again."—Smart Set.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE KEMP'S
BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Coughs Colds, Croup, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Price, 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

Tied Up

When the muscles feel drawn and tied up and the flesh tender, that tension is

Soreness
and
Stiffness

from cold or over exercise. It lasts but a short time after

St. Jacobs Oil

is applied. The cure is prompt and sure.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try

Jell-O,

a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day. 10 cts.

PILES Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the Itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. At druggists or by mail on receipt of price. 50 cents and $1.00. WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Jellycon Desserts.

Are so much easier to prepare than the old fashioned gelatine. With Burnham's Hasty Jellycon there is nothing to do but dissolve it in boiling water and set away to cool. It is already sweetened and flavored. Get a package to-day at your grocer's. The flavors are: Orange, lemon, strawberry, raspberry, peach, wild cherry and unflavored "calfsfoot" for making wine and coffee jellies.

PINE CREAM
SOLD ON ITS MERITS.
Excellent for Chapped Lips and Hands, Tan, Sunburn and Roughness of the Skin. Unexcelled for use after shaving. Decorated Tin Box, 10 cents. Handsome Porcelain Jars, 25 and 50 cents. Mailed on receipt of price. COAL TAR PRODUCT CO., 71 Commerce Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM Van Buren's Rheumatic Compound is the only positive cure. Past experience speaks for itself. Depot 88 S. California Ave., Chicago.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box D, Atlanta, Ga.

MINISTER SAVED

Rev. Henry Langford entirely cured of Nervous Prostration by Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy.

REV. HENRY LANGFORD.

Rev. Henry Langford, the eminent Baptist divine, of Weston, W. Va., has just escaped utter nervous and physical prostration. He is pastor of four churches. "For ten years," he said, "I have been nervous and growing worse all these years. During the last four or five years I became so nervous I could scarcely sign my name so it could be read. I was so nervous that I could not read my own sermon notes after they had been laid aside awhile.

"I was unable to hold my head steady in the pulpit, nor could I hold or handle my books and papers without embarrassment, owing to the trembling and weakness of my hands and arms. I was so nervous that I could scarcely feed myself. In fact, my nervous system was wrecked.

"I tried many remedies recommended by physicians, but found no permanent relief.

"One day I was in the store of R. S. Ogden, at Sardis, W. Va., and he said to me: 'You take two bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and if you say it don't help you, you need not pay for it.'

"I took two bottles of this medicine and found so much relief that I bought two more bottles, and now I am wonderfully improved in health and in strength. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy did it. I can heartily and truthfully recommend it to the sick. Too much cannot be said in praise of this splendid medicine. I say this for the good of other sufferers from nervous and prostrating diseases who can be cured by this remedy. For myself, I am thankful to God that I found Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and for what it has done for me."

DR. GREENE'S OFFER OF FREE ADVICE.

Dr. Greene, Nervura's discoverer, will give his counsel free to all who write or call upon him at his office, 35 West 14th Street, New York City. His advice is from his great skill and experience and will shorten the road to health. Thousands come to him and write to him constantly. Do not put off getting the right advice, if you are ill.

TWO IN ONE DAY.

A Pair of Train Robberies in the South.

Mail Cars are Looted, a Postal Clerk Is Almost Beaten to Death—A Conductor Shot by a Lone Highwayman on an Illinois Central Train.

New Orleans, Dec. 14.—The Illinois Central southern fast mail was held up and robbed by a lone train robber about a mile above the upper limits of the city last night. Though some of the train crew say they saw four or more men concealed in the bushes, only one man figured in the action and his booty consists of only one registered mail pouch for Durant, Miss., and six other registered letters from points between Cairo and New Orleans.

Conductor Kinnebrew was shot in the groin and J. C. Parker, railway mail clerk, has his left eye powder burned by a shot directed at his head. The robber got on the train, it is supposed, at some point above the city and after passing Kenner he climbed over to the engine and covered the engineer and fireman and brought the train to a standstill. When the conductor came forward to learn the trouble he was shot by the robber.

R. E. Goldsby, a mail clerk, stuck his head out of the door and was ordered to jump down, which he did. Then the robber led the engineer, fireman and Goldsby toward the express car and made one of them blow the side of it out with a stick of dynamite which he supplied. This train carries no money and has no safe. The robber then made for the mail car and there discovered Parker, who had hidden the registered pouches. He shot at him and then one of the pouches was produced and he made off with it.

He uncoupled the engine from the train and ran it to a point near Carrollton avenue, where he abandoned it. The robber was evidently well acquainted with railroading. His face was blackened and he was a man a little less than six feet tall, weighing about 150 pounds. He took Conductor Kinnebrew's watch. Two suspects were arrested, but the railway mail clerk did not identify them.

Texarkana, Ark., Dec. 14.—The mail car on the northbound Cotton Belt passenger train was looted between Bassetts, Tex., and this city, yesterday. Several registered mail pouches were cut open and the contents carried away. The pouches contained several valuable packages. Mail Clerk Dennis was found unconscious from a blow on the head, when his train reached Texarkana. Two men have been arrested on suspicion at Naples, Ark., but no trace of the plunder was found on them.

Just as the train parted at Bassett's water tank Dennis went into the vestibule of the mail car to stir up the fire. When he opened the vestibule door he saw two men standing by the stove, one of whom dealt him a terrible blow over the head with a heavy fire shovel. The first blow felled him and he was then quickly beaten into a senseless condition. He knew nothing more until he was revived in the Texarkana hospital. He is in a critical condition.

Examination of the car showed that the robbers gained entrance by crawling through the small trap door in the floor of the vestibule. In the vestibule is a crank with which a person can uncouple the car from another, and it is believed it was the intention of the robbers to disconnect and get control of both cars. Officers are on the case, but there is little to work on, as the men could have left the car at three different places before the train arrived here.

FORCED TO THE WALL.

A Receivership Is Asked for the Order of Chosen Friends.

Indianapolis, Dec. 14.—The Sentinel says: Attorney General Taylor on behalf of the state of Indiana will file suit in the superior court of Marion county to-day asking for the appointment of a receiver for the Order of Chosen Friends, a fraternal insurance association.

In the application for the receivership the fact is set out that the association is insolvent and unable to meet the death claims now outstanding. These claim aggregate about $300,000 and came to light through an examination made by George U. Bingham, expert of the Indiana insurance department, last Wednesday.

The Order of Chosen Friends was founded in May, 1897, in Indianapolis and spread rapidly into neighboring states and then to nearly every state in the country until at present it has a total membership of 22,140 in 31 states. There are 551 local councils.

One of the primary causes for the failure of the organization was the great loss sustained in the Galveston disaster. The claims arising out of the death of members in the ill-fated city aggregated about $60,000.

The examination instituted by the state insurance department also revealed that ex-Supreme Treasurer William B. Wilson, who had been in office since 1895, had defaulted to the amount of $30,000. Mr. Wilson died last October and the order is secured by a bond in one of the bonding companies and will lose nothing.

Heroic Boy Rewarded.

New York, Dec. 14.—Frank Rattemacher, 15 years old, of Hoboken, N. J., was last night presented with a gold medal by Col. Wesley Jones, president of the United States life saving corps for inland waters. Rattemacher is credited with saving 120 lives, unaided, at the time of the burning of the Hoboken docks on June 30 last. While the steamers were burning the boy, who was in a large rowboat, time and again went through the smoke and close to the flames of the burning vessels and rowed men ashore.

AN "IRISH PARLIAMENT."

It Convenes in Dublin and a Stormy Session Results—The War in South Africa is Denounced.

Dublin, Dec. 12.—Delegates to the number of several thousand, representing county councils, borough corporations, district councils, branches of the United Irish league and kindred bodies, met yesterday in national convention in the Dublin rotunda "to re-create the Irish party."

John Redmond, who presided, said it was the "parliament of the Irish people." Seventyfive Irish members of the house of commons were present and several priests were on the platform.

John Dillon, amid cheers, proposed a resolution to the effect that the South African war was entered upon in pursuance of a conspiracy to deprive two free nations of their liberty, in the interests of capitalists and mine owners.

He read letters from Boer generals giving instances of the alleged brutality of British soldiers in South Africa, and also the death notice of a Boer boy of eight in the camp at Port Elizabeth, whose father had refused to surrender and whose home was blown up with dynamite. According to the notice the child and his mother were deported hundreds of miles and fed upon pea soup. The lad's death Mr. Dillon described as "cowardly murder."

Intensely excited by Mr. Dillon's speech, the assembly broke forth into fierce cries and protests against the conduct of the war. The resolution was adopted unanimously.

Mr. William O'Brien introduced a resolution excluding Timothy M. Haley from the parliamentary party. While the differences are of a personal character, he urged that for the sake of unity Mr. Healy's exclusion was necessary.

Timothy Harrington, who was frequently interrupted, said that if the action of the delegates plunged the country into the vortex of despair future generations would curse the convention and those who participated in it.

"Hog wash," yelled an O'Brienite in the gallery.

"I know where the hog is," said Mr. Harrington, which caused protests and cries of "He is calling his fellow patriots 'hogs.'"

Mr. Harrington made a temperate appeal for harmony.

After other speeches, an amendment taking the bitterness out of the resolution was proposed by Father McNeece, but this was rejected overwhelmingly and Mr. O'Brien's resolution was adopted, only 25 hands showing against it.

FOOLED THE PRIEST.

Two Americans Steal $50,000 from the Safe of a Jesuit College.

New York, Dec. 12.—The World says: Two clever confidence men, believed to be Americans from the descriptions given by a priest whom they robbed in Italy of $50,000, may be on their way to this country and the police are watching for them.

The story of the robbery says they got from the safe of the Jesuit institute at Turin $50,000 of the funds of the institution. Rev. Father M. Grosso, of the Society of Jesus, the superior of the institution, was their victim.

Two well groomed men with polished manners, apparently Americans, called on Father Grosso a fortnight ago and told him they were trustees of a rich orphan boy whose father had recently been killed in the Boer war.

They said they wished to place the boy in the priest's care and have him educated in the institute. They explained they were custodians of $200,000 belonging to the boy, which they desired to leave for safe keeping in Father Grosso's hands.

The priest consented to assume charge of the boy and to accept the custody of the funds. The men thereupon produced several bundles of what purported to be bank notes which they suggested should be placed in the safe. Father Grosso opened the safe and the men placed therein the bundles.

They then departed, stating they were going to Milan, where they had left the boy, and would return with him shortly. Father Grosso waited several days and when neither the men nor the boy appeared became suspicious and went to the safe.

He found that bank notes aggregating $50,000 were gone and that the bundles of supposed bank notes left by the men were only waste paper.

The men, the police say, abstracted the funds from the institution under the eyes of the priest while placing their counterfeit bundles in the safe.

Cannot be Enjoined.

Indianapolis, Dec. 12.—The supreme court yesterday held that the transportation of natural gas out of the state at high pressure by means of pumps, when the gas is left to blow naturally from the wells and force is used only to carry it to other places, cannot be enjoined without a showing that some danger to the plaintiff's property is threatened from the possible bursting of pipes or otherwise, although such transportation might be a violation of the criminal statute. The opinion is important, as Chicago and many cities in western Ohio are supplied by natural gas from the Indiana field.

Children Panic-Stricken.

Chicago, Dec. 12.—Fifteen hundred children fought and struggled to escape the fancied horror of death by fire last evening in West Twelfth Street Turner hall. There was no spark of flame in the building, but the cry of a startled youngster was taken up and in an instant the gathering was in a panic. Fully 100 boys and girls were swept from their feet and trampled on and crushed against the walls and balustrades of the stairs. Others leaped from the galleries and fell in the midst of the struggling mass below.

A NOVEL LEGAL DECISION.

A New York Judge Decides that a Woman Must be at Home by Midnight.

New York, Dec. 13.—Justice Andrews, in the supreme court Wednesday, handed down a decision in which he holds that a woman should be home by midnight. The question arose on an application by Florence Abell, a dressmaker, to enjoin Jacob A. Omdrake, her landlord, from closing the front door of the house and not immediately admitting her when she rang the bell.

Miss Abell says she leased two rooms from the defendant to carry on her dressmaking business and sleep in, at $55 per month. She was to have her shop open from 7 a. m. until 10 p. m., but was to be admitted afterwards at any reasonable time.

She complained that on November 10 and 13 she was locked out, and on the second occasion could not obtain admittance and had to take a room at a hotel. She said that she was kept in all day at her business and did not think it unreasonable that she should afterwards go to a theater or elsewhere with friends. She asked that the owner be compelled either to give her a key, or see that she was admitted whenever she rang the bell.

Omdrake said it was necessary to keep the house locked at night, as the tenants had a great amount of valuables. The first night, he said, there was some delay in admitting the plaintiff and the second night he and his family had gone to bed and did not hear her.

Justice Andrews said he could not compel the defendant to give the plaintiff a key to the outer door, as by the terms of her lease she was only entitled to access at reasonable hours. He granted her a preliminary injunction requiring the defendant to permit her to enter her premises at all reasonable hours and promptly open his door for her up to 12 o'clock at night.

THE LAW IS DEFECTIVE.

A Portion of the Illinois Anti-Trust Law Is Declared Unconstitutional.

Chicago, Dec. 13.—By a decision of Judges Tuley, Dunne and Waterman, of the circuit court, yesterday, Section 1 of the anti-trust law of Illinois, which defines what constitutes a trust or combination in restraint of trade, is declared unconstitutional. Other sections of the law, especially those which compel corporations to file affidavits annually with the secretary of state that they are in no way connected with trusts or illegal combinations and providing for a fine of $50 in case of refusal to file such affidavit, are sustained by the court. Cases against over 800 Illinois corporations which have refused to file affidavits with the secretary of state are affected by the decision of the court. The court in rendering its decision overruled the demurrers of the defendants and held the anti-trust law valid in the point at issue.

The decision of the court in respect to Section 1, however, is regarded by the attorneys for the defense as a distinct victory for the corporations, and is looked upon as nullifying the anti-trust law of the state in its most vital part.

NEW YORK'S VOTE.

McKinley Had 143,606 Plurality Over Bryan in the State.

New York, Dec. 13.—The state board of canvassers met yesterday and canvassed the state vote. Only four of the 61 counties cast a majority of votes for Bryan. They were: New York, Queens, Richmond and Schoharie.

The prohibition, social labor and social democratic parties have sufficient votes to go on the next election ticket without a petition. Following are the totals for president:

For McKinley, 821,992.
For Bryan, 678,386.
Maloney, socialist labor, 12,622.
Woolley, prohibition, 22,043.
Debs, social democratic, 12,869.
McKinley's plurality, 143,606.

The plurality of Odell, republican, for governor, was 111,126.

Will Caucus on January 1.

Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 13.—The republican caucus to agree upon a candidate for United States senator to fill the vacancy caused by the expiration of the term of M. S. Quay will meet on Tuesday night, January 1. The legislature meets in biennial session at noon that day. The republicans have a majority in both branches, but both factions of the republican party are claiming control of the legislature, the anti-Quay leaders asserting that they will win by reason of an affiance with the democrats. The legislature will vote for senator on January 15.

May be Located at Macao.

Washington, Dec. 13.—The British government, having notified the United States government that it has been unable to locate the reported Philippine junta in Hong Kong, our governmental agencies have been put to work to ascertain where the munitions of war and other supplies which reach the insurgent Filipinos originate. It has now been discovered that the Portuguese settlement of Macao, located on the Chinese coast and convenient to the Philippines, is one point of insurgent activity, and probably the abiding place of one of the Philippine juntas.

Alger's Home Is Robbed.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 13.—Gen. Alger, ex-secretary of war, was quite badly shaken up early yesterday by a burglar in his home. The general was awakened by someone prowling about on the first floor of his residence, and started down stairs to investigate. Just as he reached the foot of the stairs he ran into a burglar, who tripped him up, the general falling heavily. When Alger recovered himself after the fall he began an investigation which showed that $300 worth of silverware had been taken by the thief.

A CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

Washington Celebrates the Installation of the Federal Government in that City.

Washington, Dec. 13.—With imposing ceremonies the national capital yesterday celebrated the centennial anniversary of the founding of the seat of the federal government in Washington. The exercises combined a brilliant military parade, a review by the president from the east front of the Capitol and orations in the hall of the house of representatives, where a brilliant audience was assembled.

By act of congress the day was made a national holiday in the District of Columbia. The government departments were closed, business was suspended and the whole city gave itself over to celebrating the capital's natal day.

The president and his cabinet took prominent part in all the exercises and with them were the chief executives of a large number of the states and territories of the Union, the senators and representatives in congress, the judiciary of the United States supreme court, the ambassadors and ministers from foreign courts, the heads of the army and navy, and a great outpouring of the people.

Although Washington is the scene of many celebrations it is seldom that one has occurred of greater brilliancy in its outdoor features, or of more impressiveness in its ceremonial exercises at the Capitol and at the White House. Early in the day the president received the governors of states and territories at the White House and the model for a new and enlarged White House was unveiled with suitable addresses.

At 1 o'clock the president was escorted to the Capitol, where he reviewed a parade headed by Lieut. Gen. Miles and including the full military strength of the capital, regulars and militia. The ceremonies at the Capitol began at 3:30 p. m. and included addresses by Senators Daniel, of Virginia, and McComas, of Maryland; Representatives Payne, of New York, and Richardson, of Tennessee, and a notable historic oration by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. A reception by the president to the governors of states at the Corcoran art gallery last night closed the festivities.

SUCCESSFUL REBELS.

Colombian Insurgents Gain a Victory Over Government Troops.

New York, Dec. 13.—Advices received Wednesday from various parts of Colombia, and confirmed by passengers who arrived from Panama, tell of desperate fighting in nearly every state. The government troops are in a poor physical condition, and suffering from several forms of tropical fevers. Senor Arturo Brigard, Colombian consul general in this city, has been ordered by his government to purchase and ship immediately a large quantity of quinine for use of the army.

The most desperate fighting is now going on in the department of Bolivar. In a battle fought at Toluviejo, on November 25, the revolutionists lost, among 100 killed and wounded, two able officers, Gen. Camacho and Col. Enrique Pinedo. The rebels took 200 prisoners, besides which the government force lost 100 in killed.

From the department of Magdalena comes the news that Gen. Vargos Santos, president of the revolutionary government, with his force, has arrived at the port of Rio Hacha and established government there.

TEN DOLLARS PER WEEK.

Bookkeeper Evidently Thought His Pay was Too Small and Is Said to Have Appropriated $18,000.

New York, Dec. 13.—Justice Blanchard, in the supreme court Wednesday, on the application of the Weehawken Wharf Co. issued an attachment against Allerton Merritt, in an action brought against him for the recovery of $18,000 which it is alleged he embezzled from the plaintiff corporation, for which he was bookkeeper at a salary of $10 a week.

The plaintiff claims that between August 31, 1898, and August 1, 1900, Merritt collected $26,000 from customers of the firm, which he misappropriated to his own use. This was discovered on August 3, and he repaid $8,000, but disappeared on August 6. Michael F. Burns, the president of the company, made an affidavit to this effect and said Merritt confessed to him that he had spent the money.

William H. Merritt, of this city, also made an affidavit in which he said he had heard his son confess that he had taken the money of his employers. This was on August 6, and he disappeared the same day and has not since been heard of.

Agreed on a Street Railway Scheme.

Chicago, Dec. 13.—The Chicago street railway commission has agreed upon a plan for municipal action in regard to street railways. These will be incorporated in a bill which will be presented to the city council with the recommendation that the council recommend its passage by the legislature. The plan includes provisions for municipal ownership—this to be decided by a popular vote of the municipality—also provides that in cases of new street railway companies the franchise question must be submitted to a popular vote; unification of all street railway systems in Chicago, and arbitration of all labor difficulties.

Indians in an Ugly Mood.

White Rock, Utah, Dec. 13.—Troop K from Fort Duchesne was ordered out last evening to prevent trouble at the Uintah agency. Over 30 children in the school are down with measles and their parents have been much dissatisfied because the children were not allowed to go home. One girl died. Black Hawk went to the school yesterday and demanded the release of his children. O'Connor, a teacher, resisted and was thrown down stairs and the children were taken by force. Threats were made to burn the school buildings.

A CARNIVAL OF CRIME.

Thugs, Thieves and Murderers are Busy in Paris Since the Exposition Closed.

Paris, Dec. 14.—The close of the exposition, throwing thousands out of employment, has created abnormal criminal conditions in Paris. The sensation caused by the murder of the man whose body was found in two parcels in the streets here December 4, has directed attention to the fact that the outlying quarters of Paris are infested by bands of footpads. Two respectable workmen were attacked a few nights ago by four prowlers who almost decapitated one of the workmen and stabbed the other.

It was announced yesterday that the prefect of police had decided to place a couple of policemen on each street car running into the suburbs after 8:30 p. m., and that he had also decided to create a special corps of picked men to be stationed in the dangerous wards, such as the ward where the severed body was discovered. Moreover, in order to secure murder clues, the police for several nights have raided the disorderly districts and made large hauls of criminals wanted on other charges. A raid Wednesday evening led to 347 arrests.

The present condition of crime is largely due to the numbers of workmen, street hawkers and others who came to Paris, attracted by the exposition, and who are now walking the streets, out of work. It is estimated that in 25 trades 212,000 out of 510,000 men are out of work.

The officials of the prefecture of police calculate that 2,000 sufferers from the close of the exposition have joined the criminal army.

SHOULD DEFEND THE CANAL.

The Senate Adopts an Important Amendment to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

Washington, Dec. 14.—For nearly three hours Thursday Mr. Hanna addressed the senate upon the ship subsidy bill. While he has spoken heretofore on the floor of the senate, his effort yesterday really was his first formal speech to the body since he became a member of it. Since coming to the senate Mr. Hanna has devoted much time and labor to the preparation of the ship subsidy bill and his speech was given close attention.

The senate in executive session took a vote at 3 o'clock on the amendment to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty authorizing the United States to defend its interests in the isthmian canal. The senate did not close its doors until 2 o'clock and there was then left only one hour's time for discussion of the provisions of the amendment. The vote was taken by yeas and nays, 65 votes being cast in favor of the amendment and 17 against it.

After the amendment offered by the committee was passed upon various other amendments received the attention of the senate for a brief time, but none of them was acted upon.

A BIG DEAL IN COAL PROPERTY.

The Pennsylvania Coal Co. Changes Owners—Another Large Transaction Pending.

New York, Dec. 14.—J. P. Morgan & Co. on Thursday issued a statement saying that they had purchased on behalf of the Erie Railroad Co. the majority of the stock of the Pennsylvania Coal Co., which is the only formidable rival of the anthracite coal combine. The stock is bought at the rate of $276 for each share, the par value of which is $50.

The property involved includes 22 mine workings in the Scranton and Pittston fields, producing 2,000,000 tons of coal and employing 5,500 men and boys.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Dec. 14.—A prominent coal operator of the Wyoming region in an interview says that an effort is being made by a syndicate to buy all the individual mines between Wilkesbarre and Carbondale, and when all or most all of these mines are secured it is probable that the syndicate will reach out to the Hazleton and Schuylkill regions. There are about 25 individual collieries between Wilkesbarre and Carbondale, and the capacity is about 12,000 tons a day.

SHOT THE TREASURER.

Masked Men Attempt to Rob the Box Office of a Theater.

Sioux City, S. D., Dec. 14.—During a performance at the Grand Opera house in this city last night two masked men entered the box office, assaulted, beat and shot at the treasurer and escaped without getting any cash. Harley Rounds, the treasurer, was in the box office with the manager of the company when there came a knock at the street door. Rounds opened the door and two masked men pushed in with a revolver under Rounds' nose. He reached for his own revolver, when one of the robbers fired at Rounds, the bullet passing between his arm and body, piercing his clothing but not touching the flesh.

The manager of the company ran out and the robbers pounded Rounds over the head with a revolver, making severe wounds and fracturing the skull. Rounds put up a desperate fight and, the robbers becoming frightened, escaped the way they had came without getting any money.

Will Lay a Submarine Cable.

Manila, Dec. 13.—The United States cable ship Burnside will next week proceed to Dumaguea, island of Negros, to begin the laying of 600 miles of government cable to connect Negros, Mindanao and Jolo. Negros and Cebu already have cable connection with Iloilo and Manila. At present there is scarcely any telegraphic communication with southeastern Luzon, owing to persistent wire cutting. It is proposed eventually to connect that section and the islands adjacent by cable with Manila.

GOLD AND SILVER.

Mint Director's Report on Production During '99.

GREATEST ON RECORD.

Gold Output of United States was Phenomenal.

COLORADO IN FRONT RANK.

The Silver Product of This Country Slightly Exceeded that of the Preceding Year—Klondike's Gold Production About $16,000,000.

Wshington, Dec. 15.—The report of the director of the mint on the production of gold and silver in the United States during the calendar year 1899, shows $71,053,400 for gold and $32,858,700 for silver at its average commercial value during the year. The gold product was the greatest in the history of the country, exceeding that of 1898 by $6,590,400, and greater by $6,053,400 than the estimated product of 1853, the record year in the working of the California placers. The principal gains in 1899 over 1898 were in Alaska, $2,934,700, due to the Cape Nome district; Colorado $2,787,500, and Utah $1,165,400.

Colorado still retains its position as the largest producer of gold and silver and Montana is second.

The silver product of the United States in 1899 was slightly greater than in 1898, being 54,764,000 ounces against 54,439,000 ounces. The average price for silver during the year was 60 cents per ounce, as compared with 59 cents in 1898.

The world's production of gold in 1899 was of the value of $306,584,900, an increase of $19,156,300 over the yield of 1898. The principal gains were $6,590,400 in the United States, $7,485,600 in Canada (mainly in the Klondike) and Australasia $14,860,800. The most important loss was in Africa, which fell about $7,000,000 below the output of 1898 as a result of the war in the Transvaal.

But for the interruption in the Transvaal the world's production for the year would doubtless have been $25,000,000 greater. The Klondike output for 1899 was about $16,000,000. The world's production of silver in 1899 was 167,224,243 fine ounces, against 165,295,572 fine ounces in 1898.

Mexico leads and Mexico and the United States produce two-thirds of the silver yield of the world. The world's industrial consumption of gold is estimated at $72,658,500, and of silver $24,595,600.

Allen's Bounty Bill.

Washington, Dec. 15.—Senator Allen, of Nebraska, has proposed a substitute for the ship subsidy bill authorizing the payment of bounties on exports of agricultural products of the United States. The substitute provides for a bounty of ten cents a bushel on wheat to 50 cents a barrel on wheat flour; ten cents a bushel on rye; 50 cents a barrel on rye flour; five cents a bushel on corn; seven cents per cental on corn, ground; one cent a pound on cotton; two cents a pound on hops, and two cents a pound on tobacco.

Adopted Foraker's Amendment.

Washington, Dec. 15.—The senate committee on foreign relations yesterday decided to recommend further amendments of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The committee adopted an amendment suggested by Senator Foraker, which declares that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty supersedes the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and also strikes out the Hay-Pauncefote agreement which permits the submission of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty to other powers and invites their acceptance of it.

Prince Tuan's Escape.

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 15.—According to the North China Daily News, Prince Tuan escaped from Tung Kuan pass in the disguise of a Buddhist pilgrim, bound for western Mongolia. He was subsequently traced to Lan Chou, through which city he passed, still in the garb of a Buddhist pilgrim. He was last heard from at Ting Hsia, the native city of General Tung Fu Hsiang, under whose protection he is alleged to have traveled.

Harrison Wants to Know.

Chicago, Dec. 15.—Mayor Harrison has undertaken a personal investigation to learn whether or not the McGovern-Gans contest was a "fake." He declared yesterday that if the facts satisfied him that either or both the participants arranged to "quit" he will never issue another license to boxing promoters. Just how the mayor purposes getting at the bottom of the muddle is a mystery.

Miners and Engineers Clash.

Linton, Ind., Dec. 15.—The United Mine Workers have demanded that all hoisting engineers join their union. The engineers have refused and the miners have demanded their discharge unless they comply with their demand. State President Van Horne, of the United Mine Workers, has sustained the miners. All mines in the Linton district are idle.

McGillis Is Sentenced.

Montreal, Dec. 15.—Donald McGillis, one of the three directors of the Montreal Cold Storage Co., who were indicted for fraud, has been sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. Of the other directors, McCulloch is out on bail, the jury having disagreed in his case, and Chisholm is in hiding somewhere in the United States.

Cameron County Press

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance.....$1 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2 00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business Cards, five lines or less, $5.00 per year over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising

No local inserted for less than 75 cts. per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete, and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW Printing.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

How are the mighty fallen! Grover Cleveland's autograph brings only four shillings in the London market.

Emperor William evidently thinks that he can stir up troubles enough of his own without assuming any of Oom Paul's.

The census of "domestic animals not on farms" in the United States, is plainly inaccurate. It puts several cities down as having only one or two asses.

Well, Lord Roberts having settled the Boer war, Lord Kitchener will now proceed to settle it again. Thus there will be glory enough for all.

Both Chicago and New York are having spasms of reform, and the dive keepers have put up their shutters and retired to live on their savings for a week or two.

This thing of breaking wills is getting serious. Pretty soon all estates will go according to the law of interstate descent if this thing continues much longer.

It seems strange that Minister Choate isn't able to patch up a truce between the Prince of Wales and Tod Sloane. What does he think he drawi his salary for?

Talk about German trade restrictions and of sending coal to Newcastle and of anything else of the sort that may occur to you. Here is the United States shipping cabbage to Germany to make sauerkraut!

Pity the sorrows of the poor. The poor brewers who increased their output only three million barrels in 1900 and the poor bank depositors who have to blow in all their wealth on revenue stamps are both on the point of bankruptcy.

As we expected, Col. Mills' report demonstrates to any fair minded man that Cadet Booz was not killed by hazing, and that the chances are he was not hazed at all. Still, since an official investigation would be more conclusive, let us have one by all means.

As Senator Frye declared in the Senate recently, the pending shipping bill scarcely even resembles the original Hanna-Payne bill. Discussion has resulted in so many amendments that the former can hardly be recognized in the latter. Only the principle remains.

Now a Boston man has decided that he will compete for the honor of defending the America's Cup against Sir Thomas Lipton. The more the merrier. The cup is a national matter and should be defended without regard to the origin of the defender.

The latest plan of the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee seems to be a somewhat novel one. They want to reduce taxation beyond the safe limit so as to compel the Government to issue bonds to pay the expenses of the Philippine troubles. The idea is that this would force retirement from the islands.

Mr. Bryan refused to be an actor, but he is now filling the role of hired man to the magazines.

Solomon Up-To-Date.

No man can espouse a good cause on an empty stomach; therefore, satisfy his hunger before you fill him with religion.

The life of a man is in the power of his tongue, yet a dumb man generally lives as long as an orator.

He that findeth a good wife findeth a good thing, but every man that gets married does not always hold a winning ticket in the matrimonial lottery.

A man that has friends must be friendly; yet a purchased friend is seldom a true one.

He that is noted for giving gifts hath lots of friends, especially at Christmas tide.

He that witnesseth a lie shall not go unpunished; yet there are plenty of perjurers who are living in affluence through their testimony.

He that keepeth the commandments keepeth his soul; but the men who keep their soul are few and far between.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Fine boxes of bon-bons from 25c to 50c, at H. S. Lloyd's.

A wonderful stock of Holiday goods at Taggart's Drug Store.

A fine line of Bibles, and "Key of Heaven" can be found at H. S. Lloyd's.

Sterling silver comb and brush sets at Taggart's for fifty cents a set.

The best goods at the lowest prices is what keeps LaBar's team busy—watch them. 42

Beautiful assortment of China pieces on exhibition and sale at Taggart's Drug Store.

FOR RENT.—Furnished rooms to let. Apply to Mrs. Wm. Hackenberg, Emporium, Pa. 41-4t

Your children's Xmas will not be complete without some of that choice confectionery at H. S. Lloyd's.

The only place in the county to buy the best furniture at the lowest prices, at LaBar's. 42

Taggart's old-time twenty-five cent table is running full blast, at back end of his Drug Store.

WANTED QUICK.—Do you want a doctor quick? Phone No. 26, and Dr. Heilman can be had instantly from any part of town. 40-4t

Parlor suits, book cases, choffoniers, bedroom suits, in fact everything in the furniture line, going cheap at LaBar's. 42

Rocking chairs! Rocking chairs!! Rocking chairs!!! an endless variety to select from for Christmas. All prices at LaBar's. 42

FOR SALE.—A well watered farm with good buildings, for sale or rent. Terms easy. Also town property for sale. Apply to F. D. Leet, Emporium, Pa. 41-4t

We have a larger and better stock of books than ever before, from "Mother Goose" to the latest novels at H. S. Lloyd's.

Zinc and Grinding Mawe

Devoe Lead and Zinc Paint wear twice as long as lead and oil mixed by hand. tf

Don't let that foolish fad (Ebony) cost you three or four dollars in a comb and brush set, but go to Taggart's Drug Store—as fine set as can be made for four dollars.

SHAW'S PURE MALT.—Is no doctored compound, but a pure, wholesome and strengthening stimulant. Especially commended for medical purposes. Sold by F. X. Blumle, Emporium, Pa. n2-yl

It pays to buy the best—or at least to get the best value for your money. We make no reduction on goods because they have been injured in any way, therefore you get the real article, without blemish. N. SEGER.

ATTRACTIVE GOODS.—H. A. Zarps & Company, at the Fair Store have a wonderful attractive line of goods now displayed for Chistmas, consisting of the greatest variety of fancy goods, toys, and—well it is simply impossible to enumerate the wonderful line of goods. Call and inspect them.

Pennsylvania Railroad Company will Issue Clerical Orders for 1901.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that clerical orders will be issued for the year 1901 to ordained clergymen having regular charge of churches located on or near the line of their road.

Application blanks may be obtained of ticket agents, and same should reach the General Office by December 22, so that orders may be mailed by December 31 to clergymen entitled to receive them. Orders will be issued only on individual application of clergymen when made on blanks furnished by the Company and certified to by one of its agents. 1844-1t

The Election Returns Show

That the Lackawanna Railroad has been elected Americas most comfortable Railroad. If the result of election suited you, take a trip on the Lackawanna with your family; if it went the other way, get even by taking a little journey, and forget your troubles. Remember Lackawanna Agents can sell you tickets to any point in Greater America. Excursion rates are now in effect to all Southern resorts, Cuba, Florida and the Pacific Coast. If you want to know all about your proposed trip, call on nearest D. L. & W. R. R. Agent, or write Fred P. Fox, Div. Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y. 37-tf

Stops the Cough And Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, no Pay. Price 25 cents. 26yl

On the Scent of Bribery.

A Primrose Dame, canvassing a London constituency, called upon a Mrs. Smith and asked for her husband's vote. Mrs. Smith expressed regret, but was afraid her husband would vote for the Liberals. "The fact is," she said, "he has been promised a new suit of clothes if he votes for the other side." The Primrose Dame was in an ecstasy of curiosity. "Who had made the promise?" Mrs. Smith mustn't tell. Half a sovereign was offered for the information; but Mrs. Smith was of the opinion that she couldn't tell for that. "Well, look here, I'll give you a sovereign if you tell me," said the lady at last. Then Mrs. Smith succumbed to the tempter. Having received the money she revealed the secret. "If you will know ma'am it's me as told him that if he'd vote for the Radicals I'd give him a new suit of clothes—and thank you for helping to pay for it."—London Chronicle.

A Woman's Awful Peril.

"There is only one chance to save your fe and that is through an operation" were the startling words heard by Mrs. L. B. Hunt of Lime Ridge, Wis, from her doctor after he had vainly tried to cure her of a frightful case of stomach trouble and yellow jaundice. Gall stones had formed and she constantly grew worse. Then she began to use Electric Bitters which wholly cured her. It's a wonderful stomach, liver and kidney remedy. Cures dyspepsia, loss of appetite. Try it. Only 50 cents. Guaranteed. For sale by L. Taggart. Dec

New York has a Malay Colony.

We have a small number of Malays and Lascars in the sailors' boarding-house district, which is situated near the East and North rivers, down town. The Malays are chiefly Manila men, although many come from Batavia, Samarang and Singapore. The Lascars are from India. They are all so dark as to be taken for negroes, but their features are Caucasian and their hair is straight, stiff and wiry. They are peaceable and orderly up to a certain point, and then they lose all self-control and generally resort to the knife. The number varies from fifty to four and five hundred. They are inveterate smokers, and many of them use opium as well as tobacco.—New York Post.

Saw Death Near.

"It often made my heart ache," writes L. C. Oversreet, of Elgin, Tenn., "to hear my wife cough until it seemed her weak and sore lungs would collapse. Good doctors said she was so far gone with consumption that no medicine or earthly help could save her, but a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery and persistent use of this excellent medicine saved her life." It's absolutely guaranteed for Coughs, Colds Bronchitis, Asthma and all throat and lung diseases. 50c and $1.00 at L. Taggart's. Dec

Cameron.

Editor Press:—

E. H. Lininger visited the county seat Monday.

E. D. Parks of Emporium was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fox of Driftwood was in town Monday, the guests of W. H. Morse and family.

F. Germie moved his family down from the little dam, and occupies one of the houses in the Block Row.

L. K. Huntington of Emporium was in town Tuesday looking after business.

Warren McConnell and Joe Yocum visited the county seat Saturday.

John Schwab of the C. S. N. S. at Lock Haven is home until after the Holidays.

George Cooley who has been to school at Brookville the past few months arrived home Saturday to spend the Holidays.

Sam Ebersole of Sterling Run was in town Tuesday on business.

Able Morton of First Fork was in town Wednesday, the guest of E. F. Comley and family.

B.E. Smith of Sterling Run was a visitor to our village on Wednesday.

The dance in K. G. E. hall last Friday was a success. Everybody enjoyed a good time.

Alex. Schwab moved his family into one of the Block houses last week from First ward.

F. H. Lundy, who has been operating here for several weeks past, left last Saturday for Tamaqua where he has accepted a position on the Philadelphia & Reading R. R. Mr. Osborne of Sterling Run has taken his place here.

Letter to W. H. Cramer.

Emporium, Pa.

Dear Sir: It is your business to know what materials to put into a house as well as to plan it. Of course, you know the effect of zinc on lead in paint—toughens it. Do you also know the greater effect of zinc ground in?

For a painter can't grind; he can only mix. Devoe lead and zinc is thoroughly ground in oil. The result is an intimate mixture.

Your painter can only mix; he can't grind; there's no need of grinding by hand. He should buy lead and zinc ground together in oil.

Devoe lead and zinc is that; the proportions are right besides. It outlasts lead and oil two to one, and costs no more—even less; for hand-work can't compete with machine-work.

Yours truly,

16 F. W. DEVOE & Co.

Sinnamahoning.

Editor Press:—

The Buffalo & Susquehanna railroad is now connected with the P. & E., at this place, and after some ballasting and lining up is done, will be ready for business. I have been reliably informed that the first regular train, a mixed one, will be placed in service about Jan. 1st. This road will be of more benefit and importance to this place than may at first appear. Not only will it open up a more convenient avenue of trade and communication between Cameron and Potter counties but will also be of much importance from a commercial standpoint. Our mills will no longer be compelled to depend on rain and snow for a supply of logs, but they can be brought here by rail—a convenience to the parties interested. Besides this the lumber market of western New York will be more accessible to the Sinnamahoning valley, the benefits of which is at present somewhat speculative and must be solved by future developments, but in all events our people have just cause for being elated over the adveut of this new railroad.

Barclay Bros'. new bridge, crossing the First Fork, which was partly built and damaged by the recent flood is being rapidly completed and will, when finished, withstand any ordinary flood without injury.

Parties desiring to secure first-class music for the holidays will do well to consult Pap Blodget and his Zobo band. Their "selections" have a very s(h)oothing effect on human nature. There can exist no care or sorrow, rats, cats, dogs or crying babies when this combination begins to toot. Neither would the blowing of steam whistles and the ringing of church bells annoy you when this band is getting in its work on schedule time. Terms cheerfully furnished on application.

JOE.

The most effective little liver pills made are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They never gripe. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

New Publication.

The revision of a work which has been before the public for over forty years, and which has an annual circulation of over ten million copies in five different languages, is somewhat remarkable. Its venerable author here gives the result of half a century of professional experience in perfecting his system of medicine. As a guide to those who use his Specifics and valuable hints as to diet and care of the sick this Manual of 144 pages is admirably systemized for the needs of the sick.

We especially notice the unmistakable professional tone which pervades every page of the book. This pocket edition contains a portrait of the author, and the cover is a beautiful half-tone from an original model, and will be sent free, postage prepaid, on request to the Humphreys' Medicine Company, corner William and John Streets, New York.

Adam,
Meldrum &
Anderson Co.

396 to 408 Main St.—American Block,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

We are making the greatest and finest display of holiday goods ever shown in Buffalo. In all departments of our great dry goods store we show an extraordinary variety of useful and novel articles suitable for Christmas gifts.

We lead the trade in Christmas books, toys, dolls, games, fancy goods, art novelties, handkerchiefs, gloves, furs and in all staple dry goods departments. You must not visit Buffalo without seeing our grand Christmas display. Pay you to come to Buffalo for no other reason.

Pan-American Souvenir Handkerchiefs.

With Pan-American flag border and the famous artistic "Beck Design" in center can only be bought from us.

These elegant souvenir squares in silk and satin, with the unique and beautiful "Beck Design" in centre and the border of the flags of all the North and South American countries are truly works of art and make Christmas presents of rare value. The flag border is copyrighted by us and we have the exclusive priviledge of using the "Beck Design" on fabrics, and, as we have said, these splendid souvenirs and advertisements of the great Pan-American Exposition of next year can be bought only from us We have the following kinds:

24-inch surah silk squares, $1.00 each, with your choice of Beck Design in centre or view of Niagara Falls, satin squares, $1.50 each.

These flag handkerchiefs or squares make elegant pillow tops. We have pillows made up at $4, $5 and $5.50

Heavy sateen pillow tops, 65c each.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.,

The American Block.

BUFFALO, N. Y

STRONG AGAIN! Paine's Pills

They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Varicocele, Atrophy, &c. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All drains and losses are checked *permanently*. Unless patients are properly cured, their condition often worries them into Insanity, Consumption or Death. Mailed sealed. Price $1 per box; 6 boxes, with iron-clad legal guarantee to cure or refund the money, $5.00. Send for free book. Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.

For sale by R.C. Dodson, Emporium, Pa.

The Cameron County Press

Is the best advertising medium in this section of the State; has a larger circulation than any other weekly paper pub-in Western Pennsylvania. Rates given upon application.

OUR JOB PRINTING

Department is equipped with all the up-to-date styles of type and first-class work can be done on short notice.

C. G. SCHMIDT'S,
HEADQUARTERS FOR

Popular Bakery,

FRESH BREAD,
PIES,
FANCY CAKES,
ICE CREAM,
NUTS

CONFECTIONERY

Daily Delivery.

All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

FIRST GREAT

ANNIVERSARY SALE.

One Year Ago,

When we first entered this business field as HONEST, up-to-date, "PRICE LOWERING HUSTLERS" for the people's patronage, we were met with the cold and most bitter enmity of the high-priced profit-grasping monopoly, who fought us, "tooth and nail," both in the open and in the dark. But we drove, rough shod, over these 100% autocrats and right from the start victory perched on our low priced banner.

This month we shall celebrate our signal mercantile victory and First Birthday by giving the public, who stood by us so nobly and aided us by their most liberal patronage and personal support, the greatest lay out of Gigantic Bargains ever offered in any town on earth.

For months we have persistently planned for this event, and now have the finest and largest line of

Holiday Furniture in this County.

Come one! Come all! and join in this first GREAT ANNIVERSARY BARGAIN JUBILEE.

AN ENDLESS LINE OF BEAUTIFUL CHAIRS.

MAIL ORDERS receive prompt and conscientious attention

WE GUARANTEE TO PLEASE YOU. GIVE US A CALL.

Scientific Embalming! Funeral Directing!!

$36. FINE BROADCLOTH CASKET, FUNERAL CAR AND SERVICES, $36.

RESIDENCE UP STAIRS. *OPEN ALL NIGHT.*

Remember the place, next door to the

ODD FELLOWS BLOCK.

THE EMPORIUM FURNITURE COMPANY,

BERNARD EGAN, Manager,

EMPORIUM. - - - PA.

EMPORIUM
MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.
Emporium, Pa., Sept. 11, 1900.

NEMOPHILA, per sack,	$1 20
Graham, "	60
Rye "	60
Buckwheat, "	75
Patent Meal, "	45
Coarse Meal, per 100,	1 10
Chop Feed, "	1 10
White Middlings, "	1 10
Bran, "	1 10
Corn, per bushel,	60
White Oats, per bushel,	37
Choice Clover Seed, Choice Timothy Seed, Choice Millet Seed, Fancy Kentucky Blue Grass,	At Market Prices.

R. C. DODSON,
—THE—
Druggist,
EMPORIUM, PA.

IS LOCATED IN THE CORNER STORE.
At Fourth and Chestnut Sts..

Only the purest drugs are good for sick people. They can't afford to experiment. You may safely trust your prescriptions with us. We make a specialty of this work and are proud of the success we have achieved.

Doctors appreciate the care and accuracy with which their prescriptions are compounded and that accounts for our large trade.

R. C. DODSON.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by post a card, or letter, personally.

John L. Johnson spent Sunday in Austin.

Ross Overturf returned to Emporium on Tuesday.

J. R. Fetter visited Ridgway and Johnsonburg the past week.

Miss Murphy has returned from an extended visit to Pittsburg relatives.

Mrs. Chas. McLaughlin, of Beech- was doing shopping in town Tuesday.

Miss Cora Taylor, is visiting her mother at this place during the holidays.

John Extrom, of St. Marys, visited his parents at this place Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Jettie Wiley will return tomorrow from an extended visit at Philadelphia.

We regret to learn that our friend D. W. Felt is in very poor health and again confined to his residence.

Miss Ethel Sherwood, of Buffalo, is guest of Miss Christy McDonald at this place.

Master Lloyd Johnson has been confined to his bed the past two weeks with croup and malerial fever.

The venerable E. D. Sizer was in town last Thursday, looking hale and hearty and good for many more years.

Mrs. Emily Nevins, of East Emporium, was a PRESS visitor on Tuesday and orders the paper sent to her address.

Geo. Murry, of Buffalo, was an Emporium visitor over Sunday, called here to attend the funeral of Miss Hackett.

Thos. Joyce, of East Emporium, was a PRESS visitor last Thursday evening and will read this paper for another year.

B. Egan is certainly hustling his furniture business, and on Wednesday added a new member to the firm This time it is a little lady.

Mrs. H. H. Mullin and Miss Jennie Gould are spending a few days at Buffalo with friends and incidentally looking up an Uncle Tom troupe.

John Farrell, who has been attending Duff's Business College, at Pittsburg, the past two months, returned home last Saturday evening.

John Adams, of Shippen, one of our most punctual paying subscribers was a PRESS caller this morning and carried away a receipt for another year.

Mrs. Michael Hout has returned from Buffalo, where she took her son Albert to have his eyes treated. The lad's eye sight is greatly improved.

Geo. Stephens, one of C.B. Howard's & Company's trusted employees, was a PRESS visitor last Thursday and watched the force at work.

Edwin J. Rogers, the West Creek farmer and proprietor of the dairy and milk route, left last Monday for Oberia, O., where he entered into a life contract with the lady of his choice. Ed. will have an advantage over the average man—he can select the best cow for an emergency.

Miss Encie and Geo. Howard return home from school this week for the holidays.

Miss Mary Fisher, of DuBois, is visiting her brother J. A. Fisher and wife at this place.

Miss Marian Larrabee, who is one of the teachers in the High School at DuBois, is spending her Holiday vacation with her parents at this place.

Misses Mary Davison, Grace Leet, Chester and Chas. Hockley and Ralph C. Davison return to-day to spend the holidays with their parents.

Michael McGraw, an old-time resident of Emporium, leaves to-morrow for Michigan, where he will visit a sister during the winter.

Don M. Larrabee arrived in town this morning from Philadelphia and will remain here some ten days with his parents and friends.

Twin girls were born to Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon Nale, of DuBois, last week. Mrs. Nale was formerly Miss Ella Kresge of Emporium.

Mrs. Geo. Miller, of Buffalo, visited in Emporium over Sunday, having accompanied Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Hackett from Buffalo, with the remains of their daughter.

John Furlong, of Sterling Run, transacted business in Emporium one day this week. Fine young man, so say we all.

C. R. Husted, last Thursday made the printer happy and cracked a few yarns. Mr. Husted is the trusted and hustling manager of F. D. Leet & Co.'s general store.

Mrs. G. Schmidt and Mrs. Stork, of Lock Haven, Pa., arrived in Emporium last evening, to spend Christmas with C. G. Schmidt and wife. They are mother and sister of the "little dutch baker."

John O'Byrne, who has been laid up during the past two months, suffering with rheumatism in addition to trouble with his eyes, has so far recovered as to be able to be out again. He has had a serious time.

F. H. Murry, of Buffalo, was a PRESS caller on Wednesday. We are pleased to learn our young friend is doing nicely and is prospering. He came over to attend the funeral of his niece, Miss Hackett.

E. C. DeWitt & Company's "fat boy"—J.L. Collins, of St. Louis, Mo.,—was a PRESS visitor last Friday and of course contracted with ye editor for another years advertising of that firm's favorite remedies.

Mrs. E. J. Swartz and little daughter Martha, returned home on Saturday evening from Lock Haven and Beech-creek, after a four weeks' visit among relatives and friends, and report having a good time.

Chas. Colson returned from Austin Tuesday and reports his brother, who lost a leg on the Goodyear railroad last Saturday, as getting along comfortably, under the circumstances.

Four bright young ladies, all members of Emporium Hich School called at the PRESS sanctum yesterday afternoon, vis: Misses Rose Gayney, Katie Welsh, Laura Lechner and Mame Cummings. Happy girls they are, too.

Grant S. Wiley, who has been engaged in business in the state of Washington the past two years expects to pass Christmas with his mother and family. Grant's Emporium friends will be glad to greet him. LATER Grant is here.

Just as we go to PRESS we learn that Edward Hilliard, one of C. B. Howard & Company's employees, is down with typhoid fever, at the residence of Daniel Downey on Fifth street. His mother, who resides at Watsontown, has been sent for.

H. W. Martindale was in town last Saturday, having sufficiently recovered from the effects of his accident. He informed the PRESS that he did not break a celluloid collar, fall up or down stairs, but just took a flat fall over a "Hick's" feet, breaking his right collar bone.

David Clark, of Johnsonburg, formerly of this place, met with an accident a short time ago, which may result in the loss of an eye. A piece of nail having lodged in one of his eyes, he will have to have an operation performed.

Guy's Minstrels last evening drew a good house and gave general satisfaction.

There will be three hotel applications for license, at the Jan. term of court for First Fork.

H. A. Zarps & Co., at the "Fair" have added the electric cash system to their store. Their immense trade requires seven clerks this year. Wonderful display of goods.

L. O. T. M. NOTICE.—The regular review of Emporium L. O. T. M. will be held Thursday evening, Dec. 27th instead of Tuesday evening.
HELENA M. BUTLER, R. K.

FIRE SALE.—Jasper Harris, whose store was recently visited by fire, offers his entire stock of clothing at sacrifice sale. The goods are very slightly damaged by water and a majority of the goods are just as good as ever. This is a great chance to save money. Read his broad gauge "ad" in another column.

Subscribe for the PRESS; only $1.50 a year in advance.

Another Reply to "Taxpayer."

The remarks of "Taxpayer" in last week's Independent should not be left unanswered. The "hat wager" which he tries to put up for a bluff I care nothing for. He might be a personal friend and if so we might refrain from criticism, while remarks over a *nom de plume* are open for the careful scrutiny of every one. I would prefer therefore not to know the identity of "Taxpayer." I am the more surprised at his remarks however when he asserts himself to be a large property holder and consequently a large payer of funds into the public treasury. His two-penny pessimistic remarks were quite misleading in this respect. His first article was largely against sewers while his second one leaves the sewer question for that of the Broad street bridge and makes it a "bugaboo" and deplores the neglect of drainage or sewerage. Why not be consistent? Now as to the Broad street bridge. Is there a need for it? Mr. Howard offers to donate enough of his lands across the creek for any manufacturing enterprise that will employ a certain amount of labor. It is certainly not to Mr. Howard's interest to vote for a measure that will enable him to donate his property. None of the other councilmen who voied for the bridge donation have any possible personal ends to serve. Let us go a step further. The Keystone Powder Company have invested fifty thousand dollars in their plant. They employ regularly eleven laborers—much of the time more. None of these receive less than two dollars a day—some of them more. They pay them for labor alone nearly six hundred dollars a month and about seven thousand dollars a year. What becomes of this money? Nearly every dollar of it is left with the merchants of Emporium. Where does the money come from? It is picked up from anywhere in the United States and brought here for the benefit of our people. This bridge and road leads to their property. And yet "Taxpayer" calls this a private bridge that benefits only a few. A hundred dollars is a mighty small investment for the borough to make even for this much prosperity. But there is still more in sight. Nothing has been said of the profits of the business that goes into the hands of the stock holders; this we have no means of setimating, but we do know that it will be largely left with the people of Emporium. Further still: this bridge and road makes easy access to a large agricultural area. As it is now it accommodates eight farmers who each produce from the soil and are *creators* of wealth to the amount of not less than three hundred dollars a year, (one man claims to have sold that much butter in a year) some of them five hundred dollars a year. But put it at three hundred dollars and we have twenty-four hundred dollars a year that are wrested from mother earth and left where? Why, almost entirely with the people of Emporium, and yet this Broad street bridge is only a private benefit.

But let us go still further. Open up a little over a mile of new road an extension of that now built and it will accommodate and make easy of access the farmers of thirty-two families, the combined products of which will crowd hard onto ten thousand dollars each year. Where does it come from? Why, out of the ground and out of the muscles and brains of men along this road. Where does the money go to? Almost exclusively into the coffers of the people of Emporium. There is room along this road for fully four times this many more farms. For all this benefit the borough of Emporium pays the liberal (?) sum of one hundred dollars. It would have been a much wiser administration if the borough of Emporium had built the entire bridge instead of lying supinely by until *urged* to give the pittance of one hundred dollars.

Why will men be so blind to their own interests as to persistently oppose prosperity waiting to follow into their very doors. Suppose we compare a little. How many people are accommodated by the roads between here and Sterling Run. Beginning at the Wiley farm house, including Britton Hill, Oak Hill, Hunts Run, and Chapman Hill, and leave out Cameron town, we find but twenty-six families. See the roads and bridges that are built for them. between Emporium and Beechwood school house, along West Creek, there are forty-three families, Between the Portage bridge at upper end of W. N. Y. & P. yard, and Sizerville school house there are but twenty families. With those comparisons how can anyone consistently say that Broad street bridge and road are not worthy of the liberal support of the borough of Emporium. How can anyone begrudge the small amount of one hundred dollars when such benefits are derived thereby?

It is gratifying to know, howeuer, that our business men are not all blind to their own interests, eighty of whom, not including the subscription of the council, haves subscribed and PAID a little over seventeen hundred dollars for the building of the Broad street bridge and road. Some have subscribed five hundred dollars, some two hundred and fifty, some one hundred, some fifty, and so on down to five dollars each. These are the men who are a benefit to a town and community, who can see where to invest a dollar that they may gain more, not the faultfinders and the obstructionist who dig in the earth and bury their talents. More might be added but this is already too lengthy.
Respectfully,
A HEAVY TAXPAYER.

PLEASE REMEMBER—That we do NOT begrudge the time spent showing you our goods, whether you buy or not. We consider that you are doing us a favor by calling to inspect our stock. We would be pleased to have you come every day—and bring your work. We are proud of the quality of our goods and we want you to examine them. We know that for *real values* they positively cannot be excelled.
METZGER THE JEWELER.

The Fad.

Photographs will be the fad for Xmas presents this year. Come in and see our latest finish. Do not wait until the last day. Everybody wants your picture. Why not make them a present of one this Christmas? We make the best at Schriever's Art Gallery.
41 W. G. BAIR, Prop.

A SPECIAL INVITATION—Is extended to the public to inspect our line of Christmas goods now coming in every day. The nicest line of *fine* goods ever shown in this town. Our prices cannot be beaten by anyone, for good goods.
METZGER'S.
40-4t

YOU ARE INVITED—To inspect the finest display of cut glass ever shown in this section. These goods are the finest made, things to be proud of, goods that you would not be ashamed of when Mrs. McKinley visits you. Don't buy trashy stuff. You can get the good kind just as well, elegant patterns, deep cutting, and diamond finish.
40-4t At Metzger's, of course.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?—That elegant line of "real French ebony," with genuine silver mountings, engraved free, finest bristles, warranted solid backs. They are the "correct" thing.
40-4t METZGER'S.

STERLING SILVER.—Our carefully selected line of sterling goods, is made up from fine, heavy patterns. We have learned that the people are tired of the cheap, flimsy goods and confine our line to articles that you need not be ashamed to present to your best friend. We engrave everything free.
40-4t METZGER.

YOUNG MEN WANTED, with fair education and good character, to learn telegraphy, railroad accounting, and typewriting. This is endorsed by all leading railway companies as the only perfect and reliable institution of its kind. All our graduates are assisted to positions. Ladies also admitted. Write for free catalogue.
GLOBE TELEGRAPH COLLEGE,
16-26t Lexington, Ky.

We have games and toys too numerous to mention, sleds and doll carriages, blackboards and doll furniture, drums and dishes. In fact Santa has left everything, to make the boys and girls happy, at H. S. Lloyd's.

Never before had we a better display of novelties, comprising colored and white pearl, ebony with sterling silver mountings, ladies' gold pens, fountain pens for gentlemen, in fact all kinds of fancy articles suitable for Xmas presents at H. S. Lloyd's.

If you hav'nt seen H. S. Lloyd's display of Xmas goods, just drop in. Santa has distributed his goods on the counters, floor and shelves, from the front door to the back door. Even Santa himself may be found in the rear of the store keeping guard over the dolls which you'll find of every description and from every clime.

We have on hand every grade of clothing from the poorest to the best—this is to meet the demand—but when you buy of us we tell you just what the article is, and our price will in no case exceed the real worth of the goods—in other words you get what you want at the right figure. N. SEGER.

DR. CHAS. F. SPANGLER,
Kane, Penn'a.
DISEASES OF WOMEN A SPECIALTY.
CONSERVATIVE TREATMENT.
TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE
Dispensary cases treated at Kane Summit Hospital every Wednesday and Saturday morning.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 4th, 1900.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 8th, 1901, between the hours of one o'clock, p. m., and three o'clock, p. m., of said day.
41-5t. T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

SHERIFF'S FISH PROCLAMATION.

TO the owners, builders or managers of fish dams, fish walls, fish baskets, eel weirs, kiddles, brush or facine nets, or any other permanently set or unlawful means of taking fish within the limits of Cameron county, Pa.

You are hereby notified that by an Act of the General Assembly of Pa., of the 24th day of May, A. D., 1871, the said means of taking fish are declared common nuisances, and under said Act and the Act of the 22nd day of May, A. D., 1899, it is made the duty of the Sheriff of the county to abate or destroy the same. You are therefore, hereby commanded to abate, remove or destroy aforesaid means of taking the fish within ten days from the date hereof.
J. D. SWOPE, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Nov. 24th, 1900. 4t.

Get an Education

An exceptional opportunity offered to young men and young women to prepare for teaching or for business. Four regular courses; also special work in Music, Shorthand, Typewriting. Strong teaching force, well graded work, good discipline and hard study, insure best results to students of

Central State Normal School

LOCK HAVEN, Clinton Co., PA.
Handsome buildings perfectly equipped, steam heat, electric lights, abundance of pure mountain water, extensive campus and athletic grounds. Expenses low. Send for catalog.
J. R. FLICKINGER, Principal,
Central State Normal School,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

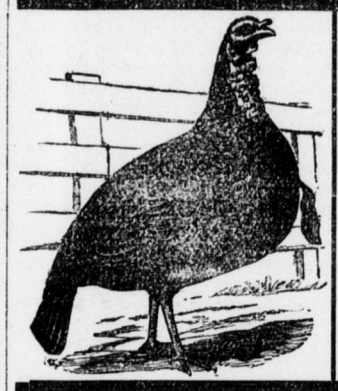
Day's. | Day's.

CHRISTMAS

Is almost here, only four more buying days in which to make your purchases for the grand feast you expect to have on that occasion, and select your tokens of remembrance.

We are Here Now.

And have all things necessary for the making of that occasion a successs and one of pleasant remembrance. We desire to help you make it such. Christmas shopping will not only be a pleasure, but profitable, if done at our store. We have articles of beauty and usefulness too numerous to mention, marked in plain figures, which you can examine while being waited upon in the grocery department.



Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Chickens,

Of the very Finest Quality of Stock.

All young and nicely dressed, and the price will be low. All the accessories of the same high quality.

LEAVE YOUR ORDER EARLY, and thereby insure perfect satisfaction.

CHRISTMAS MINCE MEAT. Not a cheap, trashy article, but something exceptionally fine, pure and wholesome, such as the most discriminating need have no fear of using. 12 to 15c lb.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES. All fancy stock. Remember there is a considerable difference between common to choice, and strictly fancy stock. You get the difference by purchasing here, and probably pay no more, if as much. Florida and California oranges, 40, 45, 50c doz. Malaga grapes, 20c lb. Bananas 25 to 35c doz. Northern Spy, Baldwin, Roxbury Russett, Greening and Ben Davis apples; your choice at 25c pk.

CHRISTMAS CANDY AND NUTS, in large variety and quantity. Candies from 10c to 30c lb. Don't pay more, we can please you.

GRENOBLE WALNUTS the genuine, finest quality. Special for Christmas, 18c lb.

Discriminating buyers will do well to examine our line and get prices.

GROCERIES.

It is simply impossible for us to enumerate, and quote prices in the space we command, of all the good things we have in store for you. We ask you to drop in

BEFORE THE RUSH

And we will take pleasure in showing you the finest line to be seen in this county, without a doubt.

CHRISTMAS =:= Tokens:

LOTS of them, and such as no one need be ashamed to present to the closest friend. Anything from a tooth-pick holder at 10 cts.

to the most delicate plate at $3.50.

AGAIN WE ADVISE

That you come early and leave your order, thereby giving us the opportunity of avoiding mistakes that are apt to be made in the rush of such occasions, and time to rectify any that may be made.

☞Store will be open Christmas morning until Ten o'clock, not for the delivery of goods, but for the rectifying of possible mistakes, and the accommodation of those who have forgotten something.

TELEPHONE 6, 4th St.

J. H. DAY.

SYMPATHY.

Now the storm, it's fury o'er,
Fain would lull the waves to rest,
Loudly beating on the shore,
As a wild bird beats its breast;
Through a hedge of ragged clouds,
Gropes the moon her lonely way;
'Twixt the thicket peering far,
Here and there a little star—
Wheresoe'er perplexity
Felt the touch of sympathy.

Sentinels, in black and gray,
Dark the distant mountains loom,
Trees their leafless branches sway,
Grim guardians of the gloom;
Hush, the while, within their arms,
Any night-belated bird,
To whose twitter of content
Winds are moaning sad assent,
In all earth's perplexity,
Things of earth give sympathy!

In the hush of silent grief,
Angels bend their heads to hear;
In the hour of unbelief,
God is drawing very near,
And, by passion, tempest-toss'd,
"He was tempted like as we."
Deep in our Gethsemane—
Suffering on our Calvary—
In all man's preplexity,
God and Heaven give sympathy!
—Gertrude Eleanor Van Pelt, in N. Y. Observer.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"What on earth does John Folsom want of a housekeeper?" asked the helpmates of his friends at Fort Emory, and in the busy, bustling town. "Why don't he marry again?" queried those who would gladly have seen some unprovided sister, niece or daughter thus cozily disposed of. It was years since Elinor's mother's death, and yet John Folsom seemed to mourn her as fondly as ever, and except in midwinter, barely a month went by in which he did not make his pilgrimage to her never-neglected grave. Yet, despite his vigorous years in saddle, sunshine or storm, and his thorough love for outdoor life, Folsom, now well over 50, could no longer so lightly bear the hard life of the field. He was amazed to see how his sleepless dash to head off Red Cloud and his days and nights of gallop back had told upon him. Women at Fort Emory who looked with approving eyes on his ruddy face and trim, erect figure, all so eloquent of health, and who possibly contemplated, too, his solid bank account, and that fast-building house, the finest in Gate City, had been telling him all winter long he ought to have a companion—an elder guide for Miss Elinor on her return; he ought to have some one to preside at his table; and honest John had promptly answered: "Why, Nell will do all that," which necessitated their hinting that although Miss Folsom would be a young lady in years, she was only a child in experience, and would be much the better for some one who could take a mother's place. "No one could do that," said John, with sudden swimming of his eyes, and that put a sudden stop to their schemings, for the time at least, but only for the time. Taking counsel together, and thinking how lovely it would be now if Mr. Folsom would only see how much there was in this unmarried damsel, or that widowed dame, the coterie at Emory again returned to the subject, until John, in his perplexity, got the idea that propriety demanded that he should have a housekeeper against his daughter's coming, and then he did go and do, in his masculine stupidity, just exactly what they wouldn't have had him do for worlds—invite a woman, of whom none of their number had ever heard, to come from Omaha and take the domestic management of his hearth and home. All he knew of her was what he heard there. She was the widow of a volunteer officer who had died of disease contracted during the war. She was childless, almost destitute, accomplished, and so devoted to her church duties. She was interesting and refined and highly educated. He heard the eulogiums pronounced by the good priest and some of his flock, and Mrs. Fletcher, a substantial person of some 40 years at least, was duly installed.

Fort Emory was filled with women folk and consternation—most of the men being afield. The seething question of the hour was whether they should call on her, whether she was to be received at the fort, whether she was to be acknowledged and recognized at all, and then came, mirabile dictu, a great government official from Washington to inspect the Union Pacific and make speeches at various points along the road, and Mrs. Fletcher, mind you, walked to church the very next Sunday on the honorable secretary's arm, sat by his side when he drove out to hear the band at Emory and received with him on the colonel's veranda, and that settled it. Received and acknowledged and visited she had to be. She might well prove a woman worth knowing.

Within a fortnight she had made the new homestead blossom like the rose. Within a month everything was in perfect order for the reception of Elinor and her school friend—a busy, anxious month, in which Folsom was flitting to and fro to Reno and Frayne, as we have seen; to Hal's ranch in the Medicine Bow, to Rawhide and Laramie, and the reservations in northwestern Nebraska; and it so happened that he was away the night Maj. Burleigh, on his way to the depot, dropped in to inquire if he could see Mr. Folsom a moment on important business. The servant said he was not in town—had gone, she thought, to Omaha. She would inquire of Mrs. Fletcher, and meantime would the major step inside? Step inside, and stand wonderingly at the threshold of the pretty parlor, he did; and then there was a rustle of silken skirts on the floor above, and as he turned to listen his haggard, careworn face took on a look something like that which overspread it the night he got the letter at Reno—something that told of bewilderment and perplexity, as a quiet, modulated voice told the servant to tell the gentleman Mr. Folsom might not return for several days. Burleigh had no excuse to linger, none to ask to hear that voice again; yet as he slowly descended the steps its accents were still strangely ringing in his ears. Where on earth had he heard that voice before?

CHAPTER VI.

The quartermaster's depot at Gate City was little more than a big corral, with a double row of low wooden sheds for the storing of clothing, camp and garrison equipage. There was a blacksmith and wagon repair shop, and a brick office building. Some cottage quarters for the officer in charge and his clerks, corral master, etc., stood close at hand, while most of the employes lived in town outside the gates. A single-track spur connected the depot with the main line of the Union Pacific, only 500 yards away, and the command at Fort Emory, on the bluff above the rapid stream, furnished, much to its disgust, the necessary guard. A much bigger "plant" was in contemplation near a larger post and town on the east side of the great divide, and neither Fort Emory nor its charge—the quartermaster's depot—was considered worth keeping in repair, except such as could be accomplished "by the labor of troops," which was why, when he wasn't fighting Indians, the frontier soldier of that day was mainly occupied in doing the odd jobs of a day laborer, without the recompense of one, or his privilege of quitting if he didn't like the job. That he should know little of drill and less of parade was, therefore, not to be wondered at.

But what he didn't know about guard duty was hardly worth knowing. He had prisoners and property of every conceivable kind — Indians, horse thieves, thugs and deserters, magazines and medicines, mules and munitions of war. Everything had to be guarded. The fort lay a mile to the west of and 200 feet higher than the railway hotel in the heart of the town. It looked down upon the self-styled city, and most of its womenkind did the same on the citizens, who were, it must be owned, a rather mixed lot. The sudden discovery of gold in the neighboring foothills, the fact that it promised to be the site of the division car shops and roundhouse, that the trails to the Upper Platte, the Sweetwater, the park country to the south and the rich game regions of the Medicine Bow all centered there, and that stages left no less than twice a week for some of those points, and the whole land was alive with explorers for a hundred miles around—all had tended to give Gate City a remarkable boom. Cheyenne and Laramie, thriving frontier towns, with coroners' offices in full blast from one week's end to the other, and a double force on duty Sundays, confessed to and exhibited pardonable jealousy. Yet there was wisdom in the warning of an old friend and fellow frontiersman, who said to Folsom: "You are throwing yourself and your money away, John. There's nothing in those gold stories, there's nothing in that yawp about the machine shops; all those yarns were started by U. P. fellows with corner lots to sell. The bottom will drop out of that place inside of a year and leave you stranded."

All the same had Folsom bought big blocks and built his home there. It was the nearest town of promise to Hal Folsom's wild but beautiful home in the hills, and, almost as he loved Nell, his bonny daughter, did the old trader love his stalwart son. Born a wild westerner, reared among the Sioux with only Indians or army boys for playmates, and precious little choice in point of savagery between them, Hal had grown up a natural horseman with a love for and knowledge of the animal that is accorded to few. His ambition in life was to own a stock farm. All the education he had had in the world he owed to the kindness of loving-hearted army women at Laramie, women who befriended him when well-nigh broken-hearted by his mother's death. Early he had pitched his tent on the very spot for a ranchman's homestead, early he had fallen in love with an army girl, who married the strapping frontiersman and was now the proud mistress of the promising stock farm nestling in the valley of the Laramie, a devoted wife and mother. The weekly stage to the railway was the event of their placid days except when some of the officers would come from either of the neighboring posts and spend a week with her and Hal. From being a delicate, consumptive child, Mrs. Hal had developed into a buxom woman with exuberant health and spirits. Life to her might have some little monotony, but few cares; many placid joys, but only one great dread—Indians. John Folsom, her fond father-in-law, was a man all the Indians trusted and most of them loved. Hal Folsom, her husband, had many a trusted and devoted friend among the Sioux, but he had also enemies, and Indian enmity, like Indian love, dies hard. As boy he had sometimes triumphed in games and sports over the champions of the villages. As youth he had more than once found favor in the dark eyes that looked coldly on fiercer, fonder claimants, and one girl of the Ogallallas had turned from her kith and kin and spurned more than one red lover to seek the young trader when he left the reservation to build his own nest in the Medicine Bow, and they told a story as pathetic as that of the favorite daughter of old Sintogaliska, chief of the Brule Sioux, who pined and died at Laramie when she heard that the soldier she loved had come back from the far east with a pale-faced bride. There were red men of the Ogallallas to whom the name of Hal Folsom was a taunt and an insult to this day, men whom his father had vainly sought to appease, and they were Burning Star, the lover, and two younger braves, the brothers of the girl they swore that Hal had lured away.

South of the Platte as it rolled past Frayne and Laramie, those Indians were bound by treaty not to go. North of the Platte Hal Folsom was warned never again to venture. These were the stories which were well known to the parents of the girl he wooed and won, but which probably were not fully explained to her. Now, even behind the curtain of that sheltering river, with its flanking forts, even behind the barrier of the mountains of the Medicine Bow, she often woke at night and clutched her baby to her breast when the yelping of the coyotes came rising on the wind. There was no woman in Wyoming to whom war with Red Cloud's people bore such dread possibility as to Hal Folsom's wife.

And so when Marshall Dean came riding in one glad June morning, bronzed, and tanned and buoyant, and tossed his reins to the orderly who trotted at his heels, while the troops dismounted and watered at the stream, Mrs. Folsom's heart was gladdened by his confident and joyous bearing. Twice, thrice he had seen Red Cloud and all his braves, and there was nothing, said he, to worry about. "Ugly, of course they are; got some imaginary grievance and talk big about the warpath. Why, what show would those fellows have with their old squirrel rifles and gas-pipe Springfields against our new breech-loaders? They know it as well as we do. It's all a bluff, Mrs. Folsom. You mark my words," said he, and really the boy believed it. Frequent contact in the field with the red warriors inspires one with little respect for their skill or prowess until that contact becomes hostile, then it's time to keep every sense on guard and leave no point uncovered.

"But what if the Indian bureau should let them have breech-loaders?" she anxiously asked. "You know that is Red Cloud's demand."

"Oh," said Dean, with confidence born of inexperience in the bureau ways, "they wouldn't be such fools. Be-

"Not even her picture?"

sides, if they do," he added hopefully, "you'll see my troops come trotting back full tilt. Now, I'm counting on a good time at Emory, and on bringing your sister and mine up here to see you."

"It will be just lovely," said Mrs. Hal, with a woman's natural but unspoken comparison between the simplicity of her ranch toilet and the probable elegancies of the young ladies' eastern costumes. "They'll find us very primitive up here in the mountains, I'm afraid; but if they like scenery and horseback riding and fishing, there's nothing like it."

"Oh, they're coming sure. Jessie's letter tells me that's one of the big treats Mr. Folsom has promised them. Just think, they should be along this week, and I shall be stationed so near them at Emory—of all places in the world."

"How long is it since you have seen Elinor—'Pappoose,' as your sister calls her," asked Mrs. Hal, following the train of womanly thought then drifting through her head, as she set before her visitor a brimming goblet of buttermilk.

"Two years. She was at the Point a day or two the summer of our graduation," he answered, carelessly. "A real little Indian girl she was, too, so dark and shy and silent, yet I heard Prof. M——'s daughter and others speak of her later; she pleased them so much, and Jessie thinks there's no girl like her."

"And you haven't seen her since—not even her picture?" asked Mrs. Hal, rising from her easy-chair. "Just let me show you one she sent Hal last week. I think there's a surprise in store for you, young man," was her mental addition as she tripped within doors.

The nurse girl, a half-breed, one of the numerous progeny of the French trappers and explorers who had married among the Sioux, was hushing the burly little son and heir to sleep in his Indian cradle, crooning some song about the fireflies and Heecha, the big-eyed owl, and the mother stooped to press her lips upon the rounded cheek and to flick away a tear-drop, for Hal second had roared lustily when ordered to his noonday nap. Away to the northward the heavily wooded heights seemed tipped by fleecy, summer clouds, and off to the northeast Laramie Peak thrust his dense crop of pine and scrub oak above the mass of snowy vapor that floated lazily across that grim-visaged southward scarp. The drowsy hum of insects, the plash of cool, running waters fell softly on the ear. Under the shade of willow and cottonwood cattle and horses were lazily switching at the swarm of gnats and flies or dozing through the heated hours of the day. Out on the level flat beyond the corral the troopers had unsaddled, and the chargers, many of them stopping to roll in equine ecstasy upon the turf, were being driven out in one big herd to graze. Without and within the ranch everything seemed to speak of peace and security. The master rode the range long miles away in search of straying cattle, leaving his loved ones without thought of danger. The solemn treaty that bound the Sioux to keep to the north of the Platte stood sole sentinel over his vine and fig tree. True there had been one or two instances of depredation, but they could be fastened on no particular band, and all the chiefs, even defiant Red Cloud and insolent, swaggering Little Big Man, denied all knowledge of the perpetrators. Spotted Tail, it was known, would severely punish any of his people who transgressed, but he could do nothing with the Ogallallas. Now they were not 200 miles away to the north, their ranks swollen by accessions from all the disaffected villages and turbulent young braves of the swarming bands along the Missouri and Yellowstone, and if their demands were resisted by the government, or worse, if they were permitted to have breech-loaders or magazine rifles, then just coming into use, no shadow of doubt remained that war to the knife would follow. Then how long would it be before they came charging down across the Platte, east or west of Frayne, and raiding those new ranches in the Laramie valley?

[To Be Continued.]

An Epitaph That Failed.

A Louisville wit goes to church, or did go to church, where a prominent member of the congregation who had a pew close by used to slumber through the entire service. When the text was given out he nodded, and by the time the pastor got a good start he was oblivious of everything until the pastor woke him up. After awhile the man died, and one day shortly afterward one of the friends of the family came to the wit and said: "See here, old boy, I don't pretend to be smart and up-to-date like you, but Blank's wife has sent for me and asked me to arrange about the inscription on her husband's monument. She wants something short and appropriate, and over this she is going to have his name and the date of his birth and death. I'm the last person in the world to undertake such a job, so I thought you might help me out." "Why, with pleasure," said the joker, and his grin should have warned the caller, but it didn't. Taking out a pencil and notebook, the fiend wrote a line or two and handed it over. "See how you like it," he said, and as the applicant read the lines they ran as follows: "George Blank, born——, died ——," and then below "Asleep (as usual)." You can bet your dear, sweet life that inscription was never shown to the widow.—Louisville Times.

Slips of the Tongue.

It is an invariable rule that members of the house of commons must address their remarks to the house through the chair, and, though in the flow of argument an orator is often allowed, without remonstrance, to use the second personal plural in admonishing his opponents, the first words are always addressed to the occupant of the chair. This, like many other rules of debate, has percolated from the house of commons down to all our minor assemblies, and the consequence is that few members find any difficulty in complying with the custom. Not infrequently, however, ruling habits prevail, and a new member involuntarily discloses the nature of the assembly to which he has been accustomed. In a debate on the Irish land bill in 1894, Mr. Kenny, an Irish Q. C., convulsed the house by addressing Mr. Speaker as "My lord." Mr. Powell Williams, in the same parliament, saluted him as "Mr. Mayor," and an effervescent Irishman, Mr. Bodkin, astonished the speaker by giving him the dignity of "Your reverence."—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Long-Range Duel.

Gen Botha, the famous Boer commander, once fought something like a duel with Wools Sampson, who will be remembered as a reform prisoner. During the Boer war of 1881 Mr. Sampson, on the British side, and Botha, on the Dutch, during an outpost skirmish, potted at one another from behind stones. Sampson thought he hit Botha, and raised his head above the stone, only to find himself hit in the neck. That was one to Botha, who jumped up elated. Sampson at once dropped him. "Got him!" said Sampson, and raised himself to look. "Got him!" said Botha, as he put a bullet into his adversary's side; but he showed himself too soon, for Sampson brought the score to evens. In later years they yarned about this occurrence over drinks in Johannesburg. —Collier's Weekly.

Runs in the Family.

A young gentleman took his little sister with him while calling the other evening at a house where he is a regular visitor. The little girl made herself quite at home and showed great fondness for one of the young ladies, hugging her heartily.

"How very affectionate she is!" said the lady of the house.

"Yes; so like her brother," responded the young lady, unthinkingly.—Buffalo Courier.

The Rocket.

The first locomotive engine which proved a practical success was produced by the two Stephensons, and was called the Rocket. In October, 1829, it received the prize offered by the directors of the Liverpool & Manchester railroad, and the question as to the superiority of the locomotive steam engine as a motive power was then settled.—Detroit Free Press.

WANTS TO BE FREE.

Mrs. Mary E. Lease Seeks Divorce from Her Husband.

She Began Married Life at the Washtub and Afterward Supported Her Family by Making Political Speeches.

The Wichita (Kan.) correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says that divorce proceedings have been instituted by Mrs. Mary E. Lease on grounds of non-support. It is understood her husband will make no contest.

Mr. and Mrs. Lease were married in poverty and lived in that condition until Mrs. Lease became a politician. Lease was a plodder. His wife was ambitious. He believed a woman's place was at home. She might have agreed with him if her home had been less lowly. It was difficult to make ends meet in a Wichita grocery store, but when there were four children in the family, and the income remained the same, Mrs. Lease was forced to the washtub to keep her little ones from actual want. She objected to this sort of thing, and determined to make a change. She borrowed books and studied at night by candle light. Her husband protested. Then domestic trouble commenced.

At that time Kansas was the center of the union labor craze. Mrs. Lease, who had been poring over tales of the French revolution, decided that the people of Kansas were in as bad a fix as were the French. She began to picture in her mind scenes of carnage on the prairies of the Sunflower state. One day, while going home from work, she stepped into a doorway for protection from a shower. A labor meeting was in progress in the hall. She was invited to speak. She accepted the invitation and surprised the crowd as well as herself. The crowd was enthusiastic over her eloquence and took up a collection of six dollars for her.

She started home in the rain, and stopped at the store where her hus-

MRS. MARY E. LEASE.
(Kansas Woman Orator Who Seeks a Separation from Her Husband.)

band worked. An old umbrella was standing near the door. She picked it up and said she would send it back by one of the children. Lease said to her: "Put it down. It doesn't belong to you, and you have no business with it." Relating the circumstance to a Topeka friend lately Mrs. Lease said: "I put the umbrella down and left the store in a pouring rain. As I was passing the store of one of my friends, who knew of the struggle for bread which I had experienced, the door was opened by the proprietor, who called me in and gave me from the rack near the door the first umbrella I ever owned. I was not able to do the work at home, much less run out in the rain for supplies, and this evidence of cruelty on the part of my husband turned me against him. We did not speak to each other for months after that, and in later years lived in the same house without exchanging a word with each other."

Mrs. Lease gave up her washtub business and began to work as an organizer for the union labor people. Then she took up the farmers' alliance cause, and in 1892 became a populist. After serving two years as president of the Kansas board of charities she went on the lecture platform and began to write for newspapers and magazines.

Mrs. Lease began to direct the affairs of the household the day after she delivered the labor speech. She has been making good money ever since. She has educated her children and given them an opportunity to dress well and see the world. Charles and Louise are grown, and Ben Hur and Mary are in school. Mrs. Lease has a comfortable home in New York, which is always open to Kansans.

Mr. Lease took a fresh start when his wife began to do business for herself. He went from a grocery store to a drug store of his own. He does business in Wichita and has some money invested in real estate. He still plods and has never forgiven his wife for going into politics, although he admits her scheme has proved a good thing for the children.

Mr. Lease has known for a long time that his wife would sue for divorce, for she told him two years ago that she would not live with him again. She lately told a Topeka friend that she had no intention of remarrying, and gave as a reason for obtaining a divorce that by her own efforts she had made herself independent and did not care to be hampered further by a husband.

Building from Top Down.

A 15-story skyscraper in New York city is under construction from the top downward. The granite walls of the upper five stories are practically complete, while all below is a skeleton of girders and trusses.

Ungraceful But Healthy.

According to recent medical advices yawning is a healthful exercise. It is said to be excellent when one is afflicted with a sore throat.

WHY MRS. PINKHAM

Is Able to Help Sick Women When Doctors Fail.

How gladly would men fly to woman's aid did they but understand a woman's feelings, trials, sensibilities, and peculiar organic disturbances.

Those things are known only to women, and the aid a man would give is not at his command.

To treat a case properly it is necessary to know all about it, and full information, many times, cannot be given by a woman to her family phy-

MRS. G. H. CHAPPELL.

sician. She cannot bring herself to tell everything, and the physician is at a constant disadvantage. This is why, for the past twenty-five years, thousands of women have been confiding their troubles to Mrs. Pinkham, and whose advice has brought happiness and health to countless women in the United States.

Mrs. Chappell, of Grant Park, Ill., whose portrait we publish, advises all suffering women to seek Mrs. Pinkham's advice and use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as they cured her of inflammation of the ovaries and womb; she, therefore, speaks from knowledge, and her experience ought to give others confidence. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is absolutely free.

SWOLLEN FEET

and hands usually indicate an advanced stage of Kidney disorder. It is one of the last special pleadings of nature to seek a remedy. Look out also for backache, scalding urine, dizziness, headache and brick-dust or other sediment in urine which has been allowed to stand. Heed these warnings before it is too late.

MORROW'S

KID-NE-OIDS

are guaranteed under oath to be the best remedy in existance for Bright's Disease or any other form of Kidney Trouble. A cash forfeit is offered for any case Kid-ne-oids will not cure.

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Mrs. Mary Watters, 325 South St., Steubenville, O.
Capt. John Enright, 615 Michigan St., Toledo, O.
Rev. H. N. Minnigh, M. E. Church, Altoona, Pa.
Mrs. Jas. C. Thomas, 1308 LaFayette St., Scranton, Pa.
Ernest B. Bowers, 21 N. Shamokin St., Shamokin, Pa.
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Morrow's Kid-ne-oids are not pills, but Yellow Tablets and sell at fifty cents a box at drug stores.

JOHN MORROW & CO., SPRINGFIELD, O.

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The real worth of W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes compared with other makes is $4.00 to $5.00. Our $4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Over 1,000,000 satisfied wearers.

WE USE FAST COLOR EYELETS
One pair of W. L. Douglas $3 or $3.50 shoes will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary $3 or $3.50 shoes.
FACTORY, BROCKTON, MASS.

We are the largest makers of men's $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. We make and sell more $3 and $3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the U. S.

BEST $3.50 SHOE. BEST $3.00 SHOE.

The reputation of W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes for style, comfort, and wear is known everywhere throughout the world. They have to give better satisfaction than other makes because the standard has always been placed so high that the wearers expect more for their money than they can get elsewhere.

THE REASON more W. L. Douglas $3 and $3.50 shoes are sold than any other make is because THEY ARE THE BEST. Your dealer should keep them; we give one dealer exclusive sale in each town. Take no substitute! Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. If your dealer will not get them for you, send direct to factory, enclosing price and 25c. extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Our shoes will reach you anywhere. Catalogue Free. W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. Brockton, Mass.

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Of genuine Irish linen, with a half inch hem, suitable for everyday service and especially appropriate as a holiday gift, at 12½c. Each. 6 for 60c. 12 for $1.10. (Doz. beautifully boxed.) Sent, postpaid.

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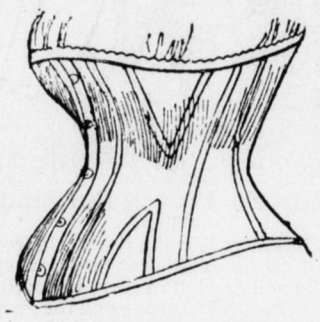
WOMAN AND HOME

SELECTING A CORSET.

It Is an Important Task and Requires the Exercise of Great Care and Ripe Judgment.

Comfort and beauty both considered, a woman's corset is her most important article of apparel. A good corset will accentuate the good points in her figure, and help to conceal imperfections.

There has been a great deal of nonsense written and spoken for and



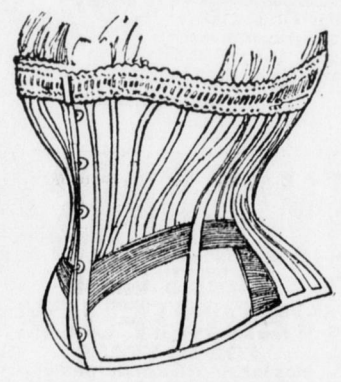
AN ILL-FITTING CORSET.

against the corset. This being a free country, there is no reason why a woman who prefers to go about without stays, whether from physical reasons or personal convictions in the matter, should not be allowed to follow her own sweet inclination.

Personally, I consider a well-fitting, properly constructed corset a blessing. There are, of course, some slight, willowy figures which can do without the support of a corset. But they are very rare exceptions. Take, for example, Mrs. Leslie Carter. Mrs. Carter wears a little girdle about her waist, which is all she requires, her figure being naturally slender, and the physical culture she has received in her years of hard training having given her extraordinary litheness and poise. But the average woman has not the advantage of Mrs. Carter's figure, nor the benefit of long and harmonious physical training. This everyday woman requires a corset, and not any or every corset which she may chance to discover that happens to have a certain number attached to it. There are two things which she must observe with the greatest care. First, whether the corset itself is made in the proper form and well-constructed. Secondly, whether it fits her. How many women, who are so careful about the way their gowns or coats fit, when purchasing corsets ignore either one or both of these precautions!

There are many good ready-made as well as custom-made corsets in the market, and before making her purchase she should first decide which form is more suitable for her figure. There are corsets for slender figures and others adapted only to over-stout women; there are some for long waists and some for short waists.

Having selected her corset, she should insist upon trying it on, and, above all, she should never select a cheaper corset just because it is cheaper. In stays, as in toilet soap, a woman cannot afford to economize, for health and comfort as well as personal appearance are vitally concerned. No matter how handsome a gown may be, if it is fitted and worn



A WELL-FITTING CORSET.

over a badly-made corset the effect will be ruined.

To show just how great a factor her corset is in a woman's appearance, I induced a lady who was wearing a most hideous corset to allow me to make two little sketches of her.

In No. 1 she is wearing the corset of her own selection, while No. 2 shows the same figure in a well-fitting corset. Everyone who sees these pictures will recognize the first figure as one she knows very well. The second corset is not heavily boned, but is so cut that the ugly curve at the waist is entirely suppressed and objectionable embonpoint, caused by the wretched shape of the old corset, has entirely disappeared.—Gertrude M. Anderson, in Detroit Free Press.

Book Clubs for Small Towns.

A writer in the Ladies' Home Journal, telling how to organize book clubs in small communities, says that one successful club was started in a small country town of from 1,000 to 1,500 inhabitants, in which there was no public library of any kind. Its charter members numbered 17. Each member, except one, who was chosen secretary and gave service instead of money, paid into the general treasury five dollars a year. With the sum so raised the club was able to subscribe for 17 periodicals, weeklies and monthlies, and to buy from 17 to 34 books chosen in general from among the new publications.

MALICIOUS GOSSIPS.

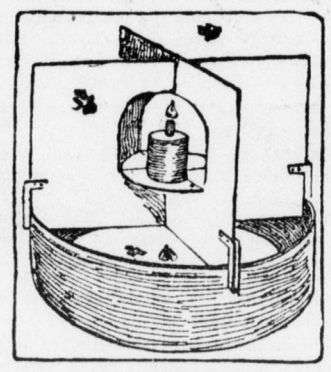
They Are a Constant Menace to the Peace of the Community in Which They Live.

Habitual gossips ought to be shunned as well as despised. They are so dangerous that one is afraid to accept even their offers of assistance in domestic affliction lest they violate the sanctities of the sick chamber. In their presence no one feels safe. Even though people may never think of believing what they say, they are a disturbing element in any community, and every true person dreads them as the coils of a viper, even though the bite may have been rendered harmless. Falsehood is loathsome, and a relief is felt when men get away from it. It is needless to say that such persons are more open to criticism than anyone else, and that the faults and foibles they charge upon others are the best indicators of their own besetting sins. In nine cases out of ten, they criticize most severely that fault in others which is peculiar to themselves. Uncharitable remarks about the character and conduct of others, or even about their dress or taste—words often so unkind and wounding—might in 99 cases out of 100, be applied with more justice to the person uttering them than to those in regard to whom they are uttered; and, as a general thing, sensible, observant people see this, and attach but little importance to their slander. Why people delight in commenting upon the faults of others, even if they are conspicuously apparent, is a question that can be answered only on the ground of perverted human nature, which is prone to hate its neighbor; but such persons help to add to the sorrows of the world, and inflict misery upon themselves. The difficulty is one that concerns personal character. The man's own inward spirit rather than the foibles of his fellows, is what is to be corrected.—N. Y. Weekly.

PATENT MOTH TRAP.

A Clever Little Device in Whose Success Almost Every Housekeeper Is Interested.

The affinity of the moth for the flame is well known, and this inordinate love is utilized in the device illustrated herewith to exterminate the insect. A metallic receptacle is provided which has the sides sloping toward each other at the top. On this receptacle are placed two plates of



A TRAP FOR MOTHS.

tin or other polished metal, provided with slots, which allow them to be set at right angles to each other, supporting a small lamp on the shelf formed at the center. The receptacle underneath is partially filled with water and a small quantity of coal oil is placed on the surface to kill the moths or other insects which, attracted by the bright flame and the numerous reflections on the surface of the tin, will circle around the apparatus until they strike against one of the reflectors, falling into the liquid. The slanting sides prevent the insects from falling out, and the oil soon puts an end to their existence. When the room has been cleared the lamp and reflectors are lifted off the basin and the contents thrown out. A patent on this device has been granted to Seward A. Haseltine, of Springfield, Mo.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Sweet Potato Croquettes.

Bake sweet potatoes until they are tender; then scoop out the centers and put them through a vegetable press. To each two cups of mashed potatoes allow a tablespoonful of butter, a level teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar and a half saltspoonful of white pepper; mix thoroughly. Form into cylinders, dip in egg, then in bread-crumbs and fry in smoking-hot fat.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Hint Worth Remembering.

In making up pillows of pine needles a little curled hair added will keep the needles from matting and render the pillows more comfortable.

For the Liver.

Stubb—What are you doing with these digestive tablets?

Penn—I am going to take them for the liver.

Stubb—Digestive tablets for the liver?

Penn—Yes; for the liver I get every morning. You know I am boarding now.—Chicago Daily News.

Grateful.

"My dear," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "that box of cigars you bought me has resulted in great benefit. I want to thank you for them more earnestly than I did at first."

"Did you enjoy them?"

"No. But I'm better off. They made me realize what a terrible habit smoking can become."—Washington Star.

She Thought Otherwise.

Ada—Here is a professor that objects to coeducation because much time is lost in flirting.

May—Goodness! Does he consider that an objection?—Puck.

FARM AND GARDEN

CORN SMUT DESCRIBED.

Little Evidence Is at Hand to Prove That It Is Injurious or Dangerous to Stock.

Prof. Plumb, in his work on Corn Culture, says: Smut, as seen by the farmer, is either a distorted, greenish-white piece of vegetable tissue, or a mass of black greasy powder, which generally appears breaking out from an ear of corn or from the leaf or stalk when green or succulent. The source is a simple, tubular, minute plant, too small to be seen by the naked eye. It grows in the tissues of the

SMUT BREAKING OUT ON AN EAR OF CORN.

corn plant, and feeds upon its juice. These little plants, of which there are vast numbers, branch out in tubular form when they find a spot in the corn plant that is especially nourishing. Then, inside these tubes, minute bodies termed spores (seeds) develop, and finally the spot becomes a mass of these, and then all of the little plants except the spores wither away. The dark-colored, loose smut, is mostly the mass of spores, of which there are countless numbers.

Smut is generally thought by farmers to be injurious to stock, yet but little satisfactory evidence is at hand to prove that such is the case, as it is commonly eaten.

HIRED-HELP PROBLEM.

Its Solution Puzzles Western Farmers as Well as Housekeepers in the Large Cities.

It is the hired-help problem that I have not yet been able to solve. I have to pay good prices. Day hands have commanded $1.50 a day right along this summer, and it is mostly unreliable help at that. So if I desire to reap any profits on their labor at ordinary prices of produce I have to look after them pretty closely, and if possible work with them right along. I contracted to have my corn cut at $1.50 an acre rather than pay $1.50 a day. The corn was heavy, but the man cut five acres in about 3½ days. At day wages it would have taken him five or six days to cut that number of acres. Years ago, I remember, when we had hands cradling and binding grain or digging potatoes, the practice was to "race" it; that is, to see who could cut or bind his swath or dig his row of potatoes the quickest. It kept everyone on the move, and the work progressed at a good rate. The employer never had reason to find fault with his men for idling or shirking. Every hand was ready to give his best service, and the "racing" feature seemed to be a great stimulus; indeed, rather an enjoyment. But times seem to have changed. Many of the helpers of the present day work only for what they can get out of the job.—Farm and Fireside.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

It is easier to start right than to get right after having been wrong.

A farmer's back yard affords an index of the man's farm life and habits.

Horse manure, land plaster and road dust are good absorbents in the cow stable. They take up the liquid and also prevent escape of nitrogen.

A dose for skunks which settles them surely is made by mixing strychnine with the contents of an egg and placing it inside the shell. Take care that only the right animal gets the bait.

Gasoline engines are being used to quite an extent in Ohio. The cost of operating is much less than for steam. There is less danger than from steam and no time is wasted in getting up steam.—T. B. Terry, in Farm and Home.

How to Figure Profit.

The larger the crop per acre the lower the cost and the greater the profit. It has been shown that, including labor, interest on capital, wear of implements, etc., a crop of 15 bushels of wheat per acre costs about 48 cents per bushel. With the same labor a crop of 30 bushels will cost 27 cents per bushel. There may be no profit at all on 15 bushels, while 30 bushels per acre may give a fair profit, much, however, depending on the market prices, the farm and distance from market.

When the Pig Has Worms.

The following simple remedies may safely be tried where worms prove troublesome: Fluid extract of spigelia and senna in equal parts, given in half-ounce doses every four hours until it causes purging. Turpentine in milk, from one to twenty drops, three times a day. Tobacco boiled down to a strong decoction in water, given in teaspoonful doses, three days in succession. All these doses are for full-grown animals.—The Cable.

Nothing Better

can be had for use in the shop, factory or family than Palmer's Lotion, the great cure for every form of disease, or injury, that can be reached by an external application. A short time ago Messrs. N. H. Shearer & Co., wholesale and retail druggists of York, Pa., wrote: "We consider Palmer's Lotion one of the best preparations we sell and we do not hesitate to recommend it." No home or place of business should be without this wonderful remedy for use in case of accident. If your own druggist does not have it don't buy something else, but send to Solon Palmer, 374 Pearl St., New York, for free samples of Palmer's Lotion and Lotion Soap.

Deterrent.

"You have not gone to Europe, then, as you expected," said Mrs. Fosdick to Mrs. Spriggs.

"No," was the reply. "It is so difficult for Mr. Spriggs to leave his business, and I really couldn't go without him. And, then, I read the other day about a ship that broke her record. Think how dreadful it would be to be on a ship in the middle of the ocean with her record broken."—Detroit Free Press.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, [Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Extenuating Circumstances.

Tenderfoot—Did you folks lynch the man who stole the automobile here last week?

Cactus Charley—Nope. We intended to, but an investigatin' committee made some experiments an' concluded that the otty-mobul stoled the [illegible], instead of the thief gittin' away with it.—Baltimore American.

Time to Go South.

For the present winter season the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company has improved its already nearly perfect through service of Pullman Vestibuled Sleeping Cars and elegant day coaches from Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago, to Mobile, New Orleans and the Gulf Coast, Thomasville, Ga., Pensacola, Jacksonville, Tampa, Palm Beach and other points in Florida. Perfect connections made with steamer lines for Cuba, Porto Rico, Nassau, West Indian and Central American Ports. Tourist and Home Seekers' excursion tickets on sale at low rates. Write C. L. Stone, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for particulars.

Not That Kind.

Angry Politician—Look here, I've a good mind to have you arrested for libel! What do you mean by picturing me as you have?

Cartoonist—But the picture looks like you.

"I know it does! I know it does! But do I look like a man who likes to look like himself?"—Modern Society.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Defensive.—"Just look at that garden, David; look at those weeds!" "Well, what's the matter with them? Ain't they thrifty?"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Strictly speaking, of course a man can't be ready to die for two different girls without leading a double life.—Detroit Journal.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Love has even been known to fly out of the window, just with a man at the door having difficulty finding the keyhole.—Detroit Journal.

The Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Mrs. Wunder—"We never hear of any women train robbers." Mr. Wunder—"And yet the ladies are always holding up trains."—Baltimore American.

The stomach has to work hard, grinding the food we crowd into it. Make its work easy by chewing Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "nebber stahts in gittin' downright industrious until dey 's doin' sumpin' wrong."—Washington Star.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not spot, streak or give your goods an unevenly dyed appearance. Sold by all druggists.

No man is great whose aims are small.—Ram's Horn.

THE MARKETS.

New York, December 15.

Flour—Minnesota patent $3.95@4.20.
Wheat—No. 2 red 76⅞c.
Corn—No. 2 at 45c.
Oats—No. 2 white 31c.
Beeves—Steers $4.10@5.40. Veals $4.00@8.25.
Sheep—Lower at $2.50@4.25, lambs $5.00@6.25.
Hogs—Firm at $5.25@5.40.

Cleveland, Dec. 15.—Flour—Winter wheat, patents, $4.20@4.40.
Wheat—No. 2 red 76c.
Corn—No. 2 yellow 40½c.
Oats—No. 2 white 27½c.
Butter—Best creamery 26½c.
Cheese—York state 12@13c.
Eggs—Best 27c.
Potatoes—Best grades 45@48c.
Cattle—Choice steers $4.80@5.25, light $4.00@4.25, calves $6.00@6.50.
Sheep—Good $3.75@4.00, best lambs $5.40@5.50.
Hogs—Yorkers $5.00.

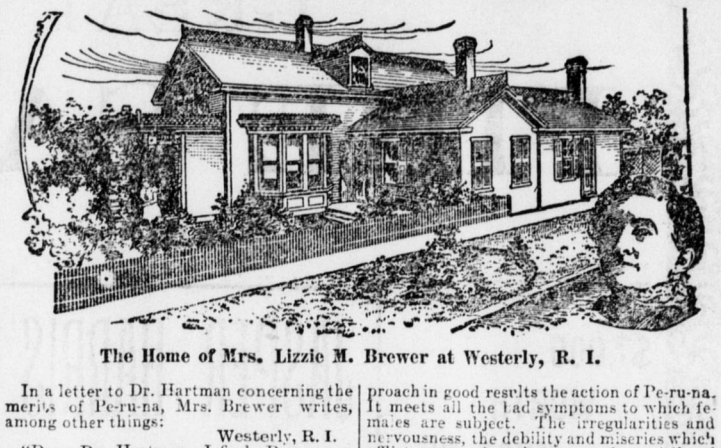
Toledo, Dec. 15.—Wheat—Cash 76c.
Corn—Cash 37½c.
Oats—Cash 23½c.

East Liberty, Dec. 15.—Cattle—Extra steers $5.40@5.65.
Sheep—Choice lambs $5.60@5.85, sheep $4.10@4.25.
Hogs—Heavy $5.10.

East Buffalo, Dec. 15.—Cattle—Demand moderate; calves $7.50@7.75.
Sheep—Choice to extra lambs $5.75@5.90, sheep $3.75@4.15.
Hogs—Heavy $5.15, pigs $5.15@5.20.

Cincinnati, Dec. 15.—Hogs—Easy at $3.75@4.92½.

MRS. BREWER RECOMMENDS PERUNA FOR GRIP AND FEMALE CATARRH



The Home of Mrs. Lizzie M. Brewer at Westerly, R. I.

In a letter to Dr. Hartman concerning the merits of Pe-ru-na, Mrs. Brewer writes, among other things:

Westerly, R. I.

"Dear Dr. Hartman—I find Pe-ru-na a sure cure for all catarrhal affections so common in this part of the country. It cures a cold at once. There is no cough medicine that can at all equal Pe-ru-na. As for la grippe, there is no other remedy that can at all compare with Pe-ru-na.

"I am among the sick a great deal in our city and have supplied many invalids with Pe-ru-na, simply because I am enthusiastic in my faith as to its results. I have never known it to fail to quickly and permanently remove that demoralized state of the human system which follows la grippe.

"In all cases of extreme weakness I use Pe-ru-na with perfect confidence of a good result. In cases of weakness peculiar to my sex I am sure that no other remedy can approach in good results the action of Pe-ru-na. It meets all the bad symptoms to which females are subject. The irregularities and nervousness, the debility and miseries which afflict more or less the women from girlhood to change of life, are one and all met and overcome by this excellent remedy. I wish every young lady in our city could read your book.

"Mrs. Lizzie M. Brewer."

Pe-ru-na will cure the worst cases of catarrh. La grippe is acute epidemic catarrh, for which Pe-ru-na is a specific.

Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, New Lisbon, Ohio, suffered for many years with chronic catarrh of the lungs, head and throat; continuous cough; many physicians failed to cure. Permanently cured by Pe-ru-na. Thousands of testimonials could be produced. A valuable treatise on catarrh sent free by The Pe-ru-na Medicine Company, Columbus, O.

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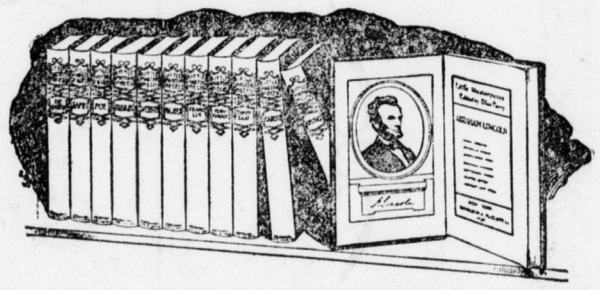

SELECTIONS

In the Masterpiece Library.

POE.....Fall of the House of Usher—Ligeia—The Cask of Amontillado—The Assignation—Ms. Found in a Bottle—The Black Cat—The Gold Bug.

IRVING.....Rip Van Winkle; Legend of Sleepy Hollow—The Devil and Tom Walker—The Voyage—Westminster Abbey—Stratford-on-Avon—The Stout Gentleman.

WEBSTER.....Adams and Jefferson—Reply to Hayne.

HAWTHORNE..Dr. Heidegger's Experiment—The Birthmark—Ethan Brand—Wakefield—Drowne's Wooden Image—The Ambitious Guest—The Great Stone Face—The Gray Champion.

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CARLYLE.....Essays—Life of Sterling—The French Revolution—Cromwell's Letters and Speeches—Sartor Resartus—Past and Present.

MACAULAY...Essays—History of England.

RUSKIN.....The Two Boyhoods—The Slave-Ship—The Mountain Gloom—The Mountain Glory—Venice: St. Mark's—Art and Morals—The Mystery of Life—Peace.

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The regular price for The Review of Reviews one year and The Little Masterpiece Library, is $10.50, and it is an exceedingly low price. *By cutting out this offer* and sending it with 50 cents in stamps, you will receive The Little Masterpiece Library in its entirety at once, also The Review of Reviews throughout 1901, and the balance of the payment can be completed by sending 50 cents a month for eleven months.

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DRINK HABIT A treatment taken at home by the patient which renders **Whiskey, Beer, Etc., Obnoxious.**

Cures relapses from other treatments; endorsed by business firms of National Reputation. Write for convincing evidence. *THE PAQUIN IMMUNE CO.*, Dept. 28, *St. Louis, Mo.*

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

A. N. K.—C 1843

PILES ANAKESIS gives instant relief and POSITIVELY CURES PILES. For free sample address "ANAKESIS," Tribune building, New York.

GREAT

FIRE SALE!

AT

$7,000 WORTH MUST BE SOLD.

JASPER HARRIS' CLOTHING STORE

$7,000 WORTH MUST BE SOLD.

The insurance adjusters have vacated my establishment and now comes a big contract and big bargains for the people in

Clothing,
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Shoes,
Trunks, &c.

These goods have been slightly damaged by water and I must dispose of the entire stock at once no matter how great the sacrifice may be to me. This is not a Sale of goods damaged by fire, only slightly water soiled. Many tables of were not even touched by the water and again many were carried from the store before the fire department commenced work.

SALE NOW GOING ON. SECURE THE BIG BARGAINS.

By visiting my establishment you will be waited upon by obliging clerks, and goods cheerfully shown.

Boys Suits
At Less Than
Half Former Price.

Our Shoe Department will go at the same low prices, although not a drop of water touched these goods.

THESE GOODS MUST BE SOLD
FOR WHAT WE CAN GET.

You will never again meet with such bargains. Had we the room to care for these goods the sale would never take place, but in order to dispose of these goods we are offering the entire stock at SACRIFICE SALE PRICES.

JASPER HARRIS,

OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE, EMPORIUM, PA.

See two girls in another column gathering grapes for Speer's wine. Read all about them. Speer's wines are unexcelled by any in the world. 42-8t

There's a chance for the wireless wizards out on the Santa Fe system.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c. 26ly

Old Defective Flue is liable to be prominently mentioned at any moment.

Especially for Delicate Ladies and the Aged

For medical use, physicians say Speer's Port Wine surpasses the imported. Delicate ladies and aged people find it the best wine to be procured. 43-eow-8w

It would be interesting to know what kind of hats Rathbone's coachman wears now.

August Flower.

"It is a surprising fact," says Prof. Houton, "that in my travels in all parts of the world, for the last ten years, I have met more people having used Green's August Flower than any other remedy, for dyspepsia, deranged liver and stomach, and for constipation. I find for tourists and for salesmen, and for persons filling office positions, where headaches and general bad feelings from irregular habits exist, that Green's August Flower is a grand remedy. It does not injure the system by frequent use, and is excellent for sour stomachs and indigestion."

Sample bottles free at L. Taggart's, Emporium, Pa. Sold by dealers in all civilized countries.

Get Green's Prize Almanac. 1n34eow

A rummage sale of some of the old presents might help along toward the new ones.

Food Changed to Poison.

Putrefying food in the intestines produces effects like those of arsenic, but Dr. King's New Life Pills expel the poisons from clogged bowels, gently, easily but surely, curing constipation, biliousness, sick headache, fevers, all liver, kidney and bowel troubles. Only 25c at L. Taggart. Dec

There is little prospect that the new creed patterns will be available before midsummer.

Krause's Headache Capsules

are unlike anything prepared in America. They were first prescribed by Dr. Krause, Germany's famous court physician, long before antipyrine was discovered, and are almost marvelous, so speedily do they cure the most distressing cases. Price 25c. Sold by L. Taggart. Dec

There need be no fear that the cold weather will interfere with canal digging in Congress.

The Best Cold Cure.

Is one you can take without interruption to business. One that does not effect the head or hearing like the continued use of quinine. One that cures speedily and leaves you feeling fresh and clear-headed. Such a one is Krause's Cold Cure. Price 25c. Sold by L. Taggart. Dec

Towne will not be obliged do look around for an emergency ration until after the holidays.

Jangling Nerves.

Are you irritable? Do you sleep badly? Is it hard to consentrate your thoughts? Is your appetite poor? Do you feel tired, restless and despondent? Try Lichty's Celery Compound. It will do you more good than anything you have ever tried. Sold by L. Taggart. Dec

The Sultan says "Hello Cap!" to the commander of the Kentucky just as if there was nothing up.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine** Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Just now a good many people are learning for the first time that Portugal indulges in the luxury of a King.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

Those who seek the distinction of supplying the White House Christmas turkey should remember about the early bird.

Colds Melt Away

if you use Krause's Cold Cure. Prepared in convenient capsule form they are easy to take and effect a speedy cure of the most obstinate cases. Price 25c. Sold by L. Taggart. Dec

—o—

The statement that the President wrote his message by hand is an admission that he has not learned the typewriter.

—o—

Many persons have had the experience of Mr. Peter Sherman, of North Stratford, N. H., who says, "For years I suffered torture from chronic indigestion, but Kodol Dyspepsia Cure made a well man of me." It digests what you eat and is a certain cure for dyspepsia and every form of stomach trouble. It gives relief at once even in the worst cases, and can't help but do you good. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

ALL SORTS.

Don't use any of the counterfeits of DeWitt's WitchHazel Salve. Most of them are worthless or liable to cause injury. The original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a certain cure for piles, eczema, cuts, scalds, burns, sores and skin diseases. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

We're close to a skating stage.

Help is needed at once when a person's life is in danger. A neglected cough or cold may soon become serious and should be stopped at once. One Minute Cough Cure quickly cures coughs and colds and the worst cases of croup, bronchitis, grippe and other throat and lung troubles. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

Now the meter gets a move on.

When the stomach is tired out it must have a rest, but we can't live without food. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure "digests what you eat" so that you can eat all the good food you want while it is restoring the digestive organs to health. It is the only preparation that digests all kinds of food. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

Wu is considerably off on creeds.

Now is the time when croup and lung troubles prove rapidly fatal. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results is One Minute Cough Cure. It is very pleasant to take and can be relied upon to quickly cure coughs, colds and all lung diseases. It will prevent consumption. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

There's nose paint in these breezes.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are dainty little pills, but they never fail to cleanse the liver, remove obstructions and invigorate the system. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

The magnates are throwing excruciating throes.

When you need a soothing and healing antiseptic application for any purpose, use the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, a well-known cure for piles and skin diseases. It heals sores without leaving a scar. Beware of counterfeits. R. C. Dodson 8ly

The original Lincoln man has been discovered again.

For family use in numberless ways BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT is a useful and valuable remedy. Price 25 and 50 cents. L. Taggart. Dec

Adlai is being noticeably neglected by the magazines.

TABLER'S BUCKEYE PILE OINTMENT has been thoroughly tested for many years, and is a positive cure for this most distressing and embarrassing of troubles. Price 50 cents in bottles. Tubes 75 cents. L. Taggart. Dec.

It may be that Adlai is engaged on a historical novel.

Worms take refuge in the small intestine, where they can easily multiply. WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE will destroy these parasites. The verdict of the people tells plainly how well it has succeeded. Price 25 cents. L. Taggart. Dec

Many youngsters are now in favor of stocking expansion.

Praise the bridge that carries you over either a flood or a cough. BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP has brought so many over throat and lung troubles, such as coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., that its praises are sung everywhere. Price 25 and 50 cents. L. Taggart. Dec

This will cause a tendency to date Christmas mittens ahead.

Disease and danger lurk in the vital organs. The blood becomes vitiated and the general health is undermined whenever the stomach and liver fail to perform their functions as nature intended. HERBINE will tone up the stomach, regulate the liver, where other preparations only relieve. Price 50 cents. L. Taggart. Dec

There is less talk of creed revision on the part of the Democracy.

An attractive woman thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. When troubled with a costive habit, she takes a few doses of HERBINE to cleanse her system of all impurities. Price 50 cents. L. Taggart. Dec

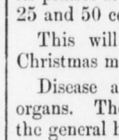
It is now disclosed that Bryan was not consulted about the message.

Says He Was Tortured.

"I suffered such pain from corns I could hardly walk," writes H. Robinson, Hillsborough, Ill., "but Bucklin's Arnica Salve completely cured them." Acts like magic, on sprains, bruises, cuts, sores, scalds, burns, boils, ulcers. Perfect healer of skin diseases and piles. Cure guaranteed by L. Taggart, 25c. Dec

NERVITA PILLS
Restore Vitality, Lost Vigor and Manhood

Cure Impotency, Night Emissions, Loss of Memory, all wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion. A nerve tonic and blood builder. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail 50c per box. 6 boxes for $2.50, with our bankable guarantee to cure or refund the money paid. Send for circular and copy of our bankable guarantee bond.



60 PILLS 50 CTS.

Nervita Tablets EXTRA STRENGTH
(YELLOW LABEL) Immediate Results

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HENRY AUCHU,
38-tf President.

IN NEW AMSTERDAM

NEW YEAR'S WITH THE DUTCH SETTLERS.

WHEN our Dutch ancestors debarked from the Half Moon in the harbor of Manhattan, it was the year 1614. And they brought with them from their native Holland nothing of that spirit of religious intolerance which distinguished the New England Puritans who came six years later, says the Utica Observer. In fact, they were denounced by their Yankee neighbors as a "godless crew," but it is now plain that they loved their homes and families, they forgave their enemies, and they fanned to flame the spark of national honor which they possessed.

When Peter Stuyvesant came to New Amsterdam as governor in 1647, he was quickly dubbed "Old Silverleg" because he was a veteran who had given a leg to the cause of his country and replaced it with a substantial wooden one bound with silver. Though Governor Stuyvesant was a harsh and cruel man, all accounts agree that he was a good ruler, but in 1664 one day when a British fleet appeared off the coast of New Amsterdam and demanded its surrender "Old Silverleg" was forced to yield, his people refusing to fight. So the British took possession of the island of Manhattan and christened it New York, the same being the egg from which is hatched that Greater New York which today stands forth the second city in the world.

But what did our Dutch ancestors do to distinguish themselves? Well, they kept Christmas and New Year's day, both of which were frowned upon by the Massachusetts Puritans. On New Year's morning the old Dutch burgher would start forth from his own door and visit his neighbors, collecting all the money due him from the solvent debtors and forgiving the insolvent ones, and, having drunk numberless mugs of punch with the solvent and insolvent alike, he returned to his home a better man, more forgiving in spirit and (whisper this!) more religious minded than his Puritan neighbor who had spent the day precisely as he spends every other weekday in the year.

Why have we forgotten the example of our Dutch ancestors? We all keep the Fourth of July, sacred to liberty. We all keep Thanksgiving day out of respect to the pilgrim fathers perhaps, but more out of gratitude to the Giver of all good things. We all keep Christmas out of love of him whose birth it commemorates. Why don't we keep New Year's? Are we recreant sons of our Dutch ancestors who first settled New Amsterdam?

THE ROSY NEW YEAR.

Ho, you little fellow,
With the sparkle in your eyes!
Will you wreathe your arms around us.
Will you kiss away our sighs,
You rosy little fellow,
With the sparkle in your eyes?

Ho, you little fellow,
Like a sunbeam from the skies!
Will you set the bells to ringing,

Will you give us songs for sighs,
You rosy little fellow,
With the sparkle in your eyes?

Ho, you little fellow,
Near your dimples sorrow dies;
The darkness melts in music,
And the glory's in the skies!
You rosy little fellow,
With the sparkle in your eyes!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Scottish New Year Custom.

In the more primitive Scotch towns poor children go around fantastically dressed, stopping at the different houses to call for a share of the good things made for the coming day. A curious old rhyme which they sing on this occasion follows:

Get up, good wife,
And shake your feathers,
And dinna think that
We are beggars,
For we are bairns
Come out to play;
Get up and gie's our
Hogmanay.

There were many other picturesque customs in Scotland which have long since died out.

The Bells.

What shall the New Year bear to me?
The shadow or the sun,
A hope, a beam,
A sunshine gleam,
Love's long, interrupted dream,
Or dark for daylight done?

What does the New Year hide for you?
A silence or a song,
A sigh, a note
From joy bird's throat,
Or stillness lying long?

What may the New Year hold for us?
All light and shade are there.
Both silence chill
And singing, still
Old love that ever hath its will
Will give each heart its share!

—Post Wheeler.

CHRISTMAS IN BOSNIA.

Queer Yuletide Customs of the Black Mountain Peasants.

Lest any should suppose that the peasants of Bosnia and Montenegro and especially those of the "Black mountains" proper do not earn their Christmas feast it should be known that for six weeks before the anniversary of the nativity the people do not put meat of any kind into their mouths, says the Chicago Tribune. Perhaps nowhere else in the world can be found so curious an intermingling of Christian and pagan rites at Yuletide. The peasants even mingle relics of ancestor worship with their observance of Christ's birthday. One of their practices at this season dates from a time when iron was unknown by their forbears.

The night before this eastern people begin their six weeks' fast prior to Christmas day all the meat dishes in every house in the land are put upon the tables. When supper is ready, each member of the family takes a bit of each kind of food and proceeds with it to the roof of the house, where it is placed as a potent charm against witches and uncanny spirits. This custom is traceable directly to a practice of extremely ancient times, when food was placed on the house tops as an offering to certain household spirits.

At the supper all the meat in the house is eaten, and if this proves to be a physical impossibility at one sitting the members of the household must needs rise in the middle of the night and finish the repast. After the meat has disappeared each partaker must rinse thoroughly his mouth lest a bit of meat adhere to the teeth. The next day no one eats anything. If the fast be broken, the culprit certainly will be shot with arrows by the spirits. It is the duty on this day to pick out a pig, a sheep or a goat to be fattened for the Christmas feast. The animal is killed the third day before Christmas, and no more terrible misfortune can happen to a peasant than not to have a "bloody knife" in his house on that day.

Roast Goose.

For the roast goose choose one with plump, firm breast, soft white fat, yellow feet with tender webbing. The windpipe should crack when pinched. Before drawing it scrub the skin thoroughly with soapy water, which will open the pores and soften and extract the oil, removing the strong, oily taste which makes roast goose so objectionable to many. Then draw, wash quickly and wipe dry. Chop an onion fine, blanch and drain, brown in a tablespoonful of butter, mix with well seasoned mashed potatoes, add sage if you wish, truss, cover the breast with slices of fat salt pork, let cook for three-quarters of an hour, then pour off all the fat, remove pork, dredge with flour. When it is browned, add a little hot water and baste often, dredging again with flour. Cook about two hours. Scald the giblets in salted water, pour it off and cook slowly until tender. To make gravy pour off fat, put a little pork fat in pan, brown two level tablespoonfuls of flour in it and add one cupful of stock. Pour this on a hot platter, lay the goose in it and garnish with apples.

A Christmas Game.

A favorite Christmas game in England is snapdragon. A plate of brandy with raisins in it is placed on the table and the brandy lighted. The raisins must be plucked from the burning brandy with the bare fingers. Burned fingers are a common complaint in England on Dec. 26.

Christmas In the White House.

Christmas at the executive mansion under all administrations has been essentially a home festival. It is on New Year's day that the doors of the establishment are opened to the public, and everybody who is anybody comes to shake the president's hand.

Thanks to Mother Eve.

Eve had her faults, but in inventing clothes she gave the world the joy of the child's Christmas stocking.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Concerning Christmas.

The best thing to put in a warm Christmas stocking is a poor child's foot.

Jews in most countries keep Christmas as a season of feasting and mirth and of gift giving.

Coptic Christians believe that savage beasts and venomous serpents are harmless on Christmas day and will neither bite nor sting.

The Yule log in England is a relic of Druidism and has no religious significance left. It survives merely as an ancient and time honored custom.

Christmas is respected by the followers of Mohammed, but not observed. With all their hatred of Christians they regard Jesu-ben-Miriam as a minor prophet.

The Star of Bethlehem.

When, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark, hark, to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem!
But one alone the Saviour speaks;
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark.
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose;
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

—Henry Kirke White.

Telegraphers' Grip.

"I have lost my grip."

This phrase is applied by men to all kinds of failures. One of the technical usages of losing one's grip is in the case of telegraph operators.

Many of the most skilled operators suffer at times from a loss of the "grip" and are compelled to give way temporarily to a substitute. This "grip" is the hold on the key, and the moment the operator begins to lose the control of this "grip" he realizes a rest, although for only a brief time, is due him.

Another but unpleasant term applied to this loss of "grip" is "telegraphers' paralysis." It shows itself in many curious ways, all showing that the muscles brought into play in working the key are badly worn.

One of the most skillful operators in Louisville, who is subject to these attacks, cannot send "P." The Morse manual calls for five dots for this letter. The operator in question has by some hook or crook lost the power to stop at the fifth dot, and it is a common thing for him to warn the taker to look out for his "P's."

Recently he asked a fellow operator to watch him send "P's" and to stop him at the end of the fifth dot. It resulted that, although he would be warned at the fourth dot, the fingers, no longer mastered by the brain, would continue dotting beyond the fifth.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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"We have three children. Before the birth of the last one my wife used four bottles of MOTHER'S FRIEND. If you had the pictures of our children, you could see at a glance that the last one is healthiest, prettiest and finest-looking of them all. My wife thinks Mother's Friend is the greatest and grandest remedy in the world for expectant mothers."—Written by a Kentucky Attorney-at-Law.

MOTHER'S FRIEND prevents nine-tenths of the suffering incident to childbirth. The coming mother's disposition and temper remain unruffled throughout the ordeal, because this relaxing, penetrating liniment relieves the usual distress. A good-natured mother is pretty sure to have a good-natured child. The patient is kept in a strong, healthy condition, which the child also inherits. Mother's Friend takes a wife through the crisis quickly and almost painlessly. It assists in her rapid recovery, and wards off the dangers that so often follow delivery.

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Send for our free illustrated book written expressly for expectant mothers.

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SPECIAL HOBBIES

that young men should look like their fathers or like their little brothers but they must be just the thing—like a procession. Some one must lead and our efforts are to be

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are the heads of the men we sell hats to. We sell all sorts of hats to all sorts of people. We can sell a good hat for two dollars, but it would be suitable only for the man who wants a two dollar hat. It wouldn't do for the man who wants a silk tile. Those who buy here get good honest values and the latest styles whether they buy two dollar hats or whether they want to pay three or five dollars, or any other price.

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J. L. FOBERT, Manager,
Parsons' Bazaar, Emporium, Pa.

I AM HERE!

BOYS AND GIRLS.

And shall stay with my good friends H. A. ZARPS & CO., Emporium, at the FAIR STORE.

Santa Claus.

Never in all my visits to Cameron county have I been loaded with nicer things for the good people of Cameron county than I have left with my friend ZARPS. I want all the father, mothers, brothers and sisters to just step in and see what a

Wonderland Zarps' Presents Are.

He has photographed each department in order to wive his customers at a glance an idea of the magnitude of his, the GREATEST and BEST line of

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Never has this or any other store in this section of Pennsylvania exhibited such an immense line of everything beautiful, useful and ornamental—in

China, Glass, Leather, Celluloid and Wood.
Toys and fancy goods until you can't rest.

H. A. ZARPS & CO.

HOLIDAY IN SWEDEN.

CHRISTMAS THE GREATEST OF ALL ITS FESTIVALS.

The Old Time Norsemen Were Heavy Feeders—Dangers of Visiting a Neighbor—Children Make Merry Around the Tree.

FROM time immemorial Christmas has been the greatest of holidays in Sweden. In heathen times the midwinter festival was celebrated in honor of the sun, which had retreated more and more since midsummer and now, after the winter solstice, began to return, causing darkness to be defeated by light, says the Chicago Record. There was then great feasting in the chieftains' banqueting halls, where the bards sung songs in honor of fallen heroes and where eating and drinking played an important part. Touching the head of the god Frey's boar, the warriors made vows about the valorous deeds they would perform next summer, when the ice which now held their dragon ships fettered near the shore would be melted by the sun. The excessive eating and drinking at the winter festival continued also during the middle ages, when Christmas had taken on a new significance.

Many peculiar Christmas customs prevailed until about the middle of this

A MERRY RING.

century, especially among the rural inhabitants. A few of them have been retained to this date, although the advance of civilization has almost exterminated superstition and has refined manners. Besides the customs still retained the Swede had formerly much to keep in mind at Christmas. Nothing that necessitated a rotary motion should be done on Christmas day. Anybody who visited a neighbor on that day ran the risk of getting boiled water thrown in his face. On Christmas eve straw must be laid on the floor for the children to play in and for the members of the family to sleep on during the night.

Christmas day is still the greatest holiday in Sweden. The Swedes of today are more temperate than those of olden times, but no miser is so mean that he does not prepare well for Christmas, and no home is so poor that it is not then better provided than usual with the essentials of good living. Especially in the rural home the housewife is for many days busily engaged in preparations for the great holiday. Bread of different kinds must be baked, Christmas beer brewed, the Christmas pig killed and sausage made, the dried lingfish must be soaked in lye, and everything must be scrubbed and cleaned. On Christmas eve as much animal food is cooked as the house can afford, and in certain homes where old customs are retained the dinner is eaten in the kitchen, and everybody dips his bread in the hot broth in which the pork has been boiled. The day before Christmas is therefore often in jest called "the great dipping day." In order that all beings shall be happy the farmer gives the cattle and the horses extra food, lets loose the watchdog and places a sheaf of unthrashed oats on a pole for the birds. This last custom prevails even in cities. Fresh spruce trees are placed outside the doors and on balconies.

After dinner the Christmas tree, a young spruce, is dressed with fruit, paper covered candy, bright colored glass balls and ornaments and paper flags of all nations. On each branch is hung a small candle or a taper. These are lighted in the evening, and the delighted children are allowed to make a merry ring dance around the tree. Thereafter the members of the family collect around the table, and the Christmas presents are distributed.

Masked persons in picturesque costumes are seen on the streets carrying bundles of presents for friends or relatives. They greet nearly everybody they meet with the words, "Merry Christmas," and are answered, "Same to you." On and after Christmas day a Swede on meeting an acquaintance will say, "Good continuation of the Christmas," until New Year, when the same ceremony begins with the words, "A good New Year," etc.

When the present bearers have returned from their mission, all hands partake of the supper, in which the "lutfisk" (dried lingfish or codfish soaked in lye and boiled), the Christmas cheese and the rice porridge must not be lacking. Many families usually have also a pig's head on the table, perhaps in memory of the "god Frey's boar with apple in the mouth."

For the Stocking.

Us chillun needs mo' civil rights;
De white folks gotter make some laws,
'Case some ob us on Christmas nights
Gits clean fohgot by Santa Claus.

—Washington Star.

A Letter to Santa Claus.

EAR Mister Santy Claus: "We's two little boys in blue,
An' we thought we'd write a letter, 'fore Christmas comes, to you;
We live here with our parents, in a house 'at's painted green,
An' of all the boys 'at ask fer toys we're the best you ever seen!

"An' so, we thought we'd tell you jus' what to bring, 'cos we
Know 'at you have a heap to do, an' busy as kin be!
We know you're hitchin' up your team, an' purty soon you'll leave,
An' these things is thes all we want—thes all—on Chris'mus Eve:

"Two little drums,
An' sugar plums
An' a slate 'at won't do any sums;
An' a Hobby Hoss
You kin ride across,
An' bicycles, an' balls to toss;
An' a steamer-boat
(Like the ones 'at float),
An' a wagon hitched to a Billy Goat;
An' tops to spin
(What they's music in),
An' a climbin' monkey, dressed in tin;
An' two toy-guns
(Like the Jones's ones),
An' a railroad train 'at winds an' runs;
An' a slidin' sled
'At's painted red,
An' a bran'-new little trundle bed;
Horns, whistles, drums,
An' sugar-plums—
Bring all you've got when Chris'mus comes!

"We thes thought that we'd tell you, 'cos you got so much to do,
An' all the little boys an' girls is writin' notes to you;
We was 'fraid you might forget us, while you're hitchin' up to leave;
But them things is thes all we want—thes all—on Chris'mus Eve!"

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Mother's Christmas

"IT WAS very silly of me to faint," Mrs. Merrie said, tremulously, "and quite as silly for you all to send for a doctor! I never did such a thing in my life before! It just seemed like everything went, all on a sudden! I hain't been rale strong, some way, for a long time."

"No," Dr. Temple answered, quietly.

"But it don't do to give up! What with the fruit season and harvestin', thrashin' and the like, there's a sight to do. I don't see why I have this give down now—just at Christmas! It's too bad!"

"And may be worse," the physician replied, his keen glance resting on the sewing machine piled high with unfinished work. "Mrs. Merrie, if your friend over there fell to squeaking, grinding and snapping thread, should you go on working at full speed?"

"Why, that wouldn't be very smart in me, sir, to wear it out! I should stop and oil!"

"Thou sayst the thing I mean! Your old worn-out body bids you beware. I'm not going to give you any medicine. You need rest—absolute rest. I advise you to accept the good cheer of the season; leave home, and take a vacation."

Four solemn young faces turned blankly to the stern one of the man of science. Mother leave home! Jack and Joe, Jim and Jerry (diminutives of Jacqueline, Josephine, Jemima and Jerusha, the "Merry Jays") grasped the situation at once, and realized its hopelessness. It is all very well for a rich man to prescribe rest and change, but another matter to follow his advice when the purse is flabby and family cares crying with a voice which will not be comforted. A piteous little smile drew down the corners of Mrs. Merrie's mouth.

"Oh, fix me out a little quinine, doctor, or calomel! You know I can't leave home! Christmas is here, and the poor children have been slaving away at their books and must have their good time. I'm all right."

Dr. Temple snapped the straps of his case and arose. "When you collapse again," he said, coldly, "you had better call another doctor—one who will give calomel."

Jerry, youngest of the Jays, had been standing remorsefully by her mother's chair. "I know what Dr. Temple thinks," she said, valiantly. "He thinks if you cannot rest—with grown-up daughters—your case is hopeless, and he gives it up. You can follow the advice; she shall have her vacation, sir!"

"Spoken like a man!" the doctor answered, heartily. (Jerry wore her hair cut close, and walked and talked with a slight swagger.) "Take care of her; mothers are not a drug in the market. I will go now—good day, friends! I hope to see roses on those cheeks before spring comes."

"What a very absurd man!" the mother exclaimed, dropping weakly back against the pillow. "Why did you send for him, girls?"

"Because," Jerry answered, rising to the height of self-accusation, "because we needed some one to tell us how selfish we are! In school, every one of us—not a soul to give you a hand's turn. And in vacation—oh," with a remorseful groan—"last vacation I made crazy quilts!"

"And very pretty they were, too, I'm sure. What's the matter with you all? I ain't complainin'!"

"Of course not. But we're guilty all the same. She shall have her vacation—what do you say, girls?"

"Christmas or no Christmas!" was the verdict.

"Last summer," Jim remarked, gravely, "I went off to Cousin Vic's, and kept my hands white. It's ma's turn now."

"But ma ain't agoin' to your Cousin Vic's," Mrs. Merrie announced, resolutely. "Ma's agoin' to stay right here. I see me a-askin' your poor pa for money!"

The word "money" brought a frown to four faces. "Well, we'll get supper and talk it over," Joe said, soberly. "You lie still and rest."

"Ma" was nothing loath. It was very pleasant lying there in the twilight, watching the shadows clasp hands and dance along the rafters. Even the odor of camphor, suggestive of illness, did not trouble her. The room grew very quiet. She was a little girl again, out in her father's boat hunting pond lilies, when Jim patted her hand.

"Here's your toast and tea, mother," she said, shaking her a little. "Take it now while it's hot. We've talked it all over with pa, and have decided about your vacation. You are to have one. We will take you off to-morrow." Luxurious idleness prevented argument.

"Well," she said, fumbling with the cup. "How white the lilies are! Well—yes."

Mrs. Merrie found herself helpless in the hands of husband and children. They would not let her prepare the morning meal, and it was a novel sensation to lie and listen to the cheerful sounds from the kitchen. Joe sang as she bustled about, and came in presently, an open valise in her hand.

"I'm packing your things, mother," she announced. "It's just awful to discover how few things you have to pack! Why didn't you remind us you need clothes sometimes? But Jim and I are cast in your mold; we've hunted you out some of our things. I'm going to give you my red merino wrapper to lounge in."

"Land sakes! I think you-all's gone stark starin' mad!" Mrs. Merrie protested petulantly. "You can't send me off against my will, I reckon! And where is there to go to—and money to pay for a trip, anyhow?"

Joe nodded brightly. "Never you mind, Mrs. Merrie; this is our little affair. We've arranged for the nicest boarding-place, where you can enjoy the first quiet Christmas of your married life. As to the money—well, your board is paid. Pa says you may stay as long as you want to."

"I reckon you-all will have your own way," the mother grumbled. "The money must come out of poor Jack's hard earnings, or your pa make a sacrifice. You might tell me where I'm going, anyhow! And I wonder if your royal highness and his majesty, Dr. Temple, and his grace, John Merrie, will let me take my knittin' along? 'Cause if you-all don't I sha'n't know what to do with my hands in your fine company."

Joe smiled as she tucked Jesse's half-finished sock into the grip. "Oh, yes! you can take it. There won't be company, though; we want you to rest."

"And whatever is to become of the work—and the sewing—and my blessed baby—"

"Jess is no baby—a great six-year-old boy! It's a pity, ma, if we can't take care of things! This is your medicine, and you shall take it, if we have to hold your nose! There, now; I want to get you ready. Pa is bringing up the cart."

Mrs. Merrie submitted herself in resigned silence. There was a taint of affectation in her resistance, for under all was a lurking sense of pleasure. Well, why not accept the rest and change? There come times in our lives when it is profitable to hide from our dearest.

Joe's soft touches on her head smoothed out the worry-wrinkles from a prematurely aged brow. By the time Mr. Merrie came in she could answer the twinkle in his eye. He was a good-humored giant, who, in sublime unconsciousness and with the best intentions in the world, had trodden on her heart for 20 years.

"Come on, old lady!" he said, shrugging into his overcoat. "We'll be rid of you and yer faintin' spells in a jiffy! Wrap her up warm, girls; it ain't none too pleasant abroad. Not that mother's one o' yer deliky carry-me-easy kind! Here's her thing-umbob. Now git through the kissin'."

There were no tears, save those Mrs. Merrie softly let fall in weak self-pity. Was it really so easy to let her go? She looked back wistfully as she was driven off at a rattling pace, and saw the old house dissolve into the general gray. Nature had turned Quaker this day, and gray was the only color she wore. The fog hung low, dropping tears. Not a pleasant day, yet a sense of exhilaration came to her. It was a novel sensation to be driving thus, without so much as a chicken or a basket of eggs as an excuse. There was almost the spice of wickedness to make her ride memorable.

"There's old Markle's mill," John observed, checking the horse. "Old Markle he don't keep her up like he used to. She's a-gittin' crazy lookin', the old mill is. If that was my place—"

He rambled on cheerfully. Mrs. Merrie scarcely heard. The dim landscape was like a picture seen in childhood—soft-shrouded, unreal, yet delicately beautiful. She drew a short, sharp breath. "Why do we live so hard?" she faltered. "Look out! God has crowded His world with pleasant things!"

"Well, I dunno!" he answered. "Git 'long, Poke-easy! D'ye reckon we're in such a rush to git we can't stop, and run on past?"

The ride was a long one. "We're goin' to meet Christmas," John remarked, with a wink. "If she don't hump herself we'll be at headquarters afore she gits started!" But by and by visions of dinner and a fireside appealed to him coaxingly, and he decided Christmas might find its way unattended. He put the horse into a trot, and after awhile the road grew familiar. Mrs. Merrie held her peace till they were fairly in the lane leading home.

"Have you forgotten anything?" she asked, dryly, suspecting a practical joke, and ready to resent it. John helped her down carefully and set her grip on the horse-block. "Not a bit of it!" he answered, heartily. "I started with the best little woman in the world, and have fetched back ever' bit of her! Here's yer boardin' house, missus, board paid in advance!"

The noise of their arrival brought four rosy young faces to the door. Jack (the oldest Jay) ran laughing to the gate, and kissed her mother on the cheek. "Our new boarder!" she said, taking the valise. "Come right in! I hope you will like us, and enjoy your vacation. These are my sisters, Josephine, Jemima and Jerusha. I'm Jack! Come in here and lay off your wraps. This is ma's room—when she's home. Over there is your sitting-room. Are you much tired or cold?"

BEFORE HER COZY FIRE.

Mrs. Merrie was a Jay herself, as capable of enjoying a bit of delicate humor as the rest of them. So this was the solving of the problem, the vacation which was to cost nothing! She turned away her face after the first laugh, that they might not witness the passing of the swift storm which shocked through the gentle habit of patience.

"No, I am neither cold nor tired," she said, after that pause. "I am sure I shall like my boarding house if you think—if you truly believe—my board is paid—"

"In advance," four voices chorused. "You have been saving up and paying for 20 years!" Jack whispered, tenderly, looking into her eyes. "Oh, we feel—we understand—what you have always been to us!"

Here Jerry pushed determinedly to the front. "I am to attend you, ma'am," she said. "Your board bill includes service. If the young ladies and the big male-Jay will please to clear out I'll take off your damp clothes and make you comfortable."

The red wrapper came into play, likewise Joe's dainty beribboned knit slippers. The new boarder sank luxuriously into the big rocker (commonly occupied by one of the girls) and stretched her feet to the warmth. Opposite her hung a mirror, and from time to time she glanced wonderingly at the face reflected there. It was not, after all, the face of an old woman, although it had exchanged the crude pink of youth for the indefinable delicacy of maturity. The eyes met hers, full of light, and about the mouth were those wistful lines which tell of dreams not yet relinquished.

From one new thought to another. She realized all at once that the room had been prepared for her reception. There were the "company shams" on the bed, Jim's geraniums in the window, little loving touches everywhere. Sitting there so quietly she grew conscious of Jesse's black eye applied to the crack of the door, and further survey revealed his little butterfly kite hung up for her delight. The lump in her throat had climbed so high she hadn't voice left to thank Joe for the cup of coffee which was to "drive out the cold."

Dinner was substantially a failure, artistically a success. The big male-Jay made a wry mouth over the sallow bread and soggy potatoes, but his mate had no criticism to offer. To her it was a glorified feast, for she ate and drank the fruits of her labor—her children's love, poured back into the emptied measure of her life.

Back before her cozy fire (which Jerry religiously kept burning) she accepted the blessedness of rest. Dreams overtook her—.

"Climbed over the window sill," escaping into the fair, lost land of childhood. Through the whole afternoon she slept, and the little house hushed itself as though life or death were at issue. Even Jesse never once hallooed, or stamped his boots, or whistled, for which unprecedented good behavior Jack gave him a penny, and drew a long chalk mark on the smokehouse door.

Early next morning tantalizing little odors began to sneak into the apartments of the new boarder. Now she was sure it was turkey, now it seemed to be mince pie and hot cake. Then she remembered it was Christmas eve, and rolled up her knitting decisively.

"The dear girls!" she thought. "They'll burn up and spoil everything they undertake! They'll not be sorry to have mammy back in the kitchen!"

But she had reckoned without her host. The door between her and the kitchen was locked, and when she attempted the dining-room entry Jack stopped her decidedly at the threshold. "I beg your pardon," she said, with polite severity. "You rented the parlor and bedroom only, I think. Indeed we don't mean any incivility, but we just can't have our boarders cluttering up the kitchen on busy days, and will take it as a favor if you'll go back to your own quarters and get ready for a little outing. You haven't seen your old crony, Mary Ann Griggs, since she moved away, have you? Jerry wants to drive you down there in the cart to spend the day."

Mrs. Merrie's eyes lighted with pleasure. "Well, really," she admitted, "if you won't let me help you-all I should like to see Mary Ann—powerful well! I really should enjoy to go!"

Jerry brought her back in the early twilight and hustled her off to bed, and again sleep brought its healing.

Christmas morning came in with soft unsandaled feet. All the earth was wrapped in the whiteness of snow. The Christ-child was born anew, and the great Mother, tenderly, in the hours of darkness, had spread her softest coverlet about His feet.

Four bright-eyed faces, with Jesse below and the big male-Jay above, peeped in, and the simultaneous shout of "Christmas Gift!" brought Mrs. Merrie up from among her blankets. "Well, I never!" she ejaculated. "I reckon this is the first Christmas you-all ever caught ma a-nappin'! I ain't got no Christmas for you neither—think of that!"

"Never mind," Jesse soothed. "We've got"—but Joe had him by the shoulders, and shook his mouth shut. There would have been instant war then, but—well, Jesse knew what he knew, and the balance of power remained unmistakably with the girls.

The dining-room door remained obstinately locked all day. Breakfast was eaten in the snug little kitchen, dinner served in state in the parlor. There were no guests at all save old Granny Woods, a half blind pauper, who always presented herself on recognized holidays, and was served with the best.

During the progress of the meal the tempting, secretive odors unveiled themselves. King Gobbler had yielded to the inevitable, and, more lovely in death than in life, adorned the center of a generous feast. "A reg'lar blow-out," as Jesse expressed it, and there were no failures this time. The energy and talent of the whole family of Jays (minus its head) went to the making of a success so brilliant as to mark an epoch. "Just see what you-all can do!" Mrs. Merrie said over and over, her eyes bright with pride. "Why, I can't hold a candle to such cookin' as this!"

But the day was to to crown itself with greener laurels. Each year since their infancy she had planned surprises for them; now had come the hour to reverse the story. When the lamps were lit they took her into the dining-room, where a handsome tree gleamed with light and color. The fact that there were more candles, tinsel paper and popcorn balls than presents did not detract from its beauty. Behind it on the wall was the legend: "Mother's Christmas," wrought in evergreen. Mother sat down in the big new rocker, cushioned with one of Jerry's conscience-stricken crazy quilts, and yielded to tears.

"Mother," Jack said, tenderly, kneeling beside her, "our selfishness was unintentional; we didn't know we were driving you to death! In our hurry to get an education we—forgot. You know my poor little pay as country school-teacher barely dresses us, but I can see my way plain to hire help for you while we are at school. You believe we love you, don't you, mother?"

"Yes," she answered, huskily. "Yes, yes! Whoever doubted it? And I—oh, what does anything matter, so we love each other?"

So this sweet Christmas passed into memory, and shone there, a rainbow promise that the flood should no more engulf one mother's soul.—M. Howard Sheppard, in Ladies' World, New York.

A Suggestion.

Just to round out your full complement of Christmas happiness, contribute a bit of Christmas for the poor.—St. Louis Republic.

Fashion's Decrees of the Winter in GOTHAM

Some New Elaborations Are Being Shown on the Season's Visiting Gowns

THE possibilities of the new ombre taffeta

VISITING gowns show some new effects in the way of elaboration produced by the use of the new ombre taffeta. This is shaded in the length of the silk from a very dark to light, and is used for applications or incrustations, either on fine net or the much used moire panne. The shading of this silk makes it very handsome and effective. The colors are pure white, shaded to greens, blues or reds, or the deep orange and royal blues. The shaded browns lead in popularity.

One of the new visiting gowns trimmed with this is made of black cloth, with applique of black panne outlined with a golden ombre taffeta. The graceful hanging skirt has trails

OF GOLDEN BROWN SATIN FACED CLOTH.

of leaves fashioned of the applique. On the bolero the leaves are in clusters so closely that they almost cover the sleeves. The design covers the short back, and the longer fronts, with an edging of mink tail coming against the ivory white satin of old lace veiling. The vest is of shining golden tissue, while at the throat there is a hint of turquoise blue velvet.

A second gown for visiting purposes is of golden brown satin cloth, trimmed with panne in a lighter shade, with brown ombre taffeta in a paisly design. The skirt has a front panel of the velvet, with the ombre taffeta in paisly design. The cloth is plaited on each side. A pointed bolero of the cloth, with vest of velvet trimmed the same as the skirt.

A more simple gown, yet one that is decidedly more striking, is of heliotrope zebeline cloth, with rosettes of ombre taffeta in a light blue. The skirt is fastened at one side with three large rosettes of the taffeta, each having a gold button in the center. It has a natty box coat, with a large turn-over collar and revers of velvet, edged with mink tail fur. Three rosettes of the taffeta to finish the front.

MILLINERY styles the New Year will bring

JANUARY and the new century will bring us some slight changes in fashions. Among these will be a little variety in the way of hats, and the prevailing millinery will be Henry IV. and other cavalier styles.

Not alone in black, but in colors as well, trimmed with black and white

TRIMMED WITH BLACK PANNE AND GOLDEN OMBRE TAFFETA.

plumes, velvet hats are to be the strong point. Smooth covered, draped or made of velvet braid—that is to say, folds of velvet used as braid, sometimes with chenille. For instance, a fold of velvet edged with chenille is twisted into hat shape. These combinations are used either of black or pastel tints of velvet edged with black chenille, trimmed with white or black feathers and relieved with gold. Pearls and turquoise are ornaments which are very much seen in the velvet hats.

In color the new century will be ushered in amid a burst of red. Red velvet for millinery purposes is even now assuming such proportions that it may be safe to class it as a fad. The shade is a rich garnet, with a slight cardinal tinge, giving it life rather than dullness. Hats of this are made in all shapes and are preferable trimmed in roses and foliage. Many of the green leaves of velvet or other textures are used on such affairs and are a relief from the fancy feather ideas of the early season.

Another of the fads of the hour in the way of millinery is gold roses. It is but an outcome of the craze for gold that has not yet reached an end. These roses are made of beautiful, thin gold cloth and are exquisite in their richness and artistic effect. They are tasteful and novel, and when properly combined and worn by the right person are very effective. These gold roses are combined with empire green velvet leaves, and are especially liked upon black, garnet and green velvet hats.

WHAT we lack in the production of fashions

HAS the burst of patriotism that caused the women of the fashionable set in New York and other cities in this country to patronize home industry in the purchase of their gowns had its full run?

For many years the ultra-fashionable set in America have been patrons of the fashionable costuming establishments of London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, but with the breaking out of the war with Spain the ladies displayed their patriotism by purchasing their gowns at home. Now the trend seems Parisward again, and I put the above question to one of the leading dry goods trade journal writers—a member of the staff of the Dry Goods Economist—a few days ago, and received this reply:

"America cannot produce the novelties of design either in materials or completed costume that the American woman demands. Our American women lead the world with their costumes; they set the styles for Europe as well as America, but their ideas to secure the best results must be carried out in Paris, for we lack both the men and

OF ZEBELINE CLOTH IN HELIOTROPE.

the facilities for doing so in this country.

"Our facilities for manufacture are not yet high enough in many interests to produce materials that will suit the critical taste of this class of society. But in addition to a lack of manufacturing facilities we lack also the artistic class who have turned their artistic faculties to mercantile art. We have the artists, but they would rather put their ideas on unsaleable canvas than upon saleable dress goods. Yet the reproduction of artistic designs in fabric was really the origin of the majority of European art centers.

"When we can supply the designs and have the facilities for manufacture the American woman will buy her gowns at home rather than go to Paris for them. And, as American ideas are now valued in Paris, New York may become the fashion center of the world when we produce the needed men and methods."

SARAH DAVIDSON.

Caste Among Turkish Women.

It is not generally known that there exists among Turkish ladies of high class a kind of caste feeling similar to that prevailing among Hindoos. It takes the form of a fear of contamination from the outer world and is only observed by those who cannot afford to keep servants in sufficient numbers. Before meals ladies always wash their hands at a tap from which the water runs into a marble basin. They will turn on the tap when they are just going to wash, but when they have finished they let the water run till somebody shuts it off, as to do it themselves would make them unclean. They cannot open or shut a door, as the handle would be unclean, so a slave is generally kept handy for the purpose.—N. Y. Sun.

Edison's Motto.

Thomas A. Edison's motto is: "Never watch the clock." So devoted to his work is he that he frequently works 16 hours at a stretch without noting the passage of time.

A Christmas Correspondence

FROM her to him:
"Dear Jim,
I'm so perplexed,
So altogether tired out and vexed;
I've tramped through miles and miles and miles of store,
I've handled gloves and ties and trash galore.
The girls are all disposed of—any stuff
That looks expensive's always good enough—
But you men, who grow humorous at a tie
And mock us for the poor cigars we buy,
(This wisdom isn't cribbed from out the pater's—
For my enlightenment, see comic papers)
You know a smoking cap would make you mad;
Please, is there anything you haven't had?
Just mention any trifle you prefer—
What is it that you want for Christmas, sir.
And I will bless you with my latest breath,
Most cordially, your friend,
Elizabeth."

"Dear Girl," he wrote,
"I'm sorry that you're harassed,
Although you've made me frightfully embarrassed.
Each Christmas of my life I've been so haunted
By all the awful things I haven't wanted,
I hardly can believe the tale is true
That I'm at last to have a thing, I do.
In fact, your letter really seems to say,
You are to dictate, I am to obey.
So poor, rash child, no longer I demur;
These are the little trifles I prefer;
Imprimus then: Two certain eyes of blue
That tell unbid the hidden thoughts of you;
Second: Your strong, young hands, alert to lend
Their tender strength to help and hold a friend;
And third: That laugh of yours that rings as gay
As happy bells upon a holiday;
And fourth: Your sweetness, tenderness and truth,
The glory and the gladness of your youth.
Dear little Madam Santa Claus, a line
To tell me if this present may be mine.
Oh, child, be generous this Christmas day,
And your petitioner will ever pray
The right to sign himself, with sweet intent,
Always your grateful, glad
Recipient."

—Theodosia Pickering Garrison, in N. Y. Life.

A Stranger and Ye Took Me In.

THE Auberts were taking a step up in life. From being birds of passage in a tenement house, free to flit by the midnight train to Canada whenever fancy dictated, they were evolving into landowners and had bought a house. It was a very little house on the hillside, which overlooked the village where Jean Aubert and Delia and Henri worked in the mills, but two acres of land went with it, and already the little Auberts were growing rosy and fat-legged. Hitherto the gates of Paradise had been effectually closed to them, and with woods and fields no more than half a mile away and the whole street on the other side lined with green lawns to tempt their very eyes, they had never till now kicked up their heels on grass.

Peeping out of the two street windows of the yardless double tenement house which had been their home, or playing softly round the doorstep on hot summer evenings, they had looked like a family of mice, noiseless, bright-eyed and shy. Mamma Aubert was the mother mouse, a thin, dark-eyed, decent French-Canadian woman, seldom seen outdoors, but often of an afternoon by the window with a bald-headed baby in her arms and a rather hectic flush upon her cheeks. In school the little Auberts wore perennial high-necked, long-sleeved, pink calico aprons, and still maintaining their mouse-like manners did excellent work. The boys were black-eyed rogues, but like true Frenchmen took kindly to instruction in cap-doffing and excuse-me. They all had a gift for penmanship and drawing, and Robert Aubert was the artist of the school.

The year before the horse was bought the two eldest children had graduated into the woolen mill, and Delia's deft fingers earned enough money to pay her board, clothe herself tastefully and have a little margin left, which she laid by for furniture for the room which they were going to call parlor.

There was one shadow on the family happiness, and that was the mortgage; and just before Christmas this shadow began to assume alarming proportions. It had looked easy in the spring, when they first moved into the new home, to meet the payment which was due in December. Jean Aubert was carpenter and machinist in one of the factories, and a steady and capable man, but the process of evolution is never without a struggle, and, do the best he could, the interest was all he could pay. Even for that, what with the cold coming suddenly on and his nestful of young ones being uncommonly hungry and hard on their clothes after their summer out doors, the family resources were strained to the utmost. Delia and Henri contributed their savings, the parlor that was to be was shut up, and they all came down to a pretty strict diet of pudding and milk. It was a poor outlook for Christmas, for ahead of them loomed up more interest and other payments besides the continuous outgo for their living.

"I don't know but I've undertaken too much," Jean Aubert said, soberly. "It costs more over here than it did on the street. If we don't save more this winter than we have since we came, we shall have to move back," and in the melancholy silence that followed Mamma Aubert gave up her chickens and cow, Delia saw her dream of muslin curtains and an organ vanish in air, and the children suffered that depression of spirits which is always induced by a verdict adverse to Christmas.

Fortune has a way of experimenting with full cups to see how much more they can hold after they are apparently brimming. The Auberts thought they had all the mouths they could feed and all the cares they could compass consistent with the ambition, which they were not yet prepared to relinquish, of owning their house, when the very next day after the family council a knock came at their humble door and Madame Aubert opened it on an old man, who asked if Jean Aubert lived there.

"I come to see him from Canada," said he.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, but Madame Aubert made the visitor comfortable by the fire. He was old and poorly dressed, and had with him a shabby carpetbag.

"You know me?" he asked, as he took off his coat and prepared to make himself at home. "No? Ah, Jean remember. His father my old neighbor—frien'—up in Chateaugrand."

Madame Aubert went about her work, the little Auberts resumed their play, the older children came stamping in from school. The questions they all entertained in respectful silence about the stranger who sat dozing by their fire—Who was he? Had he come to stay? What should they do with him?—waited till Jean should come.

That evening they all sat up and listened to the fine old story of the Boy Who Went to Seek His Fortune—or was it the Prodigal Son? It was told in French, with many gestures and much dramatic effect—and Pierre Demarest, its hero and narrator, was assisted by the smiles and tears and enthusiastic applause of all the Auberts, from Jean Aubert down.

In the seignory in Canada where the Auberts lived the Demarests had been their neighbors. Old Demarest had been a father to Jean's father, and Pierre Demarest had been his dearest friend. But Pierre had chosen to wander, and while young Aubert settled and married and became a farmer on the land adjoining old Demarest's, Pierre went west and disappeared. No word came from him, and except in Aubert's stories to his children of the friendship he and Pierre had had together in the days when Aubert was a stranger and Father Demarest had taken him in, the very memory of Pierre Demarest seemed to have died. Gone 30 years! His audience gathered that he had first drifted beyond the pale of civilization in company with a party of railroad engineers; that he had been a guide and hunter in the Rocky mountains; that he had had some experience in mining, and that he had been to Alaska. He talked of Indians and bears with a familiarity that made the Aubert boys' hearts burn within them. But he dwelt with most particularity upon his home-coming.

"I think I see my home before I die," he said. "I come to Chateaugrand. I take my bag and walk down the road—two miles—to my old home. No one know me. My father dead, my mother dead, my brother Selim say no room for me. He not care. He say he think me dead. Why not me write so many years? My brother Leonard live in Chateau-grand. I go to him. I walk back all the way to his house. He have big, good house. He woman scowl at me—so! —and say: 'You ole man, you poor, you come to live on us, you go 'way.' They give me no supper. I take my bag and think of my frien' Aubert. I go again into the country. I come to my frien' Aubert's house. He dead, too, but his son just like him. Glad to see me 'fore he knew me. Give me supper. When he find out who I am, he seize my hand, he laugh, he cry, he say: 'My father's frien'!' I cry, too. I stay two weeks with him and his brother on next farm. They very kind to me. I say: 'Where your brother Jean? He little boy when I leave home.' They say: 'He in the states, in Harwichtown, New Hampshire. He work in mills. Do well. Have wife and children.' I say: 'I go to see him. Spen' Christmas with him, if he glad to see me.' Not see my brothers any more. They 'fraid I cost them money. I not trouble them."

Jean Aubert grasped the old man's hand.

"We are truly glad to see you," said he. "We are not so well off as we were, because we struggle hard to buy this house. The little children want the air. My woman like a cow and chickens. My girl here, Delia, want a little room—a parlor—for her beaux. We work hard all together for the pay. But we see our friends. If you'll take what we can give you, you are kindly welcome. Many times I've heard my father tell how kind your father was to him. And the children here will like to hear some more about your life."

In the days that followed the family made good Jean's welcome, and both by word and act caused their old visitor to feel at home. Their native French politeness, united with real kindliness of heart, concealed the inconvenience which his presence caused them, and in truth, except for the fact that the family divisor had already seemed as big as it could well be, and that it is always a problem how to put 12 persons to sleep in five beds, Pierre was very little trouble. He sat for the most part by the fire, quiet and content. In the evening when they were all at home he told stories and talked with Jean about old times. The children ceased to be shy before him. Robert furtively drew his picture—on a shingle, as many a brother artist has been driven by stress of circumstances to do. He was a man of medium size and much weather-beaten—a study in brown, with a keen old face, little gold rings in his ears, bright eyes, and small, strong hands. He was old, but not feeble, he was silent, but not stupid, and after his own fashion seemed cheerful and at ease. Robert finished him, and after a moment's contemplation added a beard, a fur cap, and trimmed his old coat with fur; rounded his waist line up a bit and put on a belt, and then, the fancy growing, represented him as surrounded with various articles suited to the holiday ambitions of the young Auberts—for instance, a paint box and heaps of drawing paper labeled "Robert," a watch and chain such as Delia hankered after, and a bicycle for Henri.

In spite of the quietus Papa Aubert had put upon Christmas, the children could not help planning for some sort of a celebration. They could at least have a tree to look at; spruces were to be had for the cutting on the hill that overshadowed the village. The little boys would get one. Robert should make a paper angel for the top. They would color egg shells for ornaments, and Mamma Aubert promised them a cake and snow ice-cream.

"And we will say," they declared, and it was a piece of philosophy worthy of older heads, "we will say, when the time comes to take off the presents, that this house is our present."

What was that? Did old Demarest chuckle, or merely cough in his sleep? They thought he was dozing, as, with six heads in a bunch, they whispered their plans in the corner on the other side of the fire. If they only could have seen what was written inside that rusty old envelope of a man! Has anybody imagined how it must feel to be Santa Claus? If it is true that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that, whatever the joys of possession, generosity feels better than gratitude, St. Nick must be the happiest being in the universe. And Pierre Demarest was planning to be the Auberts' St. Nicholas.

The day before Christmas he buttoned on his coat and trudged over to the village.

"I buy some little things for you' young ones," he said to Mme. Aubert. That night he took Robert and Delia into his confidence. Robert was to go next day and get what he had bought and Delia was to smuggle the parcels into the house and put them on the tree.

"You not tell," he said, impressively; and then with a twinkle: "I like to see what the chil'ren say."

Delia will never forget that Christmas, not merely for what happened in the evening, but for the responsibilities which beset her during the day. If they had not all gone off to church in the morning except Robert and herself and the baby, she never could have managed it. Robert came home fairly staggering under the weight of the things the old man had bought.

"There are candies, Delia," he panted, "and a lot of those shiny things from Seaforth's to hang on the tree, and I haven't got them all, either. The team's coming from Brown & Taylor's to bring the rest."

"Why," said Delia, "why—I thought he was poor! He said: 'A few little things to please the children.' Where shall we put them all? I know, here in the parlor, and oh, Robert, bring the tree in there, and we'll hang up evergreens, and nobody'll mind if there isn't any furniture; they'll be looking at the tree."

At seven o'clock that Christmas evening the parlor door was opened and the Auberts, with mingled feelings of self-denial and expectancy, were marshaled in.

"There are presents!" they gasped. Where were Robert's angel and the egg-shells? "There are candles! And candy! And stars! And shining balls!" And from awe-struck surprise they mounted by rapid strides into ecstasy, and from gasping took to shouting. There were dolls and dishes and a rocking-horse. There was a paste-board village and a Noah's ark and a box of blocks. In bewildered surprise Robert saw a paint-box and a parcel of drawing paper labeled "Robert." Delia fairly turned pale at finding that a small package for her contained a little silver watch and chatelaine. Henri was speechless over an order for a bicycle.

"What does this mean?" demanded Jean Aubert, sternly.

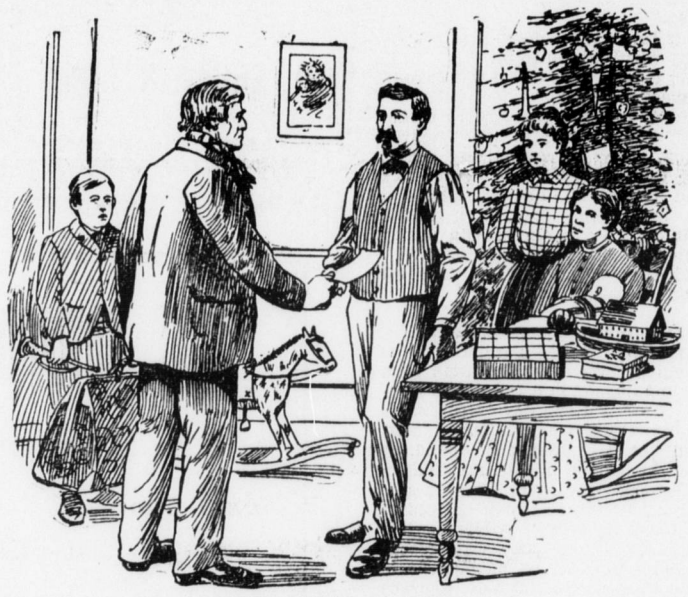
"It means," said Pierre Demarest, standing before him, "that I not a poor man. My brothers make one big mistake. They think me come to live on them—I buy them out if I like! They turn old, poor man—brother—many years gone—out into the street. They not get any of my money! But frien' —ol' frien's boys—ol' frien' Aubert's boys, who know me not, they think of their father, pity poor old man—kind to me, take me in, make me at home. I pay them back! An' you, that was frien' Aubert's little boy, you glad to see me, too. I come to try you! You many chil'ren—good chil'ren, little house, work hard to pay for it. You give me what you got, you make me feel at home. I hear the little chil'ren whisper 'bout their Christmas. They not look cross at me and wish me go away. I see what Robert draw—ol' Santa Claus that look like me an' what he bring him. I hear the chil'ren say this house their Christmas present. I give it to them! You say the mortgage thousand dollars. I give you $2,000. I give you' brothers same. Because you kind to me. I stranger and you took me in!" and into Jean's astonished hand Pierre thrust a check for that amazing sum.

"And now I go away," said the old fellow; "to-night, right now. I stay two weeks. I fin' my frien's. They know me when I come again—remember ol' Pierre! You pay your mortgage. Be happy."

And in spite of their remonstrances, as if he would not burden them with having to express their gratitude or did not care to see them try, he then and there, before that wonderful evening was half over, girded on the old coat, seized his faded bag and trudged off manfully in the moonlight, vanishing as suddenly as he came.

I shall not try to describe the emotions that possessed the Aubert family on that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas night and during the succeeding week. The older ones walked in a dream, doubting whether that precious piece of paper which was to set them securely on the plane of independence might not be worthless, until word came from New York that it was genuine and Jean might get $2,000 for it any day. Which he did—2,000 one-dollar bills, and sat up all night with his wife counting it over and trying to realize the magnitude of his good fortune.

"The fact is, sir," he said next day when he went to discharge the mortgage, "my wife and I never saw so much money before in all our lives. We wanted to sort of take it in. So we kept it all by us over night. Put the rest of it in the bank? Well, no sir. You see we feel richer to have the real money right by us. And maybe we shall use some of it to fix up the house. My girl, she set on having some parlor furniture, and my wife, she want piazza on the front."
—Kate M. Cone, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.



"AND NOW I GO AWAY."

A MEAN MAN.

Gilson—I understand that Gilchrist's wife has left him.

Willets—Is that so? What was the trouble?

Gilson—She asked him what he was going to give her for a Christmas present.

Willets—Yes?

Gilson—He said he had decided to let her get her teeth fixed.—N. Y. Press.

Day of Thanksgiving.

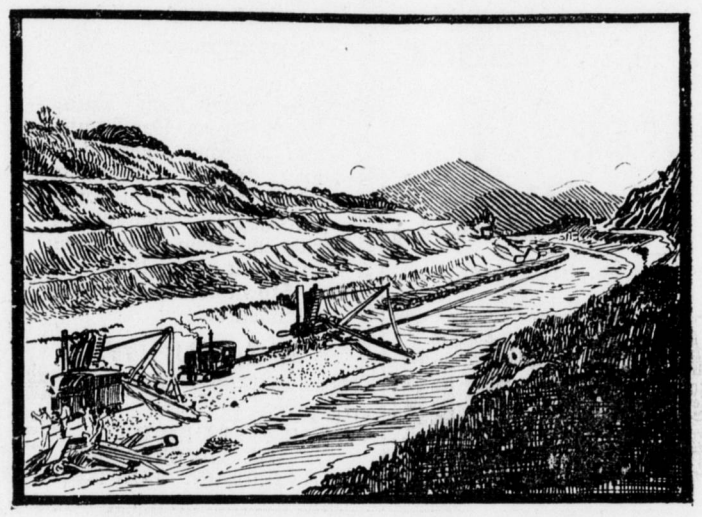
The deepest note of Christmas is thanksgiving. The angels sang its first Te Deum for all men to learn. And our Christmas prayer shall be: "Give us day by day this day's doxology; teach our common lives to sing 'Glory to God.'"—T. H. Darlow.

Building of an Isthmian Canal at PANAMA

The French Project in Which the Government Is Offered a Controlling Interest

SO CLOSELY has the American public connected the Panama canal enterprise with the name of De Lesseps, and so familiar are we with the circumstances surrounding the failure of that great engineer and the scandal that followed him to his grave, that we are prone to look upon any project connected with the Panama venture as a swindle. When De Lesseps began the construction of the Panama canal we dreamed of a grand reality; when he failed we awoke to find our reality but a dream.

But in 1894 a new company took hold of the work where the De Lesseps company dropped it. Of that new company we have heard, or seemingly cared, but little, until now they offer to our government a controlling interest in their project if we will finish it. The first impression is that they have nothing but a concession and a vast amount of worn and antiquated machinery to dispose of, but that is wrong; they have a partially completed canal, a canal that is nearer completion than we probably realize, and, while it may not be good policy on the part of our government to buy, it would seem to be poor policy on the part of the French company to stop their work at the present time and lose the hundreds of millions that have been invested so far. The result may be two canals where we have so long wished for one.



THE GREAT CULEBRA CUT, 34 MILES FROM THE ATLANTIC.

At the present time about 4,000 men are engaged in the work of separating North and South America at Panama. Work is being pushed almost entirely from the Atlantic side, and of the 46½ miles that it is necessary to cut through before ships can pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans 15 miles are already completed. This channel completes the tidewater section of the canal on the Atlantic side—nearly one-third of the entire cut. It has been dredged to a depth of nine meters, or more than 30 feet, and 30 meters wide at the bottom.

A glance at the accompanying map shows the route of the canal, and also shows the Charges river. The greatest engineering difficulties encountered are occasioned by the crossing of this river in several places. While during the greater portion of the year the Charges river is but little more than a brook, there are times when it becomes a raging torrent. To control this torrent of water and store it as a supply for feeding the canal is the problem that has taxed the ingenuity of the engineers, and yet, now that they have solved the problem, it seems decidedly simple.

MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

The Charges river rises in a series of deep ravines some miles to the northeast of the route of the canal. It is from these ravines that much of the water comes which produces the floods. To stop these floods the engineers have dammed the mouth of the ravines and by this means have formed a lake capable of holding back the greater part of the water that would carry destruction with it if permitted to go unobstructed and at the same time supply a feeder for the canal.

The Bohio lake shown in the map is another deep cut through which the river flows and which will become a part of the canal as well as a storage reservoir for the water needed to feed it. This is accomplished by damming the mouth of the cut and placing a lock at the lower end.

The difficulties of caring for the floods in the Charges river and providing a water supply for the canal overcome, the remainder of the work resolves itself into the digging of the big ditch and the building of the system of locks that will raise a vessel over the divide between the two oceans.

To accomplish this there will be a system of eight lockages, the first one in from the Atlantic side being at the outlet of the Bohio lake. The line of the canal, however, has been so selected that it will be possible to make it a tide water channel whenever conditions warrant the expense. Of the present canal the dividing reach will be about 21 meters above the mean level of the sea.

Towards the work of digging the great ditch itself great progress has been made. Not only has the canal been practically completed from Colon, on the Atlantic side, to the Bohio locks, but beyond that a great amount of work has been done. At San Pablo, 23 miles from the Atlantic, the canal is now large and deep enough to float an ordinary sized vessel, and at La Corosita, 28 miles from the Atlantic, the cut is rapidly nearing completion.

Of the work of excavating the Culebra cut presented the greatest difficulties. This cut carries the canal through the divide between the two oceans, and is some five miles in length. Some idea of the amount of work that has been done on it may be had from the accompanying engraving, which shows the cut as it is 34 miles from the Atlantic. The work of excavating has been carried to a point within eight miles of the Pacific, while some work has been done at Panama, the Pacific terminus of the canal.

From this brief description of the work that has already been accomplished it may be seen that the French company has something more than a plan to sell to us, even though it may not be a feasible proposition for this government to buy. At the same time, with so much accomplished it would seem to be almost a settled fact that the company behind the enterprise would push it to final completion, whether we build another waterway to connect the two oceans or not.

Of the machinery of which so much has been said, there are millions of dollars' worth of antiquated dredges, excavators and other expensive machines piled in heaps along the route of the canal just as they were left by the De Lesseps company. These are scarcely worth the expense of marketing as old metal, but many of the machines now in use by the new company are modern, and at least one-half of them are of American build. In a word, the new company has been administered with economy, and a desire to complete the work of construction with as little expense as possible.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

Queer Ice Making.

Water in a shallow pan, in a sheltered place, will freeze even when the thermometer is above the freezing point. This is due to the rapid loss of heat of the earth after nightfall. In some hot countries ice is obtained in commercial quantities by setting shallow earthenware pans of water on the ground protected from the wind. —Science.

Incomplete Instruction.

"Here's a sermon on 'How to Bring Men to Church.'"

"Does it say anything about how to keep men awake in church after you get them there?"—Chicago Record.

Heard at the Club.

Cleverton—How was the dinner last night?

Dashaway—Fine, old man. It was the best dinner I ever drank.—Town Topics.

Got Rich Quick.

Sara Bernhardt's long engagement in "L'Aiglon" at her Paris theater, just closed, is said to have averaged in receipts $2,100 a performance.

Won't Work Both Ways.

Give to a pig when it grunts and a child when it cries, and you will have a fine pig and a bad child.

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GOOD WORK IS COMMENDED

State Dairy Union Indorses Governor Stone's Crusade Against Oleo.

BITTER PARTISANS ARE REBUKED

Insurgent Corruption Fund the Last Hope of the Opponents of the Re-election of Colonel M. S. Quay to the United States Senate.

(Special Correspondence.)

Philadelphia, Dec. 18.—A complete and emphatic rebuke was administered to the insurgents and their newspaper combine by the state convention of the Pennsylvania State Dairy union assembled at Corry, Pa., last week. The administration of Governor Stone has been the subject of malicious attacks by men and newspapers seeking to tear down the Republican organization for their selfish purposes. Every farmer and dairyman in Pennsylvania knows that under Governor Stone's administration the illicit traffic in oleo has been the subject of a determined crusade. Many arrests have been made and convictions in court have followed. Despite these facts a small coterie of men identified with the state grange, who are engaged in factional politics, most of them being Democrats, have sought to misrepresent the state administration.

The Pennsylvania State Dairy union is composed of men who do not allow politics to interfere with their ideas of fairness and honor. At their convention at Corry these resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the Pennsylvania State Dairy union heartily indorses the efforts of the dairy and food commissioner to enforce the laws of Pennsylvania in relation to the illegal sale of oleomargarine;

"Whereas, We recognize the inadequacy of the penal provisions of the present oleomargarine law, to secure proper enforcement of the same,

"Resolved, That we instruct the executive committee of this organization to confer with the secretary of agriculture for the recommendation of such additional legislation as shall enable the pure food commissioner to effectively enforce the laws in relation to the sale of oleomargarine."

The above resolutions were presented by the board of managers of the Dairy union, with their unanimous recommendation, after having made full investigation into the work of the dairy and food division of the department of agriculture during the year. A full and detailed statement was made by Secretary Hamilton, of the department of agriculture, before the general meeting of the Dairy union, after which the resolutions were adopted without a dissenting voice.

This indorsement of the work of the agricultural department during the past year, in its efforts to suppress the oleomargarine trade, comes with special force, since the Dairy union not only represents the entire dairy industry of Pennsylvania, but also because the present law was framed by them, and it was through their efforts that it was passed by the legislature of 1899.

The statement of Secretary Hamilton, showing what has been done and the difficulties that lie in the way of the proper enforcement of the law, convinced the entire membership of the Dairy union that the present law was defective in several important respects, and that the department of agriculture had done all that was possible, under existing conditions, to enforce it.

Secretary of Agriculture Hamilton recommended that the law be modified so as to permit the agents of the department to enter places of business, make inspection of their stock, and if goods are found which are suspected of being adulterated the agent shall have power to demand samples for analysis. This amendment to the present law will greatly simplify its workings and make it possible for the department to enforce its provisions, without having to subject its agents to the humiliation of disguising themselves and resorting to questionable methods in order to secure samples of suspected goods.

The executive committee of the Dairy union were instructed to confer with the secretary of agriculture, with a view of preparing a bill that will remedy the defects of the present law, for submission to the legislature at its coming session.

INSURGENT CORRUPTION FUND.

The outcome of the canvass for the election of a United States senator is attracting widespread attention. While those familiar with the inside workings are satisfied there is no doubt about the re-election of Col. Quay, the insurgents are working night and day to keep him from getting enough votes to elect, and thus throw the legislature into another deadlock.

The money resources of the insurgents seem to be still plentiful, judging from the character of the campaign they are still carrying on throughout the state. Agents are on the go constantly, working upon doubtful members, and particularly seeking to get Democrats to sign papers pledging themselves to act with the insurgents in the organization of the house. These men are not to be regarded as working for nothing, nor is it to be assumed by any practical politician that they have no hope of large rewards in the event of their "landing" one or more Democratic members. What inducement they are offering, if any, has yet to be revealed, but it is more than probable that the methods of these emissaries will sooner or later become the subject of public scandal, and that those who play with fire are apt to be severely burnt before they are through with their nefarious work.

To cover up their tracks the insurgents are putting out through their newspapers the same old stories that were retailed by them during the deadlock of the last session, that the friends of Col. Quay hope to get Democratic votes through the use of money.

The same methods of intimidation and blackmail are being employed to drive Democrats into the Flinn insurgent pen and afterward lead them as so many sheep in any direction that Flinn and Martin may determine.

IGNORING GUFFEY.

Through promise or expectation of getting place in the event of Bryan's election, not a few Democrats implicitly obeyed Guffey in the last combination which the Democrats made with the insurgents. Guffey has now nothing in the way of patronage to hold up for the Democratic members. They are all in a position to think and act for themselves, and they are evidently going to do that very thing.

Many of them have legislation needed by their respective localities, which they want to have passed at this session of the legislature, and they recognize the fact that in order to get the votes to pass their bills they must act judiciously, and not blindly follow the directions of Col. Guffey or any one else.

The regular Republicans will unquestionably control the appointments of the committees of both the senate and the house, and the Democrats who want to be potential in this session of the general assembly will not necessarily antagonize the men who can help them to get through what legislation they may desire for their respective districts or consituencies.

For these and other reasons Guffey finds it impossible to get the names of many Democrats to any pledge to act with the insurgents.

The belief that Col. Quay will be elected upon the first ballot is growing among members of the legislature who have heretofore been in doubt, and with this feeling abroad the insurgents and their Democratic allies will soon find that they will cut a very small figure at Harrisburg this winter.

Sympathy Not What Was Wanted.

A native of the mountain district of Kentucky had occasion to go on a journey recently and before starting took out an accident policy. He chanced to be one of the victims of a railway collision, and the next morning his widow, armed with a newspaper report, in which his name was mentioned among the killed, called on the agent of the insurance company and demanded the money.

"But, madam," said the agent, "we will have to have more definite proof before we can pay your claim."

"More proof!" exclaimed the bereaved woman. "Why, he's dead'rn a doornail, I reckon."

"Possibly, my dear madam," answered the polite agent, "and I'm very sorry."

"Sorry! You are sorry, are you?"

"I certainly am, madam. I sincerely sympathize with you in your sad affliction."

"But hain't you goin to give me the money what's comin to me?"

"Not today. Your claim will have to be investigated first."

"That's just like a good fer nothin man," angrily retorted the bereaved woman. "You all are mighty perlite 'bout things so long as they hain't costin you nothin, but the minnet a poor, lone female does git a chance to git holt of a leetle spendin money you got the gall to say you're sorry."

And the indignant female slammed the door.—Chicago News.

Her Knowledge of Chinese.

A young woman at a watering place one summer made a reputation as a profound linguist in a rather odd manner. She called one day at a Chinese laundry where she had left a shirt waist, but it could not be found, as there was no entry in the book of hieroglyphs corresponding to her pink slip. After a half hour's search the Chinaman found the entry. A mistake had been made, so the entry was crossed out and a new set of hieroglyphs in tiny characters placed below. She was told that the waist would be laundered immediately, and she could get it the next day.

The next day the young woman called for it, accompanied by three other young women. At the seashore the excitement of a visit to the Chinese laundry is not to be despised. The Chinaman to whom the pink slip was presented was not the laundryman of the day before, and he experienced the same difficulty in finding the identifying character, finally saying, "Not in book."

The girl answered calmly, "I can find it," and the Chinaman allowed her to take the book. Turning the leaves until she came to one that had an entry crossed out with another in tiny characters under it, she handed it to the Chinaman. "There it is," and, to his surprise, he found it.

"You only lady I know spik Chinese," he said. And the other girls looked upon her with admiration.—Kansas City World.

A Parson's Pun.

A writer in The Cornhill Magazine credits the late Canon Bingham with the following bit of wit:

He was driving one day with other clergy to a clerical meeting, when the conversation turned upon the meaning of the two places they were nearing, Wool and Wareham, in the county of Dorset.

"How do you account for the origin of these names, Canon Bingham?" asked one of the party.

"Don't you know this is a sheep county," replied the canon, "and at Wool you wool the sheep and at Wareham you wear 'em?"

Not Sensitive.

Sophy (who accepted Mr. Charles Fleetwood the night before)—Does Mr. Fleetwood strike you as being a sensitive man, Pauline?

Pauline (who doesn't know of the engagement)—Gracious, no! A man who has been rejected by 14 girls within six months and gets fat on it cannot be sensitive. Why, Sophy, what's the matter?

She had fainted.—London Fun.

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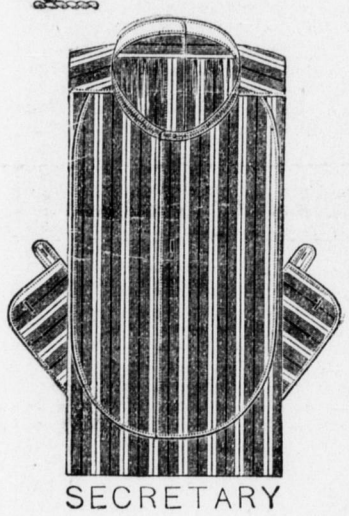

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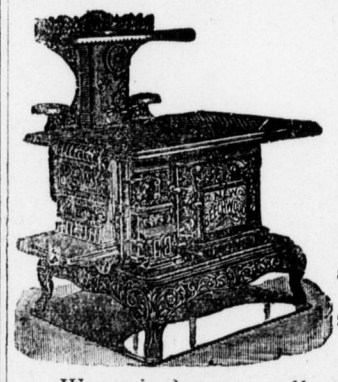

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A new $1.00 glove. Here's good news for you. We've secured the very best kid glove we have been able to find, to retail at $1.00. It's here awaiting your verdict. Won't you come and pass on it.

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Some especially good-values. When a manufacturer over-produces then he's pretty sure of loosing some money. And incidently sombody is bound to profit by it. You are invited to share in some lots of exceptionally good hosiery at exceedingly low prices

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CAUCUS CALLED ON SENATORSHIP

Stalwart Republicans Select the First Day of the Legislative Session.

INSURGENT BLUFF CALLED.

Party Men Declare That to Ignore the Custom of Years and Bolt the Caucus Means Political Suicide For Young Men.

(Special Correspondence.)

Harrisburg, Dec. 18.—Another bluff of the insurgents of Pennsylvania has just been called by friends of Col. M. S. Quay. A short time ago it was announced by the Martin-Flinn insurgent organs that the supporters of Col. Quay were afraid to have a caucus of the Republican members elect of the legislature, as they knew that such a caucus would show that Col. Quay had not enough votes to elect him to the United States senate. Following out their usual custom of claiming everything, these insurgent newspapers have been day after day declaring that they have "Quay licked," but they never could give a list of names of Republican members of the senate and house who would remain out of the caucus and co-operate with the Democrats, as did the insurgents in the last session of the legislature.

After their boasts that the regulars dared not have a caucus, the insurgents were completely taken back when Senator John C. Grady and Representative William H. Keyser, the oldest Republican members of the respective branches of the legislature, met in accordance with custom and decided that the Republican members of the general assembly shall be called in caucus on Jan. 1 next at 8 p. m., in the hall of the house of representatives at Harrisburg, to agree upon a candidate to be supported by the Republican members of the legislature for United States senator.

This action, following so quickly after the claims of the insurgents, may be taken as a challenge from the regulars and indicating that they are entirely satisfied with their position, and that they have absolute confidence in the election of Col. Quay to succeed himself.

EARLIEST DAY CHOSEN.

The legislature meets for organization on Tuesday, Jan. 1, and on the evening of that day the friends of Col. Quay say they will be prepared to meet the issue on the United States senatorship, and that they are satisfied that there will be more than the necessary number of votes to elect recorded in favor of the Beaver statesman on that occasion.

So confident are the admirers of the former national chairman of the victory which is due him that already there are a number of clubs and delegations preparing to go to Harrisburg and participate in a great demonstration in honor of his victory on the first of the year. It is declared that with the adjournment of the Republican caucus on the senatorship the fight will be over and the so-called insurgent movement will go to pieces.

There has been considerable discussion of the question of the duty of Republicans to recognize their organization in the matter of the party caucus and submitting to the will of the majority. An interesting declaration on this issue comes from Livy S. Richards, editor of the Scranton Tribune.

AS TO THE CAUCUS.

"A general discussion of the nature and binding force of a party caucus, particularly of a caucus of Republican members of the legislature to select a nominee for United States senator," says Mr. Richards, "is proceeding in the press of the state, with opinions varying in reflection of every hue of factional prejudice. Let us, therefore, examine this interesting and timely subject judicially.

"To begin with, it may be set down as generally conceded that political parties are necessary to the orderly and sustained operation of government. There is no limit, and should be no limit to the number of these parties. The right of a citizen to join with other citizens in formation of a new party is unchallengeable and wholesome as a means of expressing different shades of public opinion.

"But where sharp differences of opinion or of personal choice exists within the membership of a political party and recourse to a new party is not adopted, it is plain that methods of reaching a conclusion must be taken and these, by custom, are clearly defined. If the difference is over the choice for nominee for an elective office the party primary is utilized and the choice of the largest number is legally entitled to have his name appear on the official ballot as the regular party nominee. The law does not compel those who in the primaries favored minority candidates to vote at the ensuing election for the plurality's choice, but it recognizes the right of a plurality to determine party credentials, and there is a widely observed custom of viewing unfavorably the citizen who, after participating in a primary and being fairly outvoted, thereupon proceeds to attack the plurality's choice.

"Where the office to be filled is elective by a legislature, as in the case of the United States senatorship, the law is entirely silent as to preliminary methods of arriving at a concurrence of party support, but long established custom has ordained the party caucus, which is a concurrence of the members of a party to choose from among the nominees placed before it one name to be presented as the choice of the whole party. This has been found desirable to expedite the public business by doing away with prolonged balloting in joint legislative session. It corresponds in principle to the party primary or the nominating convention, and is a recognition of the right of the majority in a given party to determine the policy and select the candidates of that party.

"Those who, as in Pennsylvania at this time, denounce the caucus because knowing it to be in the control of opponents, offer in lieu of it no plan of unifying party choice save the proposition, manifestly untenable, that the majority should bow to the minority. Their alternative, of joining with members of the opposition party to defeat the expressed will of the majority of their own party, is revolutionary, and if sanctioned would invite the complete destruction of party organization. All organization of party effort rests upon the theory of majority rule. That, also, is the foundation stone of American government. To hold that a minority may, without sacrifice of party standing or protest from citizens favorable to regularity, on invented pretexts undertake by fusion with political opponents to defeat the majority of its own party and thereby disrupt that party is to open wide the door to political anarchy.

"This issue in importance rises far superior to questions of personal preference or factional inclination. It goes to the vitals of party coherence and beyond that to the heart of representative government. It must be decided in Pennsylvania deliberately and advisedly, and the decision must be determinative for years to come."

"In their efforts to manufacture new thunder, by submitting a preposterous propositon to Col. Guffey, the insurgents yesterday received a jolt which staggered them," says the editor of the Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette "Speaking as the head of the state organization, the colonel said:

"Democrats will be Democrats, and will do just as they did two years ago—support their own caucus nominee for United States senator, from start to finish."

"Isn't that an appetizing morsel for the nondescript aggregation which recognizes neither party nor caucus? Mr. Guffey very clearly lays down the law of all parties. He defines the qualifications of membership. Not only does he imply the caucus obligation by saying that its choice for United States senator will be supported by all Democrats, but he double rivets the proposition by saying they will do so "from start to finish." That's what the Republicans are going to do. They are going to hold a caucus on the first day of the session, consider the names suggested, and support the man who has the majority of votes. The Republican caucus majority will be the joint ballot majority, and only one vote will have to be taken in order to fill the existing vacancy in the senate of the United States."

A TWELFTH NIGHT SUPPER.

Revival of an Old Custom—Choosing a King and Queen of Festivities.

The old custom of celebrating Twelfth night (Jan. 5) is again being revived and makes a pleasing novelty in the way of entertainments for the New Year, says the New York Post.

As this is the festival of the bean king beans should be largely used in the decorations. In the dining room festoons of them might hang from the chandelier to the table. To use the little white beans they should first be soaked in water overnight, strung while wet, using a fine needle, then put away for a day, when they will again become dry and hard. The supper may be simple or elaborate, as the hostess wishes, but the table should be lighted with candles and the Twelfth cake given the most conspicuous place. To avoid confusion have the cake iced in two colors, white and pink or white and chocolate, the men taking the slices of one color, the ladies of the other. When baking the cake, place a bean in one side and a pea in the other. Stick a straw in beside each one, tying a colored thread around one straw so that no mistakes will be made. The man who finds the bean in his piece of cake will be the king, while the queen will be the lady who holds the pea.

After supper a mock court is held, when the king and queen receive the homage of the company. At one end of the room have a platform on which are two chairs. Here the king and queen must be crowned with appropriate ceremony, placing upon their heads crowns of cardboard covered with gilt paper and having beads and spangles sewed on. Very effective additions are long capes of muslin trimmed with broad borders of ermine (canton flannel marked with black paint). The king should also hold a scepter, which can be a short, round stick or cane covered with gilt paper.

When the coronation is over and the king and queen are seated upon their throne, the court should be presented. Previous to this each guest should be given a card showing who he is to impersonate. Each card, cut and painted to represent a bean, bears the name of a historical or fictitious character or, what is more interesting, that of some celebrity of the present day. The herald, with a great flourish of his trumpet, will call out the name, with a brief introduction. Social impersonations will greatly add to the merriment.

The cards designating the places at the supper table might be painted with a cake, a row of candles or a string of peas and beans.

The Russians.

An Englishman in Russia says that "we may dislike Russia as we will and perhaps must, but there is no denying that the men and women of Russia are good lookers." The men are "tall and well built." The "women, especially those of the upper classes, have a grace and fascination that is all their own." The writer adds: "I am tired of hearing English people say that this is all show and that if I knew them better I should be greatly disappointed. Behind good looks and refined manners I have found the depth and sincerity of the Scotch combined with the wit and humor of the Irish."

Led In One Thing.

"Is there anything in which you excelled when you went to school?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Yes," answered Willie Wishington. "I made more blunders than any other boy in the class."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Travelers' Guide.

TIME TABLE No. 23.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.

Taking effect June 15th, 1898.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.		10	4	6	2
		P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Port Allegany,	Lv.	3 15	7 18	.....	12 10
Coleman,		*3 23	○○	.....	*12 15
Burtville,		*3 30	7 29	.....	12 22
Roulette,		3 40	7 36	.....	12 30
Knowlton's,		*3 45	○○	.....	*12 33
Mina,		*3 59	7 46	.....	12 40
Olmsted,		4 05	*7 50	.....	*12 44
Hammonds,		○○	○○	.....	*12 49
Coudersport.	Ar.	4 20	7 57	.....	12 53
	Lv.			6 15	1 00
North Coudersport,		.....	.....	○○	*1 05
Frink's,		.....	.....	*6 29	*1 14
Colesburg,		.....	.....	*6 36	1 21
Seven Bridges,		.....	.....	*6 39	*1 24
Raymonds's,		.....	.....	*6 49	1 35
Gold,		.....	.....	6 54	1 41
Newfield,		.....	.....	.....	1 45
Newfield Junction,		.....	.....	7 02	1 50
Perkins,		.....	.....	○○	*1 53
Carpenter's,		.....	.....	○○	*1 56
Crowell's,		.....	.....	*7 10	*1 59
Ulysses,	Ar.	.....	.....	7 18	2 10
		.....	.....	.....	.....

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	1	5	3	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....
Ulysses, Lv.	7 32	2 30	10 05	.....
Crowell's,	*7 41	*2 39	*10 15	.....
Carpenter's,	○○	*2 41	*10 18	.....
Perkins,	.....	*2 44	*10 21	.....
Newfield Junction,	7 47	2 46	10 25	.....
Newfield,	*7 51	2 50	*10 30	.....
Gold,	7 55	2 54	10 35	.....
Raymond's	*7 59	2 59	*10 40	.....
Seven Bridges,	*8 11	*3 11	*10 55	.....
Colesburg,	*8 14	3 14	*11 00	.....
Frink's,	*8 22	*3 22	*11 09	.....
North Coudersport,	○○	*3 31	*11 20	.....
Coudersport, Ar.	8 36	3 36	11 30	.....
Lv.	8 41	6 00	P. M. 1 20	.....
Hammonds,	○○	○○	○○	.....
Olmsted,	*8 46	*6 06	*1 27	.....
Mina,	8 50	6 10	1 31	.....
Knowlton's,	○○	*6 18	○○	.....
Roulette,	9 00	6 29	1 45	.....
Burtville,	9 08	6 29	2 55	.....
Coleman,	○○	*6 35	○○	.....
Port Allegany,	9 21	6 40	2 35	.....

(*) Flag stations. (○○) Trains do not stop.

Connections—At Ulysses with N.Y.C. & H.R.R. for points north and south. At Newfield Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north of Wellsville, south of Galeton and Ansonia. At Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R., north for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport; south, for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penn'a R. R., points.

B. A. McCLURE, Gen'l Supt.
Coudersport, Pa.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R

Time Table taking Effect June 24th. 1900.

Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

"The Grand Scenic Route."

READ UP.

						Sundays only.
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	.....	
ar. K't'ng Smt	8 55	7 15	.....	12 25	.....	
.... Austin,	8 10	6 47	.....	12 00	.....	
....Costello,	.....	6 40	.....	11 54	.....	
...Wharton,	.....	6 29	.....	11 44	.....	
Cross Fork J'ct,	.....	5 44	.....	11 00	.....	
.... Corbett,	.....	5 17	.....	10 34	.....	
...Germania,	.....	5 07	.....	10 26	.....	
dp. Galeton,	P. M.	5 00	.....	10 20	.....	
ar. "	7 00	.....	1 00	.....	.....	7 00
... Gaines,	6 47	.....	12 47	8 50	.....	6 47
...Westfield,	6 11	.....	12 11	8 16	.....	6 11
.. Knoxville	5 55	.....	11 55	8 00	.....	5 55
....Osceola,	5 46	.....	11 46	7 51	.....	5 46
....Elkland,	5 41	.....	11 41	7 46	.....	5 41
Lv Addison,	5 10	.....	11 10	7 15	.....	5 10
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	.....	P. M.

READ DOWN.

						Sundays only.
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....	
Lv K'ting Smt	.....	12 40	7 30	9 10	.....	
.....Austin	6 40	1 05	8 00	9 50	.....	
....Costello	6 50	1 14	.....	.....	.....	
....Wharton	7 02	1 26	.....	.....	.....	
Cross Fork Jct.	7 47	2 09	.....	.....	.....	
....Corbett	8 14	2 36	.....	.....	.....	
....Germania	8 25	2 47	.....	.....	.....	
Ar. } Galeton,	8 31	.....	.....	.....	.....	A. M.
Lv. }	8 38	2 53	.....	.....	.....	8 38
.....Gaines	8 50	3 06	.....	.....	.....	8 50
....Westfield	9 33	3 43	.....	.....	.....	9 33
.. Knoxville	9 47	3 56	.....	.....	.....	9 47
....Osceola	9 58	4 06	.....	.....	.....	9 58
....Elkland	10 03	4 11	.....	.....	.....	10 03
Ar. Addison	10 34	4 43	.....	.....	.....	10 34
	A. M.	P. M.	.....	.....	.....	

Read up. Read down.

P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.	.....
.....	5 00	10 10	Ar.	Galeton	Lv	6 30	1 05	.....
.....	4 41	9 51	....	Walton	....	6 47	1 24	.....
.....	4 17	9 27	..	Newfield Jct	..	7 13	1 50	.....
.....	3 59	9 09		West Bingham		7 30	2 06	.....
.....	3 48	8 58	....	Genesee	....	7 41	2 18	.....
.....	3 43	8 53	....	Shongo	....	7 46	2 24	.....
.....	3 20	8 30	dp	Wellsville	ar	8 06	2 46	.....
								.....
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.				A. M.	P. M.	.....
2 53	8 55	10 20	ar.	Galeton	lv	8 38	7 10	.....
2 29	8 42	9 59	.....	Gaines	.....	9 00	7 23	.....
2 00	8 20	9 40	lv.	Ansonia	ar	9 22	7 45	.....

STATIONS.

	P. M.	A. M.	ar		dp	A. M.	P. M	A. M.
.....	2 00	7 30	Cross F'k	Junc.	11 00	6 35	.....	
.....	1 00	6 30	dp Cross Fork		ar 12 00	7 45	.....	

All trains run daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating Summit with W. N. Y. & P. R. R. for all points north and south.

At Ansonia with Fall Brook R. R. for all points north and south.

At Newfield Junction with C. & P. A. R. R. west for Coudersport, east for Ulysses and points on Cowanesque Valley branch of Fall Brook R.R.

At Genesee for points on the New York & Pennsylvania R. R.

At Addison with Erie R. R., for points east and west.

At Wellsville with Erie R. R. for points east and west.

H.C. UNDERHILL, Gen'l Pass. Agt. Buffalo, N.Y
W. C. PARK, Gen'l Supt. Galeton, Pa.
M. J. McMAHON, Div. Pass's Ag't., Galeton, Pa.
J. H. GOODYEAR, Ass't Gen'l Supt., Austin, Pa.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD DIVISION.

In effect Nov. 25, 1900.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD

8 15 A. M.—Train 12 week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.23 P. M., New York 9.30 P. M., Baltimore 6.00 P. M., Washington 7.15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

3 20 P. M.—Train 6 daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 A. M., New York 7.13 A. M. Baltimore, 2.30 A. M. Washington, 4.05 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.30 A. M.

9 42 P. M.—Train 4 Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6.52 A. M., New York 9.33 A. M., weekdays, (10.33 A. M. Sunday;) Baltimore 6.35 A. M., Washington 7.44 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie, Buffalo and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Buffalo, Williamsport to Washington. Passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Buffalo to Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:15 A. M.—Emporium Junction—Train 9 week days for Erie, Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 25 A. M.—Train 3 Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6 23 P. M. — Train 61, week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR EMPORIUM FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 9 leaves New York 5.55 p. m., Philadelphia 8.50 p. m., Washington 7.45 p. m., Baltimore 8.45 p. m., daily, arriving at Emporium Junction 5.15 a. m., with Pullman Sleepers and passenger coaches, from Philadelphia to Erie week days and from Philadelphia and Washington to Buffalo, daily. Passenger coaches, Philadelphia to Erie, week days; Washington to Buffalo, daily; On Sundays this train arrives at Emporium, 5.16 A. M.

Train 3 leaves New York 7.55 p. m., Philadelphia 11.20 p. m., Washington 10.40 p. m, Baltimore 11.55 p. m., daily, arriving at Emporium 10.25 a. m., with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport, and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport on Sundays only Pullman Sleepers from Philadelphia to Erie.

Train 61 leaves Philadelphia 8.40 a. m., Washington 7.55 a.m., Baltimore 8.55 a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:55 A. M., week days, arriving at Emporium 6.23 P. M., with Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Kane.

BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Taking Effect Nov. 25, 1900.

Trains leave Emporium for Keating, Port Allegany, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Olean and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West.

Buffalo Special, daily.....5:15 A. M.
Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 8.35 A. M.
Mail, (103) daily except Sunday.....1.50 P. M.

Train No. 103 (mail) will connect at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Bradford, Salamanca Warren, Oil City and Pittsburg.

LOW GRADE DIVISION. P. & E. R. R. DIVISION.

In Effect Nov. 25, 1900.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

EASTBOUND.

STATIONS.	112	114	106	104	118	942
Via L. G. Div	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M	P. M	A. M.
Pittsburg, Lv.	.....	†6 15	†9 10	†140	*505	† 9 10
Red Bank,	.....	9 28	11 10	4 05	7 50	11 15
Lawsonham,	.....	9 40	11 22	4 18	.....	11 26
New Bethle'm.	.....	10 13	11 47	4 50	8 25	11 55
Brookville,	†6 20	11 00	12 24	5 39	9 07	12 41
Reynoldsville,	6 54	11 32	12 52	6 12	9 35	1 14
Falls Creek	7 08	11 48	1 15	6 30	9 50	1 29
DuBois,	†7 15	†11 55	1 25	6 40	*955	† 1 35
Sabula,	7 27	.....	1 37	6 52		
Pennfield,	7 45	.....	1 55	7 10	Note.	
Bennezette,	8 19	.....	2 29	7 44		
Driftwood,	†8 55	.....	†3 05	†820		
via P. & E. Div						
Driftwood, Lv.	*9 00	.....	†4 00			
Emporium, Ar.	*10 25	.....	†6 23			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M	P. M	P. M.

WESTBOUND.

STATIONS.	117	109	103	113	161	941
Via P. & E. Div	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M	P. M.
Emporium, Lv.	.....	.....	†8 20	.....	†3 15	.....
Driftwood, Av.	.....	.....	†9 00	.....	†3 58	.....
Via L. G. Div	.....		.....		.....	.....
Driftwood, Lv.	.....	†6 25	†1125	.....	†5 50	.....
Bennezette,	.....	7 01	12 00	.....	6 26	.....
Pennfield,	.....	7 35	12 34	.....	7 00	.....
Sabula,	.....	7 53	12 51	.....	7 18	.....
DuBois	*6 25	8 10	1 05	†5 10	7 35	†4 10
Falls Creek,	6 32	8 20	1 20	5 17	7 42	4 17
Reynoldsville,	6 47	8 33	1 32	5 30	7 58	4 32
Brookville,	7 18	9 00	1 59	6 00	†8 30	5 05
New Bethle'm.	8 04	9 40	2 38	6 45	.....	5 50
Lawsonham,	8 33	10 15	3 06	7 14	.....	6 19
Red Bank,	8 45	10 20	3 20	7 25	.....	6 30
Pittsburg, Ar.	*11 15	†1235	†5 30	†1015	.....	†9 30
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Note—Train 118 on Sundays will make all stops between Red Bank and DuBois.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD RAILROAD and Connections.

(Week days.)

SOUTHWARD.		Stations.		NORTHWARD		
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
.....	8 55	4 00	.... Renovo	.....	5 00	11 10
.....	9 44	4 41	...Driftwood...	.....	4 00	10 22
.....	10 20	5 15	Emporium Junc	.....	3 25	9 42
.....	11 08	5 55	....St. Marys...	.....	2 41	9 06
3 25	11 12	6 00	.....Kane.....	12 20	3 05	8 25
3 43	11 31	6 22	....Wilcox.....	11 58	2 45	8 05
3 56	11 46	6 36	..Johnsonburg..	9 55	2 33	7 52
		.....		.....	.....	
4 15	12 10	7 00	...Ridgway,....	9 35	2 15	7 30
4 22	12 17	7 07	..Island Run...	9 28	2 08	7 23
4 27	.....	7 12	Carman Tr'nfer	9 23	2 03	
4 35	12 30	7 21	.. Croyland....	9 15	1 54	7 09
4 39	12 33	7 25	..Shorts Mills..	9 11	1 51	7 05
4 42	12 36	7 28	...Blue Rock...	9 07	1 47	7 01
4 46	12 40	7 33	.....Carrier.....	9 02	1 43	6 57
4 56	12 50	7 43	.Brockwayville.	8 53	1 33	6 47
4 59	12 54	7 47	...Lanes Mills..	8 47	1 28	6 43
		7 51	.McMinns Sm't.	8 43		
5 07	1 03	7 54	.Harveys Run..	8 39	1 19	6 35
5 15	1 10	8 00	..Falls Creek...	8 35	1 15	6 30
5 30	1 25	8 10	.... DuBois.....	8 25	1 05	6 10
5 17	1 20	8 20	..Falls Creek...	7 08	1 15	6 30
5 32	1 32	8 33	.Reynoldsville..	6 54	12 52	6 12
6 00	1 59	9 00	...Brookville...	6 20	12 24	5 39
6 45	2 38	9 40	New Bethlehem		11 47	4 50
7 25	3 15	10 15	...Red Bank....	.....	11 10	4 05
10 15	5 30	12 35	....Pittsburg...	.....	9 00	1 40
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

Through Palace Car to Pittsburg on train leaving Falls Creek at 8:20 A. M.; returning on train leaving Pittsburg at 1:40 p. m.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

GROCERIES.

J. A. KINSLER,

Carries nothing but the best that can be obtained in the line of

Groceries and Provisions,

Flour, Salt and Smoked Meats, Canned Goods, etc.

Teas, Coffees, Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars.

Goods Delivered Free any place in Town.

Call and see me and get prices.

J. A. KINSLER,
Near P. & E. Depot.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE

In effect November 25, 1900.

NORTH BOUND.

EASTERN TIME		†12	*6	†10	†14	*2
	Leave	a m	a m	p m	p m	p m
Pittsburg, P.&W. Stn.			9 00			10 00
Allegheny, P.&W. Stn.			10 12		†505	11 28
Butler			10 43		5 42	12 01
Craigsville					6 08	
West Mosgrove			11 25		6 29	12 42
Echo			11 36		6 41	12 53
Dayton		a m	12 08	p m	7 23	1 28
Punxsutawney, Ar		6 20	12 10	2 30	7 25	1 30
Punxsutawney, Lv		6 35	12 22	2 43	7 40	1 45
Big Run		7 00		3 11	8 06	
C. & M. Junction		7 10	12 50	3 20	8 15	2 17
DuBois		7 17	12 57	3 30		2 24
Falls Creek		a.m.	1 10	3 48		2 40
Brockwayville		....	1 45	4 24		3 18
Ridgway		....	1 57	4 53		3 31
Johnsonburg		....	2 49	5 41		4 19
Mt. Jewett		....	3 07	6 01		
Newton		....	3 35	6 30		5 05
Bradford, Ar.		....				
Salamanca, Ar.		a m	†4 09	p m		
Buffalo, Ar.			6 25			7 20
Rochester			†7 50			8 45
	Arrive		p m			a m

SOUTH BOUND.

EASTERN TIME		†13	†9	*3	†11	*7
	Leave	a m	am	a m	pm	p m
Rochester				745		8 35
Buffalo, Lv.				†900		1000
Salamanca, Lv.				†1113		
Bradford, Lv.			†7 45	12 10		12 20
Newton			8 20	12 45		
Mt. Jewett			8 42	12 59		1 05
Johnsonburg			9 27	1 43		1 51
Ridgway			9 58	2 00		2 07
Brockwayville		a m	10 37	2 32		2 40
Falls Creek			10 54	2 44	8 20	2 57
DuBois		†640	11 00	2 55	8 30	3 10
C. & M. Junction		6 47	11 07		8 37	
Big Run		7 13	11 31	3 20	9 05	3 42
Punxsutawney, Ar.		7 28	11 45	3 33	9 20	3 53
Punxsutawney, Lv.		7 30	a m	3 35		4 00
Dayton		8 11		4 09	p m	4 33
Echo		8 22		4 20		4 43
West Mosgrove		8 47				
Craigsville		9 11		4 57		5 23
Butler		9 45		5 34		6 00
Allegheny, P.&W.Stn.						7 30
Pittsburg, P.&W. Stn.				6 45		
	Arrive	a m				a m

CLEARFIELD DIVISION.

EAST BOUND		†70		†72		†—
	Leave	a m		p m		p. m
Reynoldsville				2 20		
Falls Creek		7 28		2 40		
DuBois		7 36		3 35		
C. & M. Junction		7 42		3 42		
Curwensville		8 20		4 20		
Clearfield, Market St.		8 32		4 32		
Clearfield, N. Y. C. Stn.		8 42		4 45		
	Arrive	a m		p m		p m
WEST BOUND		†71		†73		†75
	Leave	a m		a m		p m
Clearfield, N. Y. C. Stn.				11 30		7 00
Clearfield, Market St.				11 38		7 08
Curwensville				11 49		7 18
C. & M. Junction				12 28		7 55
DuBois				12 35		8 02
Falls Creek				1 05		8 10
Reynoldsville				1 25		
	Arrive	a m		p m		p m

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

Trains 3 and 6 are solid vestibuled, equipped with handsome day coaches, cafe and reclining chair cars.

Trains 2 and 7 have Pullman Sleepers between Buffalo and Pittsburg and Rochester and Pittsburg.

EDWARD C. LAPEY, Gen. Pass. Agt., Rochester, N. Y.

If you want to Lend Money,
If you want to Sell Anything,
If you want to Borrow money,
If you want to Buy Anything,—
Advertise in the PRESS

Keeley Cure

Cures Drunkenness. Cures Drug Users.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, 4248 Fifth Ave., PITTSBURG, PA.

Write for free Booklet.

Business Cards.

B. W. GREEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Emporium, Pa.
A business relating to estate, collections, real estates, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 42-1y.

J. C. JOHNSON. J. P. McNARNEY
JOHNSON & McNARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent,
35-1y. Emporium, Pa.

F. D. LEET,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and INSURANCE AG'T.
EMPORIUM, PA
TO LAND OWNERS AND OTHERS IN CAMERON AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.
I have numerous calls for hemlock and hardwood timber lands, also stumpage &c., and parties desiring either to buy or sell will do well to call on me. F. D. LEET.

CITY HOTEL,
WM. McGEE, PROPRIETOR
Emporium, Pa.
Having again taken possession of this old and popular house I solicit a share of the public patronage. The house is newly furnished and is one of the best appointed hotels in Cameron county. 40-1y.

THE NOVELTY RESTAURANT,
(Opposite Post Office,)
Emporium, Pa.
WILLIAM McDONALD, Proprietor.
I take pleasure in informing the public that I have purchased the old and popular Novelty Restaurant, located on Fourth street. It will be my endeavor to serve the public in a manner that shall meet with their approbation. Give me a call. Meals and luncheon served at all hours. no27-1yr Wm. McDONALD.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
THOS. J. LYSETT, PROPRIETOR
Near Buffalo Depot, Emporium, Pa.
This new and commodious hot

BOB BURDETTE Takes A Trip Abroad

He Discusses the Ancient Villages of Switzerland and the Home Life of the Swiss

[Copyright, 1900, by Robert J. Burdette.]

HOW enduring are early impressions! (Original; copyright applied for.) Once upon a time I was wandering through the museum of a great university with a great and learned professor whom I loved to follow around because he was so learned and wise that he could talk of deep and wonderful things that are hidden from all people save the scholars, so that even the wayfaring man, such as I was, might understand him. It is only the man who half knows a thing, my boy, who bewilders you when he tries to tell you about it. And worse even than the half-informed man is the fellow who doesn't know anything about it, but doesn't know that he doesn't know. A dozen Italians on a talking match couldn't talk faster nor say less. But this man knew what he knew and could afford to use the English language gently and confine himself to monosyllables. He pointed to a slab of something—slate, I think it was—and said: "See there." It was a commonplace looking slab, hardly worth a glance, with a few slanting streaks across it. It interested me about as much as a book printed in Chinese might have done. I couldn't read a line of it, but I knew he could. So I asked him:

"What does it say?"

"It says," he replied, "that about 75,000 years ago it rained all day."

"And somebody had left that book out of doors?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "The maker of it left it out intentionally; he wanted to write the weather record for that day on that page."

THEY FIND CUPS AND MUGS.

And then he showed me where a great bird stepped in the mud one day—I don't remember how many multiplied thousands of years ago—when the same author was taking photographs to illustrate his work on "Prehistoric Bird Life on the Earth." And there the picture was in stone. There is nothing like soft mud, my son, for retaining enduring impressions and indestructible records. It beats a copper box in a granite corner-stone by a thousand ages. I know you get tired of listening to sermons now, my son, and I often hear you say they go in at one ear and out at the other. Let me tell you that 40 years from now you will remember the sermons of to-day; and the sermons to which you will then listen with intellectual delight and rapt attention you won't remember 48 hours. Dollars to doughnuts, son! And that's long odds in my favor, too. You don't think so now, but when the time comes to pay the bet you'd give $50 apiece for the doughnuts you eat in these days, and $100 a bite for the appetite that goes with them. Don't try to talk to me, boy. Because you can't. I've been in France and Italy long enough to learn how to keep the center of the conversational stage all the time myself. I can now talk in my sleep faster than you can talk when you're wide awake and hysterical with excitement.

Ancient and Rock-Ribbed as a Joke.

Well, now, the Swiss people—we were talking about their deep and beautiful home love, you may remember, when you interrupted me by keeping silent—inherit this love from their fathers, who were getting into ancient history when our fathers were learning to paint Remington cayuses on the parchment side of buffalo robes. The people of Switzerland always had a home and it was always just where it is now. On the shores of Lake Constance, Geneva, Zurich, Bienne, Neufchatel and others, there have been discovered more than 200 "lake villages," the homes of the prehistoric Switzers. For reasons sufficient to themselves, with the loveliest building sites all about them on the shore, these people drove great piles into the muddy bottom of the lake and built their homes on these piles. In some places the excavating investigators were disappointed when they dug up a lake village, "because," they said, "this is a baby; this town isn't more than 2,800 years old." For you know that with these men nothing is ancient that you don't have to compute in national debt figures. So they kept on digging, and, by and by, just as they expected, they came upon—or rather, down on—a second village. But they were yet a little disappointed because they said this one couldn't be more than a thousand years older than the baby. So they went down a few feet further and hit the patriarch. And one of the wise men said: "This is 10,000 years old." But another one said: "It is nearer 20,000." And a third said: "I move to make her a million." And they all said: "Good! Now we have something we can dispute over for all eternity. This is something like a scientific discovery." So they were well content with their find, and dug no further.

I am not a scientist, and have no right to enter into this quarrel. I simply wish to place on file the belief of a layman that if they had kept on digging they would have found lake villages all the way down. They find in the villages already discovered ears of wheat and barley, seeds of raspberries and strawberries, and dried apples. Some of the latter, I fear, still find their way into the markets for consumption in summer boarding-houses. They find handsome weapons and knives, and beautiful ornaments of bronze. And they find tiny cups and mugs for the little children, which were doubtless inscribed: "For a Good Boy," "For a Good Girl" in characters that would give an American boy or girl the toothache to pronounce. And around each house was woven a railing of wicker work to keep the children from falling overboard, as well as to break the wash of the waves against the house. I suppose the children could swim before they were weaned, but at certain seasons of the year a Swiss lake is not a comfortable thing to fall into, even for a mermaid. The boys made me—same thing, they dared me—to go in swimming with them in Lake Lucerne in October. If I had refused they would have said I didn't know how to swim. So I went. A notice on the door of the bathhouse "verbot" any bather remaining in the water longer than half an hour under penalty of something in six syllables—I suppose it was guillotining. When we stood out on the balcony and caught the breeze that swept down from Mount Pilatus we said to each other that 15 minutes was long enough for any grown man to remain in the water between sunrise and sunset. And as we came up from the first plunge and struck out like three shivering maniacs for the nearest landing ladder we chattered to each other that the last man out should be made to "chaw beef," and I remember that the first man up the ladder made a blind rush for the nearest dressing-room and clad himself in his son's apparel, saying that clothes were made for the man, and not the man for the clothes, and if there had ever been a time in his life when he wasn't particular whose raiments he wrapped around his shivering and frost-bitten hide, it was about then. It was about 2,700 years ago that the last of the lakemen began to grow weary of living in the lakes, and came ashore to stay. About three minutes of it satisfied me.

So the Swiss grew up, generation after generation, loving not only their native land, but the water as well. Celts, Germans, French, Romans, one nation after another came into the land, but they always found it and left it Switzerland. On but one occasion were these people seized with a resistless desire to buy an all-round-everything Cook's excursion ticket and wander from home. About 60 years before the Christian era the Helvetians decided to emigrate to Gaul. They were not invited so to do by the inhabitants. In fact, the Gauls, who were strongly anti-foreign in their temperament and politics, made every preparation for discouraging the tide of immigration by massing large armies on their frontier. The Helvetians, however, after two years of preparations, set fire to their own towns and villages, so that the faint-hearted emigrants, or those who might not be able to get on the police force when they reached the new land, would have no inducement for returning home, and they set out with the battle cry: "Gaul for the Helvetians!" which has been characteristic of a certain class of immigrants ever since. But on their way they were halted by Julius Caesar, who, in his efforts to convince them that there was no place like home, killed about a hundred thousand of them, meeting in them the bravest fighters that Roman discipline had yet confronted, for these same Helvetians had already made mincemeat of one Roman army. But after that, what with the unfriendly Gauls and Caesar's home missionary preaching, the Helvetian survivors had a "poor relation" kind of a time of it among strangers, and returned home. Here the Romans insisted on their being friendly. "Either you will love us," said Caesar, "or we'll have such another mix-up as will be painful to your heirs." So the Helvetiens loved them, much as a dog loves soap. But they never again loved to wander from their own fireside, and as there is no more beautiful country on earth there is no reason why they should.

A Polyglot Language.

It is a country without a language, and yet it has a perfect polyglot of them. At Geneva, for example, when we asked to be driven to the railway station they took us to the "Gare," and when we reached Lucerne the train ran into the "Bahnoff," and when we got to Bellinzona it stopped at the "Stazione." All in Switzerland and all good Swiss, French, German and Italian. Allee samee, like the "theater" in New York and the "opera house" in Kaskaskia, Ill. We breakfasted at the hotel in Geneva, lunched at the Gasthaus in Lucerne and dined at the Albergo at the other end of the tunnel. As I speak all these languages with the phrase book grammar and a strong United States accent, I drove the waiters mad wherever I roamed, and you might trail me by wringing hands and cries of distraction in many tongues. I never before realized the terrible scenes which must have ensued at the Tower of Babel, when people first adopted the Ollendorf system of misunderstanding each other. Of course, we find everywhere people who speak English, just as throughout Europe water is served on the tables in hotel, pension and cafe just about as commonly as it is in the United States. But as I am trying to 'improve myself' on this tour I do not permit people to speak English to me without getting some of their own language in return. The trouble is that while I remember the phrases without looking at my book, I forget what they mean. And it naturally confuses a waiter when he asks for my order to have me reply: "Has your friend come to town?" or say to him: "Had you not better put on your overcoat?" Wherever I go the natives, after hearing one or two phrases in my patois, beg me to speak English. But I have spoken English all my life, and rather enjoy the new game. I think that out of this seeming babel I will gradually develop a language of my own, and then I can express my opinion of other people without hurting their feelings or getting my own head broken.

There is one thing in the composite Swiss language, or rather in Swiss nomenclature, that I will gratefully and lovingly adore so long as memory holds her seat in my distracted notebook. The railways in this land of liberty climb over the crests of a great many mountains they don't consider high enough to entitle them to the expense of a tunnel. And when the panting engine paused at the crest, before beginning the descent on the other side, we all closed our eyes and waited with the patience and resignation born of many years of endurance to hear the guard shout "Summit!" For we had learned long ago that in the bright lexicon of railway nomenclature there is no other name for the station at the top of a mountain or the highest point on a slight roll in the prairie. And when the Switzer came along and gutturaled instead:

"Pffaffphensphrorehausensteinhegerussichtengestock!"

we clapped our hands for joy and looked at each other with tears in our eyes. It was a hard word to remember, and, as I quote it from memory, it is probable that I have dropped five or six of the most important syllables and there is also the dread possibility that the entire word may simply mean "Summit" after all, and very likely it does—it is a railway station on top of a grade. But, at any rate, he didn't say "Summit," and for this relief much thanks.

Snow and Blossoms.

I am afraid that we won't have time to wait and see the winter settle down upon Switzerland this year. It has been indefinitely postponed, perhaps on account of this being the regular annual "exceptional year." The snow line appears to be coming down a little lower on the mountains, but all the lower meadows are green as June, and the bright autumn flowers gleam like ground stars on the landscape. The Switzer seems to need every inch of land he can grow a blade of grass or a head of cabbage on—I think good farm land must be sold by the square inch over here—but he always finds a little nook for the flowers, and he—or probably she—chooses the brightest colors. They border the little quilt-square of the vegetable garden; in every chalet the window boxes shut out the light with a curtain of rainbow hues, which serve to differentiate the end of the house occupied by "the humans" from the roomier quarters under the same hospitable roof assigned to the cattle. I wonder now how I could ever have been so hopelessly stupid as to associate this beautiful land with winter, and howling storms and rocky sterility. We laugh at the ridiculous ignorance of foreigners concerning America, thinking that we know all about the rest of the world. Well, maybe we do. I know that some of us know everything. But all the same I am glad, the greater part of the time, that I can't understand the language of these strange people. For now I don't know how many times they are laughing at my American ignorance of the commonest things. And, not knowing that I am laughed at, I don't care a cent. For that matter, I wouldn't anyhow.

This home-love of the Swiss is very contagious. The longer we stay here the less inclined we are to go away. You know that even in your own home you sometimes have callers who never know when to go.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Bought a Prize Cheap.

At a recent sale of effects at Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, England, a large oil painting was bought by G. E. Stockdale for $20. The painting, which was dirty and black, was sent away to be restored and for the frame to be gilded. After being cleaned it was found to be a very valuable painting, evidently of Norman execution. Mr. Stockdale has already been offered $2,000 for it.

New Art Treasure for Berlin.

Anthony Berger's celebrated oil painting of Abraham Lincoln, which is now exhibited at the Frankfort Art gallery, is soon to have a place in the United States consulate at Berlin. Mr. Berger estimates the value of the picture at $3,000. The artist was born in Frankfort and studied in the city's art schools. He lived 49 years in the United States.

Human Omniscience

KNOWED a man down Slab creek way—
Knowed more'n he c'd tell in a single day.
No matter what subject the talk run on,
He'd talk it out 'fore the crowd was gone.
Before you could get a sentence through
He chopped your statement square in two,
An' his easy grip of the matter showed
By his stoppin' you with his "Yes, he knowed."
You'd think that knowledge would give him power;
But he got into trouble hour by hour.
He sold his wheat at sixty-eight,
When we unloaded at ninety straight;
An' a man come along one day an' showed
Him a trick at playin' keerds that he knowed
'Fore the feller was half through showin' him how—
An' it cost him a pedigreed Jersey cow!
He mortgaged his crop to pay his debts,
Then he lost two mules on election bets;
An' then, to get even an' some ahead,
He lit on a trick that he "had on the dead;"
An' this was his great financial plan—
He bought a gold brick from a circus man!
For the feller had "smuggled it through, he sayed,
So the customs duties he never paid,
An' they'd jest divide what the government lost,
An' he'd let him have it at plum first cost!"
An' so he did, an' he can't tell
What the first—an' last—cost was, right well.
So all his life he lived this way,
Guessin' an' losin' day by day;
You'd think he'd learn with every fall—
But he couldn't learn—'cause he knowed it all!

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE of PINES

THE Isle of Pines! What a deliciously romantic sound the name has! But what is it; and where is it? These are questions it were well for us to know, for rumor has it that the island may become a permanent possession of the United States. Secretary Root's visit to this historical bit of land has revealed its value as a naval station, particularly in event of the passage of the Nicaraguan canal bill.

The island in question is a small affair—its length variously estimated at from 43 to 60 miles and its greatest breadth at from 35 to 55 miles—but it has had a substantial place in the history of the new world Spanish possessions since its discovery by Columbus in the year 1494. The island rises in dignity from the ocean some 33 miles off the southwest extremity of Cuba, a monster column of finest marble—valuable as the alabaster of Carrara. But Columbus knew nothing of this; he paid little attention to the mountains or their baldness, confining himself mainly to the attempt to extricate his ships from the labyrinth of bays and keys which surrounds the island, and into which he had unwittingly allowed his ships to push their noses.

The incident recalls a curious bit of history connected with the second trip of exploration made by Columbus. The discoverer's fleet had been for many days sailing along the southern coast of Cuba, Columbus being under the impression that the latter was the coast of Asia. But the thorough old mariner, though he had no doubt himself that a party might by landing return to Spain across country, he could not rest with the thought that a single member of his company might question it. To satisfy himself on this point he sent a public notary to each ship to take the depositions of the members of the crews from cabin boy up. He sent with him four witnesses. Every member of the expedition swore he believed this to be the continent of Asia—had they not traveled 300 miles along the shore without finding a break? Clearly it could be nothing less than a continent! However, Columbus was still fearful that some of the men on their return might seek maliciously to damage their leader's reputation by denying their statements made under oath. He accordingly decreed in writing that the officer making such refutation should be heavily fined and that a ship boy guilty of this offense should have his tongue cut out.

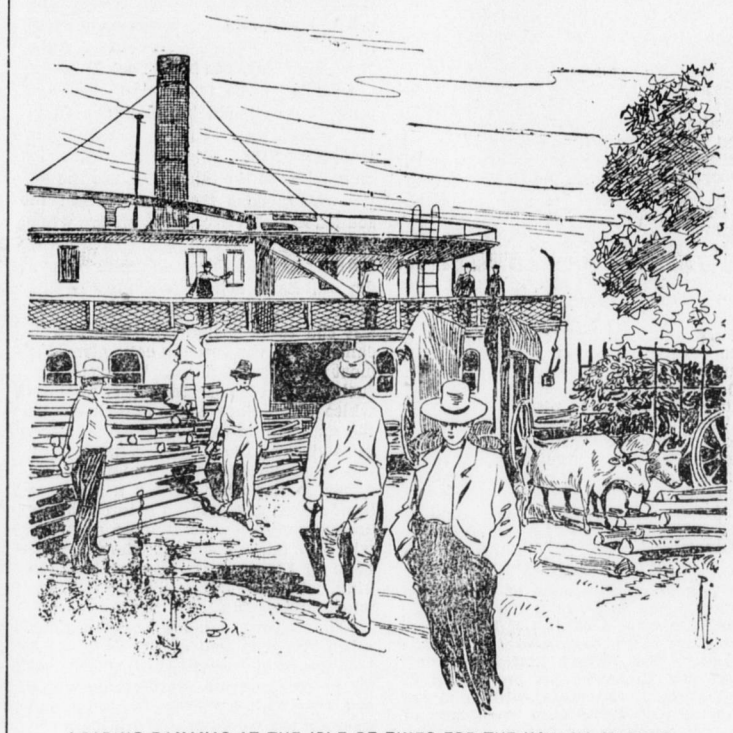
Having satisfied himself of the genuineness of his discovery Columbus turned south with the idea of leaving his quest in strange lands. He had proceeded no great distance when he sighted land. Following the shore line for a distance he finally anchored and landed for a supply of wood and water. He named the place Evangelista, but paused to make no explorations. He hastened on with the hope of gaining the open sea and of finding the course homeward. Presently, however, he found himself in a great bay or channel and the crews began to despair of finding their way back. After a consultation it was decided to double on the trail, as it were. This they did, sailing back along the coast of Cuba, and the story of the trials and superstitious happenings which were a part of the return voyage is a matter of history.

It was later learned that the land to which Columbus gave the name Evangelista is the largest island immediately adjacent to Cuba. It became known as the Isle of Pines, doubtless because it has a more extensive growth of pine timber, at a lower altitude, than exists anywhere else in the tropics. The bay into which Columbus sailed is that which is now known as the Lagoon of Siguanca. This stretch of water penetrates deep into the island. To all practical purposes there are really two islands separated by lagoons and swamps, but in a measure connected by the rocky ledges running through the marsh.

There is more than an historical interest attached to the Isle of Pines. It has a touch of romance, having been once the home of pirates! The buccaneers who flaunted the black flag in the Caribbean sea in the early days carried their ill-gotten gains into the secret bayous of the Isle of Pines. The notorious Gibbs is said to have had a den somewhere among the natural strongholds of the island.

Politically, the island has for years belonged to the province of Havana, the judicial district of Bejucal. In 1858 Capt. Gen. O'Donnell, of Havana, conceived the idea of working the marble quarries on the island by the means of convict labor. The place became a convict colony, and even now the drill marks by these men—criminals and political offenders—are to be seen upon the gray and weather-beaten faces of the mountains of marble in the Sardas quarries. Within a distance of two miles there are six peaks, each fully 1,000 feet high. Despite the fact that marble of the finest grain and color is to be found in these mountains, the quarries have been little worked since the days of the convict colony. The people—there are about 2,000 on the island—confine themselves chiefly to the growing of bananas, the raising of cattle, the cultivation of a few agricultural products, the making of tobacco poles and the burning of charcoal.

An American who has visited the Isle of Pines reports that the six marble mountains are enclosed by a barbed wire fence and owned by an old mulatto woman who lives in an adobe house at the foot of one of her mountains. The principal towns, Nueva Gerona and Santa Fe, are squalid and unpretentious, though the latter is recognized as a resort on account of its mineral springs. There are few people on the island outside the villages. There are few plantations and pineapples and other products are not cultivated extensively, though small quantities are raised. Doubtless the reason for this is that the only available market is the city of Havana and the transportation is very poor.



LOADING BANANAS AT THE ISLE OF PINES FOR THE HAVANA MARKET.

Besides the pines, cedar, mahogany and other valuable woods are found in great abundance. It is reported that sulphur, rock crystal, quicksilver, iron and silver are to be found upon the island, but they have never been mined. In a word, the island is potentially rich. In the eyes of the United States its great value lies in the deep indentures of its coasts. Though Vivijavua bay is the only practical harbor around the island a four-fathom channel stretches from Vivijavua bay westward along the north shore and between Dios and San Felipe keys to deep water. On account of the natural protection it is claimed the spot will make an ideal place for a naval station.

MILTON B. MARKS.

A Unique Colony.

In some respects New Zealand is the most advanced of any British colony. Its climate is absolutely perfect, its population hardy and devoted to the land of their adoption and its resources are most fruitful and already highly developed. The workingman is supreme there, and it is the boast of the islands they do not contain a millionaire! To New Zealand belongs the credit of having established franchise for its women and pensions for its old people, and it has shown a general capacity for managing its own affairs far in advance of any community of its age. The Maoris are decreasing in numbers, and, although they have made an effort to adopt civilization, it is not suited to their temperament.—Chicago Chronicle.

Facts About Thibet.

Thibet is larger than France, Germany and Spain combined, and has a population of 6,000,000. It is ruled over by Dalai Lama, who acknowledges only a nominal allegiance to China. He is the head of Lamaism, which is the oldest and strictest sect of Buddhism. Nearly all Mongolia is of the religion of the Dalai Lama of Lassa, and an ambitious man in the place would make trouble for China.—N. Y. Sun.

CHRISTMAS LIKE IT USED TO BE

CHRISTMAS like it used to be!
That's the thing would gladden me.
Kith and kin from far and near
Joining in the Christmas cheer.

Oh, the laughing girls and boys!
Oh, the feasting and the joys!
Wouldn't it be good to see
Christmas like it used to be?

Christmas like it used to be—
Snow a-bending bush and tree,
Bells a-jingling down the lane;
Cousins John and Jim and Jane,
Sue and Kate and all the rest
Dressed-up in their Sunday best,
Coming to that world of glee—
Christmas like it used to be.

Christmas like it used to be—
Been a long, long time since we
Wished (when Santa Claus should come),
You a doll and I a drum,
You a book and I a sled
Strong and swift and painted red;
Oh that day of jubilee!
Christmas like it used to be.

Christmas like it used to be.
It is still as glad and free,
And as fair and full of truth,
To the clearer eyes of youth.
Could we gladly glimpse it through
Eyes our children's children do
In their joy-time we would see
Christmas like it used to be.
—Nixon Waterman, in Elliott's Magazine.

A Christmas Wedding.

EVERYBODY knew that old Mrs. Moon was "plumb set" against Tom White. They also knew that Tom was determined to marry Clarissy Moon. The views of Clarissy herself were locked in the breast of that maiden and no one, not even her grandmother, could draw them forth. She listened to the old lady's diatribes against Tom, just as she listened to Tom's ardent wooing and said nothing.

Mrs. Moon, her unmarried daughter and Clarissy lived in a tiny cabin at the foot of the Little Backbone, a very pleasant place in summer, though that season was brief enough in a region which is described by its denizens as having "nine months winter and three months cool weather" each year. In winter the cabin was not a pleasant place of abode. Not only did the snow drift high about it, but the playful winds entered through the crevices which Mrs. Moon was always intending to have filled up and never did. It was lonely in winter, too; not even the most persistent suitor could find his way to it frequently when the trail was obliterated by snow drifts and when night came early and suddenly, too, in the shade of the mountains.

Clarissy was thinking of these things, as she stood at the cabin door one afternoon in the middle of December. It was rather a cool place for meditations, but her Aunt Phoebe was on what her mother was wont to call a "high," and any place was preferable to her immediate vicinity at such a time. Aunt Phoebe's temper, never very sweet, had ill withstood the strain of prolonged spinsterhood, and she vented her maidenly disappointment on the nearest objects, her mother and Clarissy, who were quite innocent in the matter.

"Seems if I cain't please her, nohow," Clarissy was saying to herself, "I cain't bear that air bothersome Tom White, but he's bettern' what she is, anyhow. Sposn' I was t' give him er sign t' come 'n' talk t' me erwhile!" As she hesitated she heard Aunt Phoebe's shrill tones still raised to danger pitch in the cabin. Drawing off the red handkerchief which was knotted coquettishly about her dark hair, she ran down the path and drawing down a branch of the young oak which stood alone, she deftly tied the streamer to it. The handkerchief was Tom's gift and he had begged her to use it as a signal whenever she desired his company. It was the first time she had made use of it, and as she tied it she was assuring herself that she "didn't care er mite fer that great, awkward fellow," but, in spite of that fact, her cheeks rivaled the handkerchief in color. Yielding to a sudden impulse she scurried into the cabin regardless of Aunt Phoebe's tongue.

"I'll peek out'n the window an' watch fer him," she thought, "an' I'll let him cool his heels a bit waitin', before I go out. Anyhow, I ain't promised nothing by tying that handkercher up there."

Clarissy had the sharp ears of the mountaineer and soon she heard steps coming along the trail and finally into the clearing, but she never moved, save to see that her grandmother was dozing in the chimney corner and Aunt Phoebe absorbed with her quilt pieces. The latter had passed from the active to the passive stage of her ebullitions and was now sulking.

The steps approached nearer and nearer.

"Ef that old stupid ain't comin' in yere, after all," Clarissy thought. "Well, granny'll send him off with a flea in his ear if he does, that's all!" and she assumed an air of elaborate indifference.

"Hello, thar!" called a masculine voice scarcely audible to Clarissy for the beating of her heart. She made no move and the call was repeated.

"Ain't ye got no manners, t' let company wait out there that a way," her aunt said, sharply, and poor Clarissy went flying to the door.

There stood, not Tom, but Amos Purdy, a near neighbor, as neighbors go in a thinly settled country, and a widower of two months' standing who had dropped in once or twice of late. He entered now with a sheepish air which to anyone less preoccupied than Clarissy would have proved that he was on courting bent. He took a chair near the door and where he shut out Clarissy's view of the window.

"Right cold day," he ventured, addressing Aunt Phoebe.

"Well, I guess ye can't 'xpect much else, with Christmas only two weeks off," was the ungracious reply.

"Yep, that's so," the visitor responded. Then he relapsed into an embarrassed silence, during which he, with apparent unconsciousness, stared Clarissy out of countenance.

"Ole Zeb White killed er bear last Chuesday," was his next remark, still addressed to Aunt Phoebe. "Biggest one this year, he says. Them Whites is awful liars, though, an' I cain't promise ef he tells th' truth er not."

"Them Whites is a bad stock," Mrs. Moon broke in, suddenly; "one of 'em filled our ole cow full of shot when I was a gal, pretendin' like he thought she was er bear. An' all the satisfaction pap got was puttin' er load o' shot into him, and pretendin' like he thought he was er buck!" She chuckled at the remembrance.

"That air Tom White's goin' t' see Tiny Koontz;" remarked the guest. "I seen 'em walkin' last Sunday. Reckon they'll be gittin' married soon. Seems s'f they'd be a lot of marryin' round yere before long. Er man ain' worth much nowadays 'nless he's got a wife."

Clarissy had turned pale at the bit of news. She rose now, on pretense of getting more wood for the fire and went outside. Aunt Phoebe had suddenly become gracious and the sound of her voice followed the girl as she ran along the trail to the tree which held her token.

"He ain't goin' t' think I want 'im;" she panted, he can go t' his Tiny Koontz, ef he wants to. I don't want 'im—great awkward thing!" She dashed away a tear, as she did so, and saw that the handkerchief no longer fluttered from the branch. Nervously she searched the ground to see if the wind had carried it into a clump of bushes. But no handkerchief was there! Tom had evidently come and gone, without trying to attract her attention.

"An' he's taken th' handkercher t' that air Tiny Koontz!" she said. Then, with head held high, she marched back, meeting Amos face to face, as he came down the path.

"Mighty purty red cheeks ye got, Clarissy," he remarked; "when I git ernother wife she's got t' have red cheeks, I tell ye. Say, d'ye like red apples? I'll fetch ye some when I come this here way agin; you look in that air holler stump, an' ye'll find 'em."

"I jest plum despise red apples, an' I plum despise you, too, Amos Purdy." And she fled to the cabin before the astonished guest had time to make reply.

To her surprise, Aunt Phoebe was in especially good humor. Her mother had been throwing out some very plain hints as to the intentions of Amos regarding herself, which chimed pleasantly with her own opinions on the subject. She giggled mightily, and assured her mother that she "wouldn't look at that ole silly, no, not fer nothing!" But she was mightily pleased, as anyone could see.

In her anger against Tom, Clarissy forgot all about Amos and his red apples, and, indeed, she attached no importance to the offer, anyhow. She, too, was very gay that evening, for she felt that her grandmother's sharp eyes were on her, and she would have died rather than display her futile rage against her faithless lover. She assured herself over and over again that she never cared a straw for Tom, but the fact that she had sent for him and that he had answered her signal only to carry off the present he had given her to take it to another rankled in her breast.

Heavy snow fell the next day and a cold kept her close in the cabin for a week. Amos was the only visitor during that time, and when he came he brought a substantial offering of venison and a brace of rabbits, gifts by no means to be despised, and which Mrs. Moon received most graciously. Aunt Phoebe's eyes shone, but she kept them on the ground in maidenly modesty and was very reserved and coy in her manner. It never occurred to either her mother or herself that Clarissy was the object of Amos' evident intentions.

"I plum got t' have somebody t' keep house fer me soon," the guest remarked. "I ain't much of a cook myself, an' there's lots o' good meat spoilin' at th' cabin now fer want o' a woman t' look after it. I was er good husban' t' my woman while she was livin'," he concluded.

"So ye was, Amos," Mrs. Moon agreed, eagerly; "I always said so." She was overjoyed at the idea of giving up her daughter; she thought delightedly of the quiet life she could lead with only Clarissy. "An', now that air Tom White's out'n th' way, I'll git t' keep her a long time," she reasoned, complacently, as she listened to the visitor's account of what he intended to do for his wife when he married again.

"An' talkin' erbout marryin'; I guess Tom White an' Tiny Koontz'll be gittin' married a Christmas. I seen her with a red hankercher he give her th' las' time I was over there," he went on. It seemed to Clarissy that she would die as she sat there. It was bad enough to tell herself that Tom had given her handkerchief to Tiny, but to hear it as a certainty was worse yet. She made no sign, but when the talk had once more veered around to the apparently inexhaustible subject of Amos' second wife she slipped softly out of the cabin and wandered about in the snow like some wild thing with a mortal hurt. As she was returning an hour later she found Amos patiently awaiting her at the hollow tree.

"I put a lot o' nuts in there and some yellow apples," he announced. "Ef ye don't like red apples ye mus' like yellow ones. Say, Clarissy, sposn' you'n me git married a Chrismus, like what Tom White an' Tilly Koontz is goin' t' do!"

Clarissy never could remember rightly what she said, but Amos construed her answer into consent, and, promising to come with the preacher at seven o'clock on Christmas evening, he went his way.

It was dark when Clarissy came into the cabin, and her grandmother and aunt were in such a state of excitement that they failed to notice her pale cheeks and wild eyes. For they had decided that Amos certainly meant to marry Phoebe and that preparations had better be commenced at once.

"Because widowers don't want t' wait er minute," Mrs. Moon said, sagely; "they makes up their minds quick, an' they expects other folks t' do th' same. I wouldn't be a mite surprised to see 'im come in with th' preacher a Christmas, like what ole Sam Smith did when he got married th' fourth time. Sairy she wasn' 'xpectin' 'em, but she thought she better take 'im when she could git 'im."

Nothing was said to Clarissy, who was regarded as a child by her elders, and she, in her intense preoccupation, failed to notice that the preparations for Christmas were on a much more elaborate scale than usual. She was in a sort of a daze, sometimes determined to marry Amos in order to convince Tom that she cared nothing for him; at others, determined to die before she did such a thing.

Fortunately for her, Aunt Phoebe wanted a quantity of ground pine and red berries with which to adorn the cabin, and as Clarissy knew the sheltered spots where they were likely to be found she was sent out in quest of them. In her anxiety to be alone she made the quest a prolonged one. Amos wisely absented himself from the cabin, a fact which puzzled Mrs. Moon and her daughter not a little. Clarissy gave this fact not a thought; she was quite in ignorance of the fact that Amos was supposed to be the victim of her aunt's bow and spear, and was only thankful to have him out of the way while she wrestled with her problem.

All too soon, it was Christmas eve, and Clarissy went forth for a last load of pine, with which the cabin was already gay. Late in the afternoon, she sat down a moment with her load, still pondering upon the subject which never left her mind. She was in no hurry to return home, for her aunt had gone to the store at the cross roads to make a few purchases and she knew that her grandmother would be dozing and unconscious of the flight of time.

As she sat there, Clarissy let the big tears roll unchecked down her cheeks. It seemed to her now that Tom had left her for another, he had become the one object for which she cared.

"Well, I'll take Amos;" she said, proudly, "an' then nobody 'll know Tom left me fer Tiny Koontz!" As she spoke, she rose from the stump on which she was sitting and came face to face with Tom—Tom pale and haggard, and with a gun over his shoulder, which added to the wildness of his appearance. Clarissy trembled so that she could scarcely stand, but she put on a brave smile.

"That you, Tom," she said, "I—I mus' wish ye well, you 'n Tiny. When ye goin' t' git married—to-morrow?"

Tom put down his gun. "Me 'n who?" he demanded, fiercely.

Clarissy's anger grew at the evasion. "You 'n' Tiny Koontz," she responded. "Amos Purdy, he tole me how you 'n' her was goin' t' get married to-morrow night."

"Amos Purdy tole ye that?"

"Yes, he did; and ye needn't to deny it—I don't care!" All the girl's fierce pride was in arms. "I—I only put th' red handkerchief on th' tree that day because—"

"Because ye wanted t' make er fool er me!" Tom cried, hotly. "Ye had took it down again 'fore I could git there, an' ye give it t' Amos Purdy; he showed it t' me. An' he tole me you 'n' him was goin' t' get married a Christmas, an' ye didn' want no more sight o' me! I on'y wish I'd had my gun that day, an'—"

"Oh, Tom! Tom!" Clarissy and the ground pine were all tangled up in his arms, and Clarissy was crying for pure joy.

"But I tell ye one thing, Clarissy," Tom said, later, "that ole coon did see me with Tiny Koontz that day. I was giving her a message from Walt Thomas over at th' sawmill. Him 'n' her's goin' to git married soon's he gits back."

When Clarissy at last started for home Tom went with her to tell her grandmother that he meant to marry her granddaughter on the following day, with her consent or without it.

"For I ain' goin' t' take no more chances!" Tom affirmed.

Luckily, Aunt Phoebe had not returned when they reached the cabin, and the story was poured out to Mrs. Moon alone. Her dislike for Tom melted away before the idea of Clarissy's marrying Amos, on whom Phoebe had set her heart, and leaving her to bear the brunt of that damsel's rage.

"Tell ye what you do," she said, finally. "You 'n' Tom git ready 't git married to-morrow night an' jest leave Amos t' me when he comes!"

Tom stood out for a personal interview with Amos first, but he was overruled. Just what Mrs. Moon said to that worthy during the few minutes' private talk they had no one ever knew. She said it so convincingly, however, that there was a double wedding in the cabin that Christmas night, and Aunt Phoebe never knew that she was second choice.—Eliza Armstrong, in Banner of Gold.

AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH TOM.

Outside.

Fate delights in still contrasting
All that comes to mortals here;
Some may feast. The rest are fasting.
For each smile there is a tear.
There are shine and holly berry.
There is hunger's tattered cloak.
There is Christmas when you're merry—
And there's Christmas when you're broke.

When the music, softly playing,
Seems less tenderly to fall
Than the laughter that comes straying
Through the nursery and the hall,
Who shall think that some poor fellow
On the pavement stands afar,
Watching every gleam so mellow
Through your window blind ajar?

When all care is shut behind us
And when love dispels each sigh,
Let some gentle thought remind us
Of the lonely passer-by.
Life to some, though pleasant, very,
Isn't all a gladsome joke.
There is Christmas when you're merry—
And there's Christmas when you're broke.
—Washington Star.

HOLIDAY REPARTEE.

"Here, this isn't the Christmas spirit—dunning me for money on Christmas day."

"Well, if you had the Christmas spirit you would pay me."—Chicago Daily Record.

A Beautiful Mother.

I heard a very sweet story the other day of some children who had earned their Christmas money by acting as caddies of golf players in their neighborhood, says a writer in the Christian Intelligencer. The father found a memorandum they had made of expenditures they intended, and it ran as follows:

"Mother, one dollar.

"Father, 75 cents.

"Sister Susan, 50 cents, etc."

"How is this, Laddie?" said the father. "Why do you mean to spend a dollar for your mother and only 75 cents for me?"

"Oh!" was the sufficient answer, "mother's mother."

His Opinion.

Papa—What is the matter with the steam engine, Johnny?

Johnny—I don't know; but it won't go. Papa, I think Santa Claus got stuck on that steam engine.—Puck.

SOME SECRETS OF SCENTS.

Mysteries About the Composition of Perfumes That Were the Favorites of Royalty.

Her majesty the queen is very fond of loyally keeping up the old custom of her predecessors. On her table dishes that were the favorite ones of kings and queens long departed are still to be found, and even the much-liked perfume she uses, Ess Bouquet, possesses a right royal past, says the London Mail.

The history of a fashionable scent is as interesting as a love story, and truly the romance that attaches to her majesty's favorite one is a thrilling and tender one. Long years ago, upon an occasion when King George IV. gave a state ball, he was attracted by the exquisite aroma of a certain perfume used by Princess Esterhazy. His majesty inquired the name of the scent and was told that it was Ess Bouquet. Immediately he sent a large order to the inventor and maker of the perfume, Mr. Bayley, a far-famed purveyor, who was the maker of scents and powders for royalty and society since the days of Queen Anne, and from that time onward until his death Ess Bouquet became the monarch's favorite perfume. Still from their treasure house in St. Martin's Lane the same firm send out the same scent. It has a peculiarly delicate and refined aroma, and for that reason the queen finds it always acceptable and pleasant.

Good scents are not cheap luxuries, but poor ones are very bad investments. There is something exceedingly vulgar about a common perfume, whereas a dainty aroma gives its owner, if she be a woman—for men still use very little—a cachet or smartness which is undeniable.

A perfume that has a triumphant vogue among the Russians in high life is called Esprit Unis. The czarina herself uses it, and sends to London for it. The Russians are very good and lucrative customers to the makers of perfumery, for it flows like water as a spray in their apartments, and in the little ornamental fountains that decorate their drawing rooms and state apartments, among the utmost luxury that prevails in rare flowers and plants, especially in St. Petersburg during the long winter season.

The recipe of a favorite and popular scent just as the Ess Bouquet just mentioned is as precious as a big fortune to its owner. Only the heads of the firm know to this day what they knew in the days of Queen Anne—namely, the precise treatment that is needed to compose it—and from generation to generation the secret has been handed down. A neat little business is done by fraudulent persons who profess to sell recipes of famous perfumes which, when carried out, will cost per bottle about half as much as the ordinary scent; but those who are foolish enough to be taken in always find that, even though the ingredients may have been correctly purloined, the process of distillation is incompletely stated, and so the result is not what it ought to be.

Tons of roses and other deliciously scented flowers are specially grown and expressed every year for the perfume market. Chemistry is so wonderfully developed a science now that scents closely imitative of those produced by the flowers themselves are produced by coal tar, but old-fashioned methods are best, and perfumes expressed from real flowers cannot be equaled by "made-up" scents for beauty and refinement. Bulgaria is a great country for the distillation of attar of roses, which is used in so many ways by perfumers and soapmakers. It is a precious product that costs about five pounds per ounce.

But it is not only from flowers that scents are obtained. Civet, for example, comes from the civet cat, and comes to this country in rhinoceros horns from Africa; musk from the musk deer; castor from the beaver, and ambergris, which fetches £2 10s per ounce, from the sperm whale. One of the chief uses of these scents, which in themselves are detestable, is to "fix" other perfumes—in other words, to prevent them from losing their power. Fruit is also a scent producer. Try if there is not the most enchanting aroma in the skin of a tangerine orange next time when you eat one, and to see the oil squeeze the peel against the flame of a candle.

The way in which the true aroma of a perfume can be thoroughly enjoyed is not by putting some on a handkerchief and smelling it that way through cambric, but by employing a spray, which seems to divide the perfume into its exponent parts. The person who wishes to enjoy the aroma to the full should stand some two feet or so from the operator. Dabbed on the temples, behind the ears, beneath the nostrils, and on the wrists scent is most potent and refreshing waters like eau de cologne and lavender can be used in such a way upon sick people with a very pleasing and vitalizing effect.

Old-fashioned scents such as the above, as well as lily of the valley, wallflower and violet, continue to have a steady sale. There is a new Japanese odor called Fusiyama which is building up its claims to fame, while anyone who pines for the Scotch moors in vain can almost fancy he is there in person as well as in thought by sniffing a bottle of perfume appropriately called "Braemar."

Many ladies use scent in the form of sachets to perfume their clothes. The newest sachet is of enormous size. Made to fit the bottom of a drawer, lying quite flat, it is composed of layers of scented flannel. Wealthy women often have their wardrobes lined with sachets.

Vocal Soloists.

When a soloist sings, all the other soloists in town who are present also cheer, so as to get it back when they sing.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

When the elevator was first invented at Schoenbrunn, in 1760, and placed in the summer residence of the Austrian emperor, it was called the "flying chair."

The big cities of Russia are as follows: The population of St. Petersburg is 1,132,677; Moscow, with its two suburbs, 988,614; Odessa, 405,041, a great increase since 1892, and Warsaw, 626,072.

The castle at Brindisi, built by the Hohenstaufen Emperor Friedrich II. is now used as a prison. The grounds are full of vipers, and every summer six to ten of the criminals are killed by them.

Glasgow is not so free from taxes as most Americans believe, for the receipts from the numerous industrial plants belonging to the city are not allowed by law to be used for the improving and cheapening of the article on which the profit was made.

In Australia a novel idea has been introduced for weeding out the "man who doesn't dance." Each lady has a slip of paper perforated in squares, one square for each dance on the programme; she gives one of these coupons to her partner at the end of each dance and any man who cannot produce a fair percentage of coupons is refused admission to the supper room.

Recent estimates are to the effect that asphalt is being dug out of the famous tar lakes of Trinidad—the most notable existing sources of the material in the world—at the rate of 80,000 tons per annum. There are still 4,500,000 tons in sight, but at this rate the supply could not last long were it not that the lake of bitumen referred to is receiving a constant accretion from the bowels of the earth.

Occasionally interesting bits of philology come up in the police court. Thus, not long ago, a farm laborer in England was sued for damages because he had "thrown up his job" after accepting "arles." Any good dictionary should tell what arles are, but not one in the courtroom seemed to know about the word or the custom. In the north country speech "arles" are earnest money, the equivalent of the "queen's shilling," which the recruit takes when he enlists. It is supposed that the word comes from the Norman French.

REEVES' COSTLY VOICE.

A London Correspondent Says That It Cost the Famous Tenor $400,000.

"I send you a few notes," writes a correspondent of the London Daily News, "of a talk I had with Mr. Sims Reeves some years ago. He told me that his extreme conscientiousness about his voice had cost him the handsome sum of £80,000. I need scarcely say that Mr. Reeves preferred to disappoint an audience rather than sing to them with a throat which was not in the finest condition. I very well remember how minutely he went into the matter at the time, when the complaints of his non-appearance were loud and frequent.

"'Some artists may sing whether they be hoarse or not, but, depend upon it, it does them no good and nothing strains the voice more. Yes, I have given up more than anyone, in what you may call my extreme fastidiousness or artistic conceit.'

"I asked him how he knew that he could not sing.

"'Ah, that is very simple,' he answered. 'You get a peppery feeling, a tickling, a dryness of the throat, an irritation of the mucous membrane. The saliva refuses to flow properly, the vocal cords lose their beautiful coating. You can imagine a piece of highly polished steel, the most minute speck of dust, the least breath of air, affects it. It is so with the throat of a tenor. Why, if you bend down for any time the mere contraction of the muscles produces a feeling of huskiness.'

"I naturally asked him, then, how he dared use his voice enough to practice, for how otherwise did he extract such pathos and feeling from the songs he sang. But with Mr. Reeves it was not a question of practice so much, as that word is usually interpreted.

"'It is because I have always studied my words,' he said. 'I have read them and phrased them in every possible way, asking myself what they meant, and interpreted them according to my own feelings. I walk up and down, trying this line and trying that, until I feel that I have struck the right idea. Singers do not study elocution sufficiently, if at all. In a recitative, for instance, the words are sacrificed to the music. In my method they are of equal importance. Do I love applause? Ah, yes, an artist lives for it. It inspires him. Give me an enthusiastic, a receptive audience, and my heart and my voice go out to them. Often the great sea of faces has affected me—words cannot describe emotions—I have put forth my greatest efforts. Without applause an artist is timid, frigid, nerveless."

The Other Parent.

"Now, tell me," said the kind-hearted woman, "you're a runaway, aren't you?" "Yes, I am, ma'am, ter tell the truth," replied the young tramp. "Mother died not long ago, and after that things didn't go right, and one day I lit out and I run till I was dead tuckered out." "Poor boy! Couldn't go a step farther, eh?" "Oh, no. It was 'cause I couldn't go a stepmother."—Troy Times.

Saving Woman.

Mr. Payne—What! Sixty-eight dollars for an evening dress? Why, I thought you were going to have your last year's black lace made over.

Mrs. Payne—I did, dear. I had it made over red satin, and that's what cost so.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A CHRISTMAS TRUCE.

The Story of an American Boy In Paris.

BY ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS.

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FOR some inexplicable reason they pass over Christmas day in France and celebrate the New Year instead. There is no cheer on Christmas day, no holly and no plum pudding. There was no use in hanging up a stocking the night before because there was nobody to fill it. Besides, unhappily, my stocking hanging time is over.

We had expected something like it—Doddy, the boy from Milwaukee, and I. We had been prepared by the Swede with the long yellow mustache who sat at the foot of the table. "It will be just like any other day," he had said, and it had been, only worse.

In the first place, it rained; in the second place, it not only rained, but it poured, and, in the third place, Doddy and I had quarreled.

If you want fully to appreciate an American boy like Doddy, you must first live in England awhile. Then he bursts upon you with the radiance of a noonday sun. Doddy could hardly say that I failed to appreciate him. He never cracked a joke that I didn't laugh until the tears came. If he told a story, he considered me practically—being the only American at the table and consequently the only individual in possession of a sense of humor sufficient for the understanding of it—his sole audience. Thus between much telling of stories and more laughing at them our friendship appeared to be cemented, to be planted squarely upon a sure and firm foundation, but it is about just such things as that that you can never tell.

It was over next to nothing that we quarreled, the simplest thing in the world. It was this: The first time I saw him he came into the dining room with his head shaved close. "I went into a barber shop," he told us, "and look what the man did to me! I knew enough French to start him, and then I didn't know enough to get him to stop."

That struck me as hilariously funny. Even the foreigners laughed when it was

"LOOK WHAT THE MAN DID TO ME!"

translated to them. So it happened that in writing back I mentioned Doddy and related this anecdote of him.

How could I know that they would hand my private letter over to an editor and that the editor would proceed promptly to publish it? How could I know even that the papers, always on the lookout for a glint of fun, would copy the little story here, there and everywhere, and that in four or five weeks' time those same papers would appear upon the tables of every American reading room in Paris, and, worse still, that numerous friends of the boy would hand him copies and laugh? For, alas, I had given his name!

This was my first intimation of it. I was sitting in my room mending my glove when there came a knock at the door.

"Entrez!" I called out in my newly acquired French. The door opened, and there stood Doddy.

I sprang up, threw the glove aside and ran to meet him, glad, as I always am, to see the boy from Milwaukee.

"Come in! Come in!" I cried. "I am dead lonesome. Bring your mandolin and let's have a jig. I have learned the piano accompaniment by now."

But there was never an answering smile on the boy's countenance. He faced me with a look that struck cold to my heart. The smile died on mine. I started back as if I had had a blow and stared. Could this be my dear old Doddy?"

"I should like to see you for one moment," he said in a manner as cold as his face and in the firm, severe tones of a full grown man.

"Why, certainly," I gasped, "for two if you like! Where—in the little kitchen that isn't used or in the hall or out in the big hall, with the concierge looking on?" For there was no salon, and the precision of Doddy's manner called for a salon or something, if possible, even more impressive.

"This is no joke," said he, and there was not the twinkle of a laugh at the corners of his mouth or in his eyes. "Look here!"

Reaching in the pocket of his vest, he produced a slip cut from a paper and thrust it at me. I took it wonderingly and read a scrap from my letter with the account of Doddy and his cute little hair cutting joke. I read to the finish, then looked up at him.

"Well, what of it?" I inquired.

"What of it?" he blazed. "Nothing, only they have been poking the thing at me the whole day long; nothing, only I am the laughing stock of the establishment, I am the joke of Paris, the boy who didn't know enough French to get his hair cut. That's all! That's all!"

"Oh, Doddy! Oh, Doddy!" I sighed. And after a time, very humbly, "I didn't mean it that way," I explained. "It was a private letter. I never expected it to be published. How could I know that it would get into the hands of an editor?"

"You ought to have known," he stormed, "since you write. You writers, you have no respect for the private affairs of people, so you make money out of them, you publish anything. Nothing is private to you. Nothing is sacred."

"Doddy," I remonstrated, "that was no private affair. You said it right there at the table with a dozen listening. Didn't you?"

"I did," he acknowledged defiantly, "but do you suppose I thought once of you?" The accent on that "you" came near bringing the tears. "I forgot you were a penny-a-liner; that you were sitting there taking the thing down, congratulating yourself that you were to get so much a word for it."

"A penny-a-liner!" "So much a word!" A penny-a-liner doesn't get so much a word even.

"Doddy," I said presently, quite calmly, too, considering everything, "I didn't get a cent for that anecdote, not a red cent. It was a private letter not intended for publication. Won't you believe that?"

"You can't believe anything these people who write say," he declared. "They mix their imagination up so with facts that they get so they can't tell the truth. You know it. And now see what you have done. You have made me notorious. Do you suppose I want cheap newspaper notoriety like that? I hate it! I hate it!"

I was stricken to the dust—mute. In a storm of anger he flung himself out of the room and slammed the door.

After that he sat dumb and unforgiving at one end of the long table, and I sat silently at the other. It was impossible to catch his eye. He refused by so much as a look to reveal his cognizance of my existence.

Then Christmas day approached. We had arranged for the day, Doddy and I. We had prepared to ward off homesickness, to a certain extent at least. He was to make me a present, and I was to make him one.

"There is a little bust of Napoleon in a shop down in the Rue St. Honore that I want," I told him. "You get it for me, and I will buy you a cigarette case in the same shop. They cost about the same money. Is it a go?"

"It's a go," answered he, and we shook hands on it,

As a matter of fact, I had already purchased the cigarette case. It was stowed away in the bottom of my armoire drawer for safe keeping. Now and again I took it out and looked at it, thinking how proud the boy would be to offer his cigarettes in that pretty new case in the place of his old one, which was finger marked and worn at the edges.

And now it was all over. Perhaps he would scorn to take it from me, a penny-a-liner, a scribbler who mixed up her imagination with facts in so alarming a manner that she had at last arrived at a stage wherein she could no longer speak the truth.

The morning arrived, and, as I say, it not only rained, but it poured. I deposited a franc or two in the hand of Bethe, who brought me my chocolate, to remind myself that it was Christmas day, and occupied myself briskly with my toilet to keep from thinking what a royal good time they were all having at home. Then I gave a few francs to Florence of the velvet foot and to Aime, the cook, after which I went out into the rain to the Gare St. Lazare, where I bought a great bunch of French roses for mademoiselle, presented them to her, received her thanks and compliments, profusely expressed in English so fractured as to be scarcely recognizable, and, retiring to my room, worked all day long at that penny-a-liner business for which I was so looked down upon by the boy from Milwaukee, trying to pretend that it was only an ordinary every day and not Christmas at all.

From my window I could see the rain descending dismally into the court, the palms huddled in one corner and the big drenched bronze girl, whose uplifted arms, holding up the lamp, gave me at times a feeling of such intense weariness.

One bright spot alone gleamed through the window of the concierge's room, which was opposite mine, two stories below. It was his fire over which he bent, reading all the letters before he sent them up to the rooms.

The day passed somehow, and it was evening. The boy had not come to dinner. I sat waiting for him in my room. I waited a long time. I had his cigarette case in my hand ready, for after a Christmas day of such loneliness I was determined, if possible, to make friends with him again. I was afraid of going to sleep and dreaming the day all over again otherwise.

At last I heard his latchkey in the door and his footstep in the hall. I waited until he should have had time to light his candle; then, softly opening my door, I went out and halted, looking at him.

He was standing by the heavy mahogany table upon which flickered his candle. I haven't much pride when it comes to a question of happiness or unhappiness. In a lowly manner I approached him. He started at seeing me, but glanced up without a smile. His face in the light of the candle hurt my heart.

"Won't you forgive me, Doddy?" I implored. "I will never do it again—never! I promise you."

I closed my fingers over the cigarette case. I was afraid to give it to him just yet—afraid he might fling it back at me

DROPPED HIS CHIN ON HIS YOUNG BREAST.

or bang it on the floor, for Doddy was so young that I often wondered how his mother happened to let him stray so far from home.

"What sort of Christmas have you had?" I ventured, talking high and lightly, as if nothing at all had happened.

"C[illegible]" he repeated, and the t[illegible] was enough.

"Did you get any presents?" I asked him after a moment of silence, though his manner hardly invited interrogation. I left me under the impression, on the contrary, that he was carefully weighing his words, perfectly aware of the fact that they would eventually appear in some American newspaper at so much per.

"They have forgotten me," he said by and by. "I haven't been over here six months, and, by Jove, they have forgotten all about me."

They hadn't. The mails had been delayed. That was all. But the day had passed.

Opposite the table is a big carved chair. He went over to it, doubled himself up in a disconsolate heap there, clasped his two hands about his knees and dropped his chin on his young breast, which heaved.

I hesitated for one moment only. Then I went to him, took his head in my hands, drew it back, bent forward and kissed him,

With a sob he threw his arms around me and gave me a bear hug that took away my breath.

"Quit!" I cried. "You are killing me!"

He hugged me all the tighter. Looking up radiantly, he whispered: "Let's forget those people back there. They have forgotten us. Let's be married, you and I, and live in a little flat and be happy ever after."

"Would you marry a penny-a-liner?" I asked.

"Don't be mean," he commanded, frowning.

By this time I had rescued myself. I stood a little way off.

"I will marry you," I told him from there, "when you have got to be as old as I am and I as young as you."

"But that will never be," he objected wistfully.

"Of course not, foolish." I had arrived at my door. "Anyway," I concluded, with my hand on the knob, "laying the question of marriage aside, here is your old cigarette case I promised you." And I threw it at him.

In my room I stood before the mirror arranging my crushed pompadour and smiling at myself, so glad was I to be friends with the boy once more, when there came a tap at my door.

I tiptoed to it, opened it and peeped out.

The hall was dark. It was empty. But there on my threshold, in all the bravery of cockade and cuirass, stood the little Napoleon.

TOMMY TO SANTA CLAUS.

You are a dear old friend to me;
I often dream of you at night,
And I am sure as I can be
Your whiskers always have been white,
Like Uncle Thomas', and that
You're very good and kind and fat.

I want to kiss your smiling face
And ride on horseback on your knee
And tell you at the chimney place
How good you are each year to me
To bring me cars and railroad tracks
And trumpets, blocks and jumping jacks.

And so I wish, when next you come,
You'll from your pack of playthings take,
Beside my bed, a big red drum
And bang it hard until I wake.
Then give me from your great fat hand
The things you bring from Fairyland.

And then I'll know you, and you'll know
How much I like the gifts you bring
And how I'd like to see you go
And be a fine, old jolly king,
Whose throne should be of frosted cake,
Whose crown the holly leaves should make.

So if with joy you'd make me jump
Next Christmas eve—'twill soon be here—
And let me fondly give a lump
Of sugar to your good old deer,
Please don't forget when in you come
To play upon that big red drum.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Her Challenge.

A woman in Cape Colony on trial for some offense was told that she might "challenge" any one on the jury to whom she objected. She immediately took advantage of the permission by challenging a highly respectable farmer. On being asked afterward what her reason had been for doing so she explained that she had supposed she was obliged to object to some one, so she had picked out the ugliest.

Concerning Woman.

Miss Spitkurl (giggling)—Oh, Mr. Sharp, you know a woman is only as old as she looks.

Mr. Sharp—She ought to be thankful she isn't as young as she acts.—Detroit Free Press.

When potatoes were first introduced in Germany, they were for a long time, like tomatoes, cultivated merely as a curiosity. No one ate them, even pigs refusing them.

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DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES INDIGESTION.

MIDWINTER FESTIVAL

CHRISTMAS PERPETUATES An Ancient Custom. :: :: ::

CHRISTMAS to all the civilized world is the day for which all other days were made. The trade of the world so far as it relates to personal wants, the commerce of the world so far as it concerns the luxuries and indeed many of the necessities of civilized man, circle about Christmas, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. For a year the makers of toys and bric-a-brac, the manufacturers of the thousand and one articles which our complex life demands, look forward to Christmas, labor to be ready for Christmas and in every way show their appreciation of the fact that the season of general rejoicing is their time of harvest.

We have accustomed ourselves to look upon this festival season as in a peculiar sense the heritage of the Christian nations, and we sometimes indulge in self congratulations at the thought that we alone possess the most inspiring of festivals, the feast of childhood, the season of universal merrymaking. So far as its present form and name are concerned we are doubtless in the right, but at the same time it is well to remember that while holiday seasons change name and form their value is rarely altered, for in celebrating Christmas we are simply perpetuating a custom so ancient that its origin is lost in those ages of myth when written record was not and tradition was the only guide.

Among all nations north of the equator there has from time immemorial existed a midwinter festival to hail the return of the sun from the south, and, according to the degree of civilization, this time of the year has always been celebrated with popular rejoicings. There is little doubt that the earliest form of religion is found in sun worship. Recognizing the fact that the king of day is the author of life and heat and comfort, he was reverenced accordingly and under various names and often with diverse attributes was honored as the source of all existence.

Christmas Menu.

Blue Points.
Cream of Chestnuts. Bread Sticks.
Roast Goose with Baked Apples.
Escaloped Onions.
Glazed Sweet Potatoes.
Spiced Figs. Celery.
Fruit Salad. Cheese Wafers.
Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce.
Caramel Mousse. Cake.
Nuts. Fruit.
Black Coffee. Roquefort Cheese.

Luck In Mince Pie.

In some parts of rural England every mince pie partaken of under a different roof during the Christmas season insures a happy month during the coming year. Every housekeeper has a stock of pies on hand to offer her friends, and no excuse for not eating is permissible except, "Thanks; I have eaten my 12."

The Christmas Rabbit.

The colored boy who finds a hare in his traps on Christmas day expects confidently to be lucky during the coming year. The left hind foot of such a rabbit is second in value as a charm only to that of one killed in a graveyard in the dark of the moon.

Escaloped Onions.

Pour boiling salted water over them, cook five minutes and change water, doing this twice. Boil until tender. If large quarters, cover with white sauce with buttered bread crumbs on top and bake until the crumbs are brown.

ON THE WINGS OF FAITH.

A little maid, in white arrayed,
Knelt by the dainty trundle bed;
With lisping lip she softly prayed,
And this is what she said:

"Dear God, 'tis Christmas eve, you know,
And, oh, please do one thing for me!
I want to close my eyes and go,
In dreams, to papa o'er the sea!

"I hung his stocking by the side
Of mine and mamma's on the tree,
And mamma hugged me tight and cried
And cried, 'cause papa couldn't see.

"And when she went to sleep I thought,
Dear God, I'd kneel and pray to you
To send my papa what I bought,
And all my bestest kisses too."

A soldier watching in Luzon
Paced slow, a weary sentinel,
He saw the flush of coming dawn
And cried the watchword, "All is well!"

So, sudden, in the solemn hush
That brooded o'er his lonely place
He heard the wings of angels rush
And felt sweet kisses on his face!

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE
TRADE MARK

It Makes Restful Sleep.

Sleeplessness almost invariably accompanies constipation and its manifold attendant evils—nervous disorders, indigestion, headache, loss of appetite, etc. To attempt to induce sleep by opiates is a serious mistake, for the brain is only benumbed and the body suffers. Celery King removes the cause of wakefulness by its soothing effect on the nerves and on the stomach and bowels.

Celery King cures Constipation and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases. 3

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NEWLY FURNISHED NEW MANAGEMENT

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Bottler and Dealer In

BEER,

WINES,

WHISKIES

And Liquors of all Kinds.

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Impressive showing of styleful goods for

FALL and WINTER WEAR.

Now is the time you need good warm underwear. I have it. Just in. All grades and sizes.

DRESS GOODS.

The best line I have ever shown. Cheviots, Parolas, Serges Henriettas, 5yd patterns of Venetians 52in. wide, all colors.

5yd patterns Ladies Cloth 52in., all colors.

Inviting offerings in Ladies', Misses' and Children's Jackets and Capes.

All new and up-to-date in every particular. Prices less than same goods can be bought for in any city.

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Beauties in flannelette and prints.

BLANKETS.

All grades and prices. Comfortables, bed spreads, flannels, yarns, &c.

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Extra values in shoes. Specially good line of rubbers, ladies', children's, men's and boys' overs.

All grades in lumbermen's gums.

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The celebrated "Richey" flannel drawers.

Ladies' nice, warm, wool shawls, &c, &c.

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C. JAY GOODNOUGH, Assignee.

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GUARANTEED FITS.

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NEW WINTER STYLES now here.

STYLISH BUSINESS AND DRESS SUITS.

R. SEGER & CO.

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Some are found bleeding and sore, while others have a fit of the blues. Now if there should be any so unfortunate as to suffer from the effects of accidents we have the Balm for their pains and aches, let it be either for man or beast.

Our liniment and powders for horses or cattle are always the best.

Our medicines are pure and always get there. The prices are right, too.

Our patent medicine department is supplied with all the standard remedies and we can supply your on short notice.

Our toilet and fancy goods department we keep up to the times.

Our Prescription department receives our closest attention and all calls answered day or night. Just touch the button. In fact we are here to do business and serve the public.

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THE PHARMACIST,

Winter Wraps.

We do not claim to sell all the Ladies' Jackets, Capes, Collarett and Tailor-Made Suits in Cameron county, but we do claim that we sell more Winter Wraps than any other store, because we have the only complete line.

Our prices are within the bounds of all classes. We invite the public to inspect our line of SKIRTS, and SHIRT WAISTS A complete line of Ladies' Fall and Winter Shirt Waists, Walking Skirts, Winter Wrappers, Gloves, Hosiery and underwear.

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